

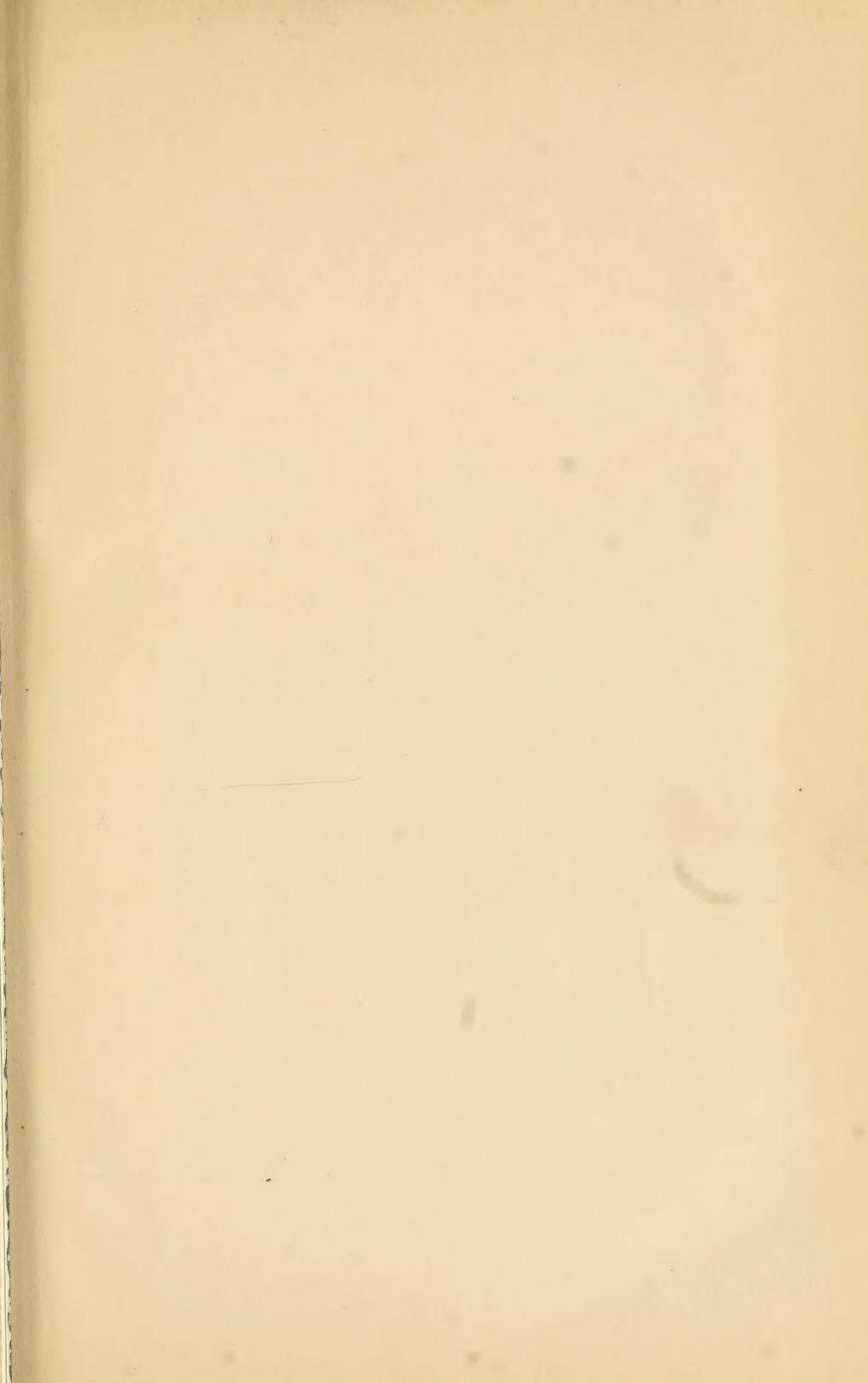
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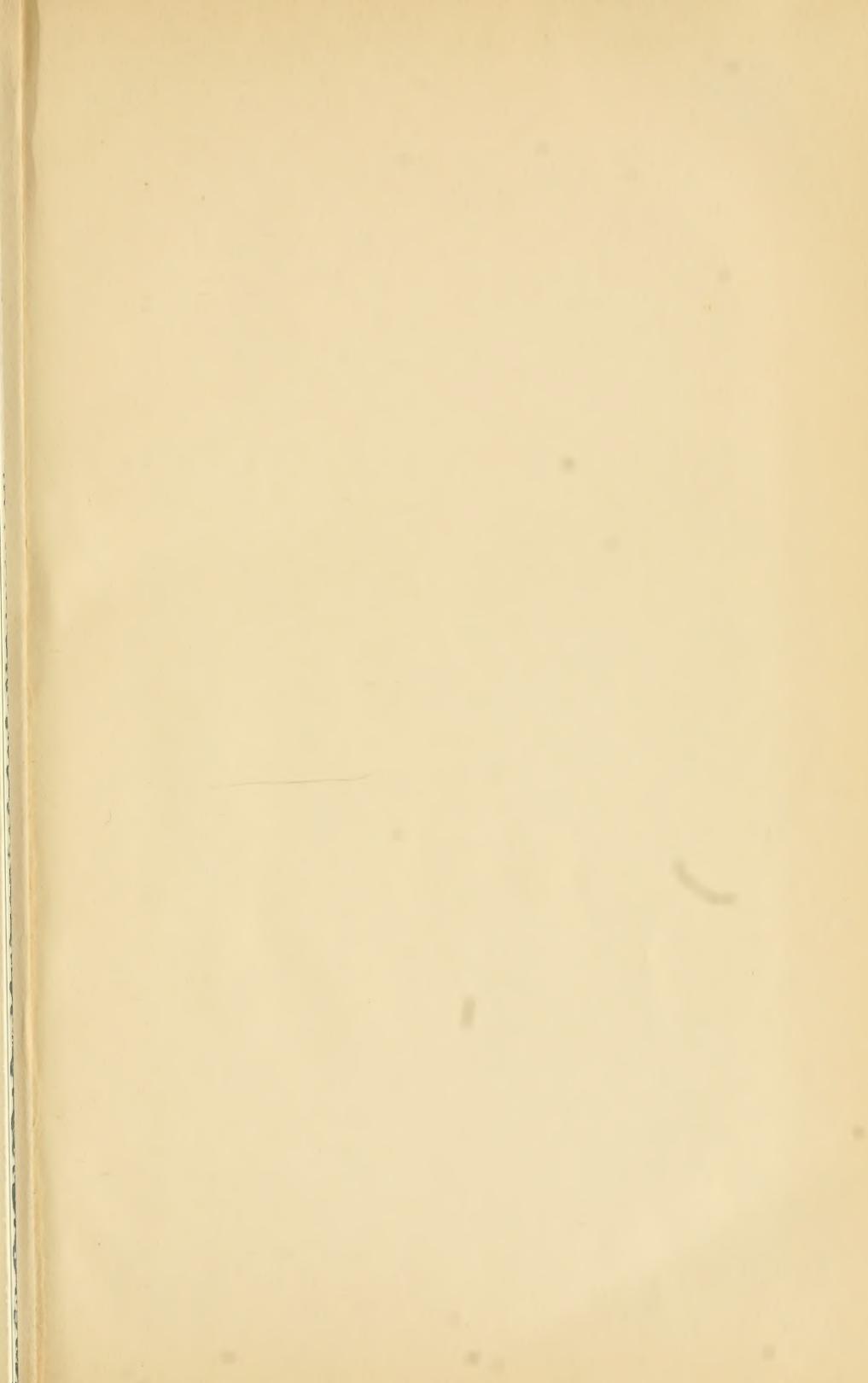
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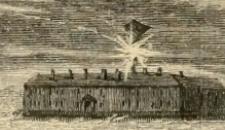


GOOD BYE.



THE FARMER.

THE AWAKENING.



Suiter.



MARCH TO THE CAPITAL.

# INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR



EDITED BY  
ORVILLE J. VICTOR  
DESIGNS BY  
THOMAS NAST.



INCIDENTS  
AND  
ANECDOTES OF THE WAR:  
WITH NARRATIVES OF  
GREAT BATTLES, GREAT MARCHES, GREAT EVENTS,  
AND A RECORD OF  
Heroic Deeds and Daring Personal Achievements,  
WHICH CHARACTERIZED  
THE GREAT CONFLICT FOR THE UNION.

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EDITED BY

ORVILLE J. VICTOR,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY—CIVIL, POLITICAL AND MILITARY—OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION," "HISTORY OF AMERICAN CONSPIRACIES," "LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN," "LIFE OF GARIBALDI," ETC., ETC.

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81

May 25. 1868

regiments, officers and men from that State. Only this elaborate treasure gathering will suffice to preserve the five hundred thousand memories which should not be suffered to pass away from want of permanent record.

While it shall be our pleasure to gather such incidents and anecdotes as have been put afloat on the great sea of journalism, we have aimed to produce a volume of permanent interest and value by presenting picturesque narratives of the most memorable conflicts on land and water, which now stand out on the page of history like landmarks to indicate the progress of Northern arms. These battle pictures are faithfully rendered, yet they read more like the stories of a romancer than the record of the annalist. The world never witnessed a war so full of illustrious deeds, of patriotic ardor, of self-sacrifice, of devotion to duty and principle; and this volume, it is safe to say, will contain more of what is truly noble in manhood than could be gleaned from the twenty years of Napoleon's struggle against combined Europe.

Taken as a whole the volume forms a graphic *running history* of the War for the Union. By reference to the Contents it will be perceived how nearly the entire ground of the four years' struggle is covered—prefaced, as each battle narrative is, by a sketch of events which culminated in the conflict described at length. As such a history it is offered to those disinclined to consider the more weighty and comprehensive work which it has been a four years of labor to prepare.

O. J. V.



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## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

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### I.

#### THE AWAKENING.

APRIL 19th, 1775, the blood of the Men of Massachusetts, the first martyrs in the cause of American Independence, was shed at Lexington.

April 19th, 1861, the blood of the Men of Massachusetts, the first martyrs in the cause of the American Union, was shed at Baltimore.

How the news flew over the land to arouse the already awakening vengeance of the Men of 1775 ! The blood of Lexington had not become dry ere the beacon-fires of alarm gleamed from the hills. While the young men flew to arms, the old men leaped into the saddle, to herald the tragedy and call the country to its defense. The message flew from lip to lip, from hill-top to hill-top, "until village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands, and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South, and East and West throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliff at Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale." The summons hurried to the South. In one day it was at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; then it flew to

the South, to the West—was borne along the sea-coast to awaken the answering shout from bays, and sounds, and harbors—was hurried over the Alleghanies to awaken the note of response in the solemn wilds of the pathless West.

How sublimely did the men of that time respond to the call! The ferries over the Merrimac swarmed with the men of New Hampshire. Three days after that cry "*to arms!*" John Stark was on the Boston hills with his invincible battalion. From Connecticut came Putnam, the man of iron, riding his horse one hundred miles in eighteen hours, and gathering as he ran a troop of followers, each armed with a rifle as true in its aim as the heart of its owner was loyal to Freedom. Little Rhode Island had a thousand of her resolute and hardy sons before Boston ere the oppressor had retreated from his sacrifice at Concord, and Nathaniel Greene was Rhode Island's leader. Thirty thousand patriots in a few days hemmed in the city of Boston, where the British had taken up their defiant stand; and the tragedy of Bunker's Hill was soon enacted before her gates.

How all this sounds like the rush to arms in 1861! Sounds like it because the cause was the same—the defense of Constitutional Liberty and Inalienable Rights; because the loyal men of '61 were worthy sons of the sires of '75; while the enemy of '61 were the degenerate sons of their sires, bent upon the destruction of those institutions which the heart of Liberty and the hand of Freedom had built. It was a cause worthy of the devotion lavished upon it; and history will never tire of recording the generous deeds of those who answered the call for men to "suppress treasonable combinations and to cause the laws to be duly enforced."

The Diary of Events, from the fall of Sumter to May 1st, deserves to be preserved in every man's memory. The events were so extraordinary in themselves, the spirit in which the people acted was so astonishingly alive with devotion to the country and the sustenance of its laws, that another generation will study the story with amazement. As preliminary to our work, we may offer the record of that remarkable Awakening.

April 13th, 1861. The attack upon Fort Sumter, and its surrender, instead of depressing, fires and animates all patriotic hearts. One deep, strong, overpowering sentiment now sweeps over the whole community—a sentiment of determined, devoted, active loyalty. The day for the toleration of treason—treason to the Constitution! defiance to the laws that we have made!—has gone by. The people have discovered that what they deemed almost impossible, has actually come to pass, and that the rebels are determined to break up this Government, if they can do it. With all such purposes they are determined to make an end as speedily as may be. 1

—The Pennsylvania Legislature passed the war bill, last evening, without amendment. Previous to its passage the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter was announced, and produced a profound sensation. The bill appropriates five hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of arming and equipping the militia; authorizes a temporary loan; provides for the appointment of an Adjutant-General, Commissary-General, and Quartermaster-General, who, with the Governor, are to have power to carry the act into effect.

April 15th. The President of the United States called by proclamation for 75,000 volunteers to suppress insurrectionary combinations; and commanded “the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days.” In the same proclamation, an extra session of both Houses of Congress was called for the 4th of July.

—Large Union meetings were held at Detroit, Mich., Westchester and Pittsburgh, Pa., Lawrence, Mass., and Dover, N. H. At Pittsburgh the meeting was opened by the Mayor, who introduced the venerable William Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson was made President of the meeting. About twenty-five Vice-Presidents were also appointed. Resolutions were adopted, declaring undying fealty to the Union, approving the course of the Legislative and Executive branches of the State Government in responding to the call of the President, disregarding all partisan feeling, and pledging their lives, fortunes, and

sacred honor in the defense of the Union, and appointing a Committee of Public Safety.

—Governor Yates, of Illinois, issued a proclamation to convene the Legislature at Springfield, on the 23d of April, for the purpose of enacting such laws and adopting such measures as may be deemed necessary upon the following subject, to wit: The more perfect organization and equipment of the militia of the State, and placing the same upon the best footing, to render efficient assistance to the General Government in preserving the Union, enforcing the laws, protecting the property and rights of the people, and also the raising of such money, and other means, as may be required to carry out the foregoing objects.

—At Philadelphia the Union pledge is receiving the signature of all classes of citizens. It responds to the President's proclamation, and declares an unalterable determination to sustain the Government, throwing aside all differences of political opinion.

—An excited crowd assembled this morning before the printing office on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, where the *Pulmetto Flag*, a small advertising sheet, is published, and threatened to demolish it. The proprietor displayed the American flag, and threw the objectionable papers from the windows—also, the *Stars and Stripes*, another paper printed at the same office, restoring the crowd to good-humor. The crowd moved down to the *Argus* office in Third street, opposite Dock street, ordering that the flag should be displayed.

—After visiting the newspaper offices and Government property, they marched in a body up Market street, bearing a flag. At all points on the route, well-known Union men were obliged to make all haste to borrow, beg, or steal something red, white, and blue, to protect their property with. Searches were made for the publication rooms of the *Southern Monitor*; but as that paper had suspended, the mob were unable to carry out their intention of destroying the forms. They satisfied themselves with breaking the signs to pieces. The ring-leaders were furnished with ropes, with which to hang the editor if caught.

During the afternoon, General Patterson's mansion, corner of Thirteenth and Locust streets, was mobbed and threatened with destruction. A servant answered their call, and unfortunately slammed the door in their faces. The crowd became uproarious and violent, and made an attempt to force open the door. General Patterson finally appeared at the window, bearing the colors of the regiment. The crowd then moved away. It is understood that General Patterson, who is charged with secessionism, intends throwing up his commission.

They then visited General Cadwallader, who made a Union speech and threw out a flag. Several prominent Southerners, with secession proclivities, including Robert Tyler, have received warnings from a so-called Vigilance Committee.

The following is the speech that was made by Mayor Henry to the excited mob which threatened the *Palmetto Flag* building:

*"Fellow Citizens: By the grace of Almighty God, treason shall never rear its head or have a foothold in Philadelphia. [Immense cheering.] I call upon you as American citizens to stand by your flag and protect it at all hazards—at the point of the bayonet, if necessary; but, in doing so, remember the rights due your fellow-citizens and their private property. [Immense cheering.] That flag is an emblem of the Government, and I call upon all good citizens who love their country and its flag, to testify their loyalty by going to their respective places of abode, leaving to the constituted authorities of the city the task of protecting the peace, and preventing every act which could be construed into treason to their country."* The Mayor then hoisted the Stars and Stripes.

—Seventeen vessels were seized in the port of New York from ports in southern States, their clearances being improper, and not signed by United States officers. They were fined \$100. each, and some were held subject to forfeiture.

—Albany, New York, has presented an unwonted appearance all day to-day. The Capitol has been thronged with citizens who have apparently left their business to gather at head-quarters, and watch eagerly the progress of events. The spirit of

the masses is decidedly aroused, and, from present indications, Albany will be behind no city in the State or Union in evincing her patriotism and her determination, as the crisis has come, to stand firmly by the Government of the country, without pausing to charge upon any the responsibility of the present terrible events.

—The Directors of the Bank of Commerce, of Providence, R. I., advanced a loan of \$30,000 to the State, for aiding in the outfit of troops. Large offers from private citizens have also been made to Governor Sprague for a similar purpose. The Globe Bank tendered to the State a loan of \$50,000.

—An enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Cleveland, Ohio. Speeches were made by Senator Wade, and other prominent gentlemen. Resolutions were adopted to sustain the Government, approving of the President's call for volunteers, recommending the Legislature to make appropriations of men and money, and appointing a committee to ascertain the efficiency of the Cleveland militia.

—Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York, issued a proclamation, calling upon the people of the city to avoid turbulence and excitement, and to rally to the restoration of the Constitution and Union.

—An immense Union meeting held in Troy, New York, adjourned in a body to the vicinity of General Wool's residence. In response to the patriotic address of the chairman, General Wool rejoiced at the glorious demonstration. Never before had he been filled with such a measure of joy. He had fought under the old flag, but had only done his duty. His appeal in behalf of his country's honor was very touching. "Will you," he said, "permit the Stars and Stripes to be desecrated and trampled in the dust by traitors now? Will you permit our noble Government to be destroyed by rebels, in order that they may advance their schemes of political ambition and extend the area of slavery? It cannot be done! The spirit of the age forbids. Humanity and manhood forbid it. The sentiment of the civilized world forbids it. That flag must be lifted from the dust and saved from sacrilege at the

hands of apostates to truth, liberty, and honor. I pledge you my heart, my hand, my energies to the cause. The Union shall be maintained. I am prepared to devote my life to the work, and to lead you in the struggle."

—The Governor of Kentucky, in reply to Secretary Cameron's call for troops from that State, says: "Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically, Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.

B. MAGOFFIN."

—General visitation, by the populace, to newspaper offices in New York and several other cities. Newspapers regarded as of doubtful loyalty are compelled to run out the Stars and Stripes.

April 16th. A great Union meeting was held to-day at Tyrone, Pa. Ex-U. S. Senator Bigler expressed unequivocal sentiments of loyalty, and called upon the people to sustain the Government in the exercise of its energies to suppress rebellion.

—The Ringgold Flying Artillery, of Reading, Pa., Captain James McKnight, 180 men, with four field-pieces, received a requisition from the Governor this morning to set out this evening, at six o'clock, for Harrisburg, the place of rendezvous for the first Pennsylvanians in the field. Two military companies from Tyrone, two from Altoona, and two from Hollidaysburg, will leave to-morrow for Harrisburg.

—Four regiments, ordered to report for service in Boston, Mass., commenced arriving there before nine A. M. this morning, the companies first arriving not having received their orders until last night. Already about thirty companies have arrived, numbering over 1,700 men in uniform, and with these are several hundred who are importunate to be allowed to join the ranks.

—The City Government of Lawrence, Mass., appropriated \$5,000 for the benefit of the families of those who have volunteered to defend the country's flag.

—Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, issued a proclamation calling for volunteers, to rendezvous at Hartford.

—The Mechanics', Elm City, Fairfield County, Thames, and

other banks of Connecticut, voted large sums of money **to** assist in equipping the troops, and the support of their families.

—New Hampshire responds to the President's proclamation, and will furnish the troops required. The Concord Union Bank tendered a loan of \$20,000 to the Governor, and all the Directors, with the Cashier, agree to contribute \$100 each to the support of such families of the volunteers of Concord, as may fall in defending the flag of the country.

—The session of the New York East Methodist Conference was opened by the following prayer: “Grant, O God, that all the efforts now being made to overthrow rebellion in our distracted country, may be met with every success. Let the forces that have risen against our Government, and Thy law, be scattered to the winds, and may no enemies be allowed to prevail against us. Grant, O God, that those who have aimed at the very heart of the republic may be overthrown. We ask Thee to bring these men to destruction, and wipe them from the face of the country!”

—Governor Letcher, of Virginia, responds to the demand for troops: “I have only to say that *the militia of Virginia will not be furnished to the powers at Washington for any such use or purpose as they have in view.* Your object is to subjugate the Southern States, and a requisition made upon me for such an object—an object, in my judgment, not within the purview of the Constitution or the Act of 1795—will not be complied with. *You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and, having done so, we will meet it in a spirit as determined as the Administration has exhibited towards the South.*”

—The Governor of North Carolina refused to comply with the call, expressing his doubts as to the President's authority to make the call. He, at the same date, made quick preparations to seize all Government property in the State, and to place the State on a footing of military efficiency.

—A large meeting of German workmen held in Newark, New Jersey. The Germans everywhere in the North evince a spirit of great devotion to the cause of the Union.

—General Cass, late Secretary of State, in a speech at De-

troit, took the strongest ground for the Union. Every citizen, he declared, should stand by the Government.

—Great meetings are held to-day throughout the chief towns in the Western States. The people are represented as “all on fire,”—all parties “fusing” on the common ground of devotion to the Union. Intense enthusiasm prevails. A volunteer roll opened at Michigan City, Indiana, was first signed by a minister of the Gospel. The first company of Indiana Volunteers left Lafayette, to-day, for the rendezvous at Indianapolis. Over two hundred companies are represented as nearly formed in the State, ready for regimental organization. Illinois is not behind. Ohio has moved with alacrity. Captain McClellan will be made Major-General, to command the Ohio Volunteers.

—Virginia “seceded” to-day, and her Governor issued a proclamation acknowledging the Independence of the Southern Confederacy.

—Washington City is regarded as in great danger of seizure by the Secessionists of Virginia, aided by a mob of cut-throats from Baltimore. Colonel Ben McCullough is known to be chief of the organization for the seizure of the Capital. The Southern papers generally regard the seizure as certain, and it is proclaimed that the Davis Government will occupy the Capital. Great precautions are being taken by General Scott to guard the place. The city is under arms. Volunteer companies, comprising Members of Congress and Government employees, are organized, armed and on duty. The District militia is enrolled and in service, under command of Adjutant-General McDowell. Large numbers of Northern men, singly and in squads, are hurrying to the Capital to enlist in its defense. One entire battalion of Philadelphia troops reach the city—the first volunteers in the field.

—Jefferson Davis to-day issued his proclamation, initiating the privateer system.

April 18. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, replies to President Lincoln’s call for two regiments of troops, by saying that “Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty

thousand, if necessary, for the defense of our rights, or those of our Southern brothers."

—Governor Jackson, of Missouri, answers Secretary Cameron by telling him that his "requisition is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman, diabolical, and cannot be complied with."

—The Common Council of Boston appropriated \$100,000 to provide for soldiers enlisting from Boston. The Lowell city government appropriated \$8,000 for soldiers' families.

—The banks in Trenton, N. J., Chicago, Ill., Portland, Me., subscribed in support of the Federal Government. A meeting of the officers, representing all the Boston (Mass.) banks, was held this morning, when resolutions were adopted to loan the State of Massachusetts 10 per cent. on their entire capital for the defense of the Government. The capital of the Boston banks amounts to \$38,800,000.

—At Pittsburg, Pa., an intense war feeling prevails. Business is almost suspended. Immense crowds throng all the prominent streets, flags are floating everywhere, and the volunteer companies are all filled and departing eastward. Liberal subscriptions are being made for the comfort of volunteers and the support of their families. Recruiting is still going on, although there are more than enough for the requirements of the State to fill the Federal requisition. A Committee of Public Safety held a meeting to-day, and organized. A large quantity of powder which had been sent down the river, was intercepted at Steubenville, it being feared it would fall into the hands of the Secessionists. Ropes were suspended to lamp-posts last night, by unknown persons, labelled "Death to traitors." Some assaults have been made on persons who have expressed sympathy with the Secessionists.

—Lieutenant R. Jones, of the United States army, in command at Harper's Ferry with forty-three men, destroyed the arsenal at that place and retreated. He was advised that a force of 2,500 men had been ordered to take his post, by Governor Letcher; and he put piles of powder in straw in all

the buildings, and quietly awaited the approach of the enemy. When his picket-guard gave the alarm that 600 Virginians were approaching by the Winchester road, the men were run out of the arsenal and the combustibles fired. The people fired upon the soldiers, killing two, and rushed into the arsenal. All the works, munitions of war, and 15,000 stand of arms were destroyed.

—An intimation is given that the U. S. volunteers will be assailed, if any attempt is made to pass to Washington through Baltimore. The Baltimore *canaille* is being excited to a mob spirit by secession emissaries.

—The Sixth Massachusetts regiment pass through New York *en route* for Washington, *via* Baltimore.

—The Mayor of Baltimore and the Governor of Maryland unite in a proclamation, urging the people to preserve the peace. The Governor stated that no Maryland troops should be placed at the General Government's disposal, except for the defense of the Capital.

—An immense mass Union meeting was held in Louisville, this evening.

—Governor Morgan, of New York, issued his Proclamation for volunteers.

—Major Anderson and his command arrive in New York on the transport *Baltic*. They have an enthusiastic reception.

April 19. The President of the United States issues his Proclamation of Blockade of the ports in the rebellious States.

—A most important session of the New York Chamber of Commerce is held to-day. Perfect harmony prevailed. The Government was sustained, and a Committee of the leading capitalists appointed to insure the taking of nine millions of the Treasury loan yet on the market. The resolutions adopted fairly rung with decision and patriotism. As the Chamber represented over two hundred millions of dollars in actual reserve, the proceedings were regarded as of the highest importance. From that moment the men of wealth of the metropolis were almost unanimously committed to the policy of an over-

whelming demonstration of the Government's power against its enemies.

—An American flag, forty by twenty feet, was run out on Trinity Church spire, New York. The church bells chimed national airs in honor of the occasion.

—An attack is made, by the Baltimore ruffians, on the Massachusetts Sixth and the Pennsylvania Seventh regiments, which were passing through the city *en route* for Washington. The Massachusetts men occupied eleven cars. Nine cars succeeded in reaching the Washington depot: the other two were cut off by the mob, when their troops alighted, formed a solid square, and, preceded by the Mayor and police, marched up Pratt street for the depot. Brickbats, stones, and pieces of iron were hurled at the troops, but, obeying orders, they withheld any demonstration against their assailants, notwithstanding several of the men were seriously injured. This leniency only served to inflame the mob to further violence. Attempts were made to seize the muskets of the men, and a pistol-shot from a window killed one of the soldiers. The ruffian who committed the deed was immediately shot by one of the soldiers. An immediate passage of shots followed—the solid square, with fixed bayonets, led by the Mayor, still pressing on to the depot, bearing their wounded and dead in their centre. The depot was at length reached, when it was found that two of the Massachusetts men were killed and eight wounded—one mortally. Eleven of the mob were killed and thirteen wounded. This affair so fearfully excited the people of Baltimore that, for several days, the mob virtually reigned uncontrolled, overawing the Mayor and Governor, and finding coadjutors in the Chief of Police and the Police Board. The Chief of Police sped a dispatch and sent runners over the country to hurry forward the secession emissaries to "drive back the Northern invaders." His dispatch, soon brought to light, proved the fellow to be one of the secret agents of the traitors.

—The Pennsylvania troops arrived in Baltimore a few minutes after the Massachusetts men, and remained at the

Philadelphia depot to await the issue of the attempt to pass. The mob fell back, after the tragedy in Pratt street, upon the Pennsylvanians, who were entirely unarmed. They gathered in the depot, and soon orders came from the city authorities and the Governor for the railway company to return the troops to the State line—an order soon obeyed.

—In view of the state of feeling at Baltimore, the Mayor and Governor united in a commission to the President to represent that no more troops could pass through their city unless they fought their way. The President decided to spare the effusion of blood by ordering the regiments to march around the city. The route by way of Perryville and Annapolis was soon opened by General Butler, with the Massachusetts Eighth, assisted by the New York Seventh.

—The entire North was fearfully excited by the news of the attack on the Massachusetts men. It only served to intensify the antagonisms existing. It was so potent in exciting the public that every recruiting rendezvous in the North was literally overrun with applicants for positions in the ranks. It is estimated that more men offered in Pennsylvania than would fill the entire requisition of April 15th.

—Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, sent the following dispatch to Mayor Brown: "I pray you, cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in battle, to be immediately laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth." This was complied with, and the Mayor wrote apologetically for that sad occurrence.

—The City Council of Philadelphia, at a special meeting, appropriated \$1,000,000 to equip the volunteers and support their families during their absence from home. Fourteen thousand dollars were subscribed for the same purpose at Norwich, Conn.

—The Seventh regiment, N. Y. S. M., left for Washington at noon, amid the wildest enthusiasm. An innumerable throng cheered them on their way. News of the assault in Baltimore was received before they left, when forty-eight rounds of ball-cartridge were served out.

—The Rhode Island Marine artillery followed the **Seventh**. This superb battery reflected great credit on the State and **its Governor**. It was composed of 130 men, 110 horses, eight splendid field-pieces and all requisite accessories. The commander, Colonel Tomkins, was eager to open the route through Baltimore.

—The Massachusetts Eighth followed the Rhode Islanders. It was accompanied by Brigadier-General B. F. Butler, in general command of the Massachusetts forces.

—Anticipating the descent of the forces now gathered **at Philadelphia**, the Baltimore mob proceeded to Canton station, on the Philadelphia railway, and, stopping the evening train, compelled the passengers all to leave it. The engineer was then made to run the mob up to the Gunpowder bridge—a fine structure over Gunpowder Creek. The draw and shore sections of the bridge were burned. The train then returned to Bush River bridge, which was also burned. Then the Canton bridge was fired and consumed. After the work of destruction the mob returned to Baltimore, on the train, and were received with acclamations.

—Stupendous mass meeting of the people of New York City, called by citizens of all parties and religious denominations, to express sympathy with the Government. The entire demonstration was harmonious and satisfactory, and resulted in great good to the common cause. It is estimated that one hundred thousand people, directly or indirectly, participated in the proceedings. The “Union Defense Committee”—composed of twenty-six of the most wealthy and prominent men of the city [the number afterwards was increased to thirty-two,] grew out of the great gathering. Its business was to collect and disburse funds for arming, equipping, and placing in the field the New York City regiments—to care for the families of the volunteers—to co-operate with Government in whatever would tend to strengthen the National cause. It was one of the most beneficent and effective organizations of the war. Besides the large private subscriptions placed at its disposal, the City Government voted one million of dollars, to be expended under the Committee’s direction.

—The Gosport (Norfolk) Navy-yard destroyed during the night of April 19–20. Government property to the amount of over eleven millions of dollars was committed to the flames and the water, “to keep it,” as the officer in charge, Commander McAuley said, “from falling into the hands of the revolutionists”—then in considerable force at Norfolk, under command of General Taliaferro. Commodore Paulding sailed in, on the *Pawnee*, at eight P. M., (April 19th,) to find the *Merrimac* steam frigate disabled, the *Germantown*, *Raritan*, *Pennsylvania*, *Plymouth*, and other vessels either scuttled or given up to the flames. The *Cumberland* frigate alone, of all that fine fleet, was saved by the accidental presence of the *Yankee*, steam-tug, owned by William B. Astor, of New York, and sent out by him “to be of some service to Government somewhere.” The buildings, timber, two thousand pieces of ordnance (of all sizes, from the heavy Columbiad and Dahlgren to the boat howitzer,) small-arms, stocks, shears, machinery—all were offered up, a holocaust to rebellion and James Buchanan’s want of foresight and courage. Neither is the administration of Mr. Lincoln blameless, for it should have taken all the movable property away, under the guns of the very frigates which were committed to the flames and waves. Viewed in every aspect, it was a most wretched affair.

—At a second great Union meeting in Chicago, during the proceedings, at the suggestion of Judge Manniere, the entire audience raised their right hands and took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government—repeating the oath after the Judge.

—Orders were issued by the officers of the Western Union, and the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraphic Companies, that no messages be received ordering arms or munitions of war, unless for the use of the General Government.

April 20th. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, convenes the Legislature of his State for the 30th of April, “to take into consideration and to adopt such measures as the present emergencies may demand.”

—A letter was received at Philadelphia from Governor

Letcher, of Virginia, offering \$30,000 to the patentee of the bullet-mould. The reply was, "No money can purchase it against the country."

—The Council of Wilmington, Del., appropriated \$8,000 to defend the city, and passed resolutions approving of the President's proclamation. Also, asking the Governor to issue a proclamation for the same purpose. The Brandywine bridges and all on the road between Susquehanna and Philadelphia are guarded, and workmen have been sent to repair the bridges destroyed on the Northern Central road.

—The Missourians seized the United States arsenal, at Liberty, Mo., and garrisoned it with 100 men. In the arsenal were 1,300 stand of arms, ten or twelve pieces of cannon, and quite an amount of powder.

—Two thousand stand of arms were furnished the citizens of Leavenworth, from the arsenal at Fort Leavenworth, and the commander of that post accepted the services of 300 volunteers, to guard the arsenal, pending the arrival of troops from Fort Kearney.

—The Federal Government takes possession of the railway between Philadelphia and Baltimore.

—General Scott telegraphed to John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, who had questioned him by telegraph as to the truth of the report that he had resolved to desert the Federal cause: "I have not changed; have no thought of change; always a Union man."

April 21st. The Mayor of Baltimore had an interview with the President, to try and persuade him not to order any more troops through Maryland.

—Arrival in New York of the Third battalion of Massachusetts rifles, Major Devens commanding.

—An immense mass meeting in Boston (it being Sunday) was held preparatory to raising a choice regiment for Fletcher Webster (son of Daniel Webster). It became a popular ovation before its close. A large number of the leading citizens addressed the crowd throughout the day.

—The First Rhode Island regiment passed through New

York, *en route* for Washington, by way of Annapolis. It sailed from New York this (Sunday) evening, in company with the New York Sixth, Twelfth, and Seventy-first regiments of militia. The crowd was dense in the streets, during the entire day, to witness the embarkation of the regiments on the transports. The incidents of this day in New York we advert to in a succeeding chapter.

—The North Carolinians seized the United States Branch Mint, at Charlotte, in that State.

—Great gatherings in all the churches throughout the North, to hear “Sermons on the Crisis.” Some most remarkable demonstrations were witnessed. In Henry Ward Beecher’s church, at Brooklyn, a communication was read from the Thirteenth regiment of New York militia, asking for help in uniforming and equipping them for service. Over \$1,100 were forthwith contributed. In the city of New York patriotism was the theme of discourse. In the Broadway Tabernacle, the pastor, Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., preached a sermon in the evening on “God’s Time of Threshing.” The choir performed “The Marseillaise” to a hymn composed for the occasion by the pastor. A collection was taken for the Volunteers’ Home Fund, amounting to \$450—to which a member of the congregation afterwards added \$100. Dr. Bethune’s sermon was from the text: “In the name of our God we will set up our banners.” In Dr. Bellows’ church, the choir sang “The Star Spangled Banner,” which was vigorously applauded by the whole house. At Grace Church, (Episcopal,) Dr. Taylor began by saying, “The Star Spangled Banner has been insulted.” The gallant Major Anderson and his wife attended service at Trinity. At Dr. McLane’s Presbyterian Church, Williamsburg, “The Star Spangled Banner” was sung. Dr. T. D. Wells (Old School Presbyterian) preached from the words: “He that hath no sword, let him buy one.” Dr. Osgood’s text was: “Lift up a standard to the people.” The religious world certainly never before witnessed such an invasion of the pulpit. Great numbers of churches were organizing companies,

and one pastor, Rev. Dr. Perry, of Brooklyn, assumed command of a regiment.

—The American flag was publicly buried at Memphis, Tenn., on this day, amid a great concourse of citizens. The funeral rites were read, and a volley fired over the grave.

April 22d. Great pressure brought to bear on the President to procure some counterman of the order for troops to march to Washington. One delegation of thirty, from five "Young Men's Christian Associations" of Baltimore, had a prolonged interview, but made no impression upon him. Governor Hicks approached him with a communication, again urging the withdrawal of troops from Maryland, a cessation of hostilities, and a reference of the National dispute to the arbitrament of Lord Lyons. To this the Secretary of State replied, that the troops were only called out to suppress insurrection, and *must* come through Baltimore, as that was the route chosen for them by the Commander-in-Chief, and that our troubles could not be "referred to *any* foreign arbitrament."

—Colonel Robert E. Lee, late of the U. S. Army, is named by the Governor of Virginia Commander-in-Chief of the forces of that State.

—The U. S. arsenal at Fayetteville, N. C., is seized by the orders of Governor Ellis. The Governor, at the same date, called out 30,000 troops, in addition to the organized militia, to be in readiness at a moment's notice.

—The N. Y. city Common Council appropriated one million of dollars for equipping and caring for the comfort of volunteers.

—The N. Y. Twenty-fifth militia regiment arrived in the city from Albany, *en route* for Washington.

—The N. Y. Seventh and Massachusetts Eighth regiments arrive, by transports from Philadelphia, at Annapolis, where they land and seize the railway to Washington. The troops of the Eighth seized the frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides," which was in danger of capture by the Secessionists. General Butler, in his order congratulating the men on the safety of

the old frigate, said: "The frigate *Constitution* has lain for a long time at this port substantially at the mercy of the armed mob which sometimes paralyzes the otherwise loyal State of Maryland. Deeds of daring, successful contests, and glorious victories, had rendered Old Ironsides so conspicuous in the naval history of the country, that she was fitly chosen as the school in which to train the future officers of the navy to like heroic acts. It was given to Massachusetts and Essex county first to man her; it was reserved to Massachusetts to have the honor to retain her for the service of the Union and the laws."

—The Secretary of War conveys to Major Anderson the approval of the Executive of his conduct in the defense of Fort Sumter, viz.:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }  
April 23d, 1861. }

"*Major Robert Anderson, late Commanding Officer at Fort Sumter:*

"MY DEAR SIR: I am directed by the President of the United States, to communicate to you, and through you to the officers and men under your command at Forts Moultrie and Sumter, the approbation of the Government of your and their judicious and gallant conduct there; and to tender to you and them the thanks of the Government for the same.

"I am, very respectfully,

"SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War."

—Father Rafina, priest of the Montrose Avenue Catholic Church, Williamsburg, N. Y., with his own hands raised the American flag upon the top of his church. The ceremony was witnessed by at least two thousand people, who greeted the glorious emblem with cheer after cheer, as it waved majestically over the sacred edifice. The reverend father addressed the assemblage in a few appropriate remarks, which were received with marked enthusiasm.

—The Charleston *Mercury* flings defiance at the North—calling Lincoln a usurper, and saying: "he will deplore the 'higher-law' depravity which has governed his counsels. Seeking the sword, in spite of all moral or constitutional restraints

and obligations, he may perish by the sword. He sleeps already with soldiers at his gate, and the grand reception-room of the White House is converted into quarters for troops from Kansas—border ruffians of Abolitionism."

—A fine Union meeting was held in Lexington, Kentucky. The Stars and Stripes were raised; the people generally expressed their determination to adhere to them to the last. Speeches were made by Messrs. Field, Crittenden, Codey, and others. The most unbounded enthusiasm prevailed, and the speakers were greeted with great applause.

April 23d. The feeling in the South at this date may be inferred from the call of the Governor of Louisiana for troops. He said: "The Government at Washington, maddened by defeat and the successful maintenance by our patriotic people of their rights and liberties against its mercenaries in the harbor of Charleston, and the determination of the Southern people forever to sever themselves from the Northern Government, has now thrown off the mask, and, sustained by the people of the non-slaveholding States, is actively engaged in levying war, by land and sea, to subvert your liberties, destroy your rights, and to shed your blood on your own soil. If you have the manhood to resist, rise, then, pride of Louisiana, in your might, in defense of your dearest rights, and drive back this insolent, barbaric force. Like your brave ancestry, resolve to conquer or perish in the effort; and the flag of usurpation will never fly over Southern soil. Rally, then, to the proclamation which I now make on the requisition of the Confederate Government." The enthusiasm in the South was represented as equal to that prevailing in the North. The contest was regarded as a war of sections, and the South seemed to entertain no other idea but that of the complete defeat of the North. The idea generally prevailed that a Southern soldier was equal to five Northern "hirelings." The terms used to characterize the Northern soldiers were very offensive, and the idea seemed to prevail that the army of Federal volunteers was composed of the very lowest scum of society. As Northern papers could

not circulate in the South, the people really never knew better, until they learned at the bayonet's point.

—The Western Pennsylvania regiments pass through Philadelphia, *en route* for Washington, by way of Annapolis.

—The Eighth, Sixty-ninth, and Thirteenth regiments of New York militia start for Washington.

—Sherman's celebrated battery, consisting of ninety men and eight howitzers, passed through Philadelphia, Pa., on the route to Washington. The train containing the troops stopped in Market street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth. Immediately the ladies of Benton street rushed out, and vied with each other in their attention to the weary soldiers. Bread, meat, pies, and cakes, were brought forward in goodly supplies, hundreds of girls running with hot dinners just from the ranges; bakers with baskets of bread and cakes; fruiterers with baskets of apples, oranges, etc., were quickly upon the ground. The men said that they were thirsty, and in a trice there were a dozen pretty girls handing up cups of water. After the battery had been thus refreshed, a collection was taken up, and the soldiers were supplied with enough cigars and tobacco to last for some days. The military cheered continually for the ladies of Philadelphia, and, as the train moved off, they gave nine hearty cheers for Philadelphia, the Union, the Constitution, and the success of the Federal arms in the South.

April 24th. The New York Twenty-fifth regiment of militia sailed for Washington.

—An immense Union meeting was held in Detroit, over which General Cass presided. His speech was brief, but strongly loyal. He called upon all citizens to stand by the Administration.

—The Faculty and students of the Brown High School, at Newburyport, Mass., raised the American flag near their school building, in presence of a large concourse of citizens. Patriotic speeches were made by Caleb Cushing, and others.

April 25th. General Harney, on his way to Washington, was arrested by the Virginia authorities, at Harper's Ferry. He

left Wheeling, Virginia, for the purpose of reporting himself at head-quarters at Washington. Before the train reached Harper's Ferry it was stopped, and a number of troops mounted the platforms; while the train was moving slowly on, the troops passed through the cars, and the General being pointed out, he was immediately taken into custody.

—A deputation of twenty Indians, headed by White Cloud, in behalf of the Sioux and Chippewas, arrived in New York. They tender to the United States, in behalf of themselves and three hundred other warriors, their services against rebellion. Having heard that the Cherokees had sided with the rebels, they could not remain neutral, and, with a promptness worthy of imitation in high quarters, have come to offer their services in defense of the Government. They ask to be armed and led.

—A second detachment of Rhode Islanders arrived in New York, bound for Washington. The New York *Herald* said: "As a proof of the patriotic spirit which animates the citizens of Rhode Island, it may be mentioned that a man named William Dean, who lost one arm in the Mexican war, is now a volunteer in this corps, being willing to lose another limb in defense of the honor of his country. The noble fellow carries his musket slung behind his back, but it is said when the hour comes for bloodier action he can use it with as good effect and expertness as if in possession of his natural appendages. The regiment also carries a flag which was borne through all the terrors of the Revolution. The uniform of the regiment is light and comfortable; it consists of a blue flannel blouse, gray pants, and the army regulation hat. The volunteers bring along with them two very prepossessing young women, named Martha Francis and Katey Brownell, both of Providence, who propose to act as 'daughters of the regiment,' after the French plan."

—The N. Y. Seventh arrived at Washington to-day, and were welcomed with great demonstrations of joy. They were the first regiment to reach the Capital after the Massachusetts Sixth. The Massachusetts Eighth almost immediately followed the Seventh into the city. With these troops Washington

was pronounced safe. From this date troops constantly poured into the capital, by the Annapolis route. The route by Baltimore and the Northern Central railroad was not opened until May 13th.

—Virginia transferred to the Southern Confederacy, by treaty between the State Convention and Mr. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States. By this transaction the people were literally “sold out of house and home.”

April 26th. A correspondent of a Boston journal, writing from the West, over which he was travelling, said of the feeling prevailing in that section: “The enthusiasm of the people at the West, in rallying for the defense of the Union, far exceeds the expectations of the most sanguine. Throughout the entire North-west there is a perfect unanimity of sentiment. Ten days ago, men who now cry, down with the rebels, were apologizing for the South—justifying its action, and wishing it success. Every town in Illinois is mustering soldiers, and many of the towns of five or six thousand inhabitants, have two and three companies ready for action. Companies are also formed for drill, so that, in case of need, they will be prepared to march at any moment. Money is poured out freely as water, and ladies unite in making shirts, blankets, and even coats and pants for the soldiers. Arrangements have been made to take care of the families of the soldiers during their absence. All say, none shall fight the battles of their country at their own expense.”

—The bridges over Gunpowder River, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, were burned by the rebels of Baltimore. The bridge over Bush River, on the same route, had been destroyed the evening previous. The mob still reigned in Baltimore, although the loyal press of the city represented that the “conservative” sentiment was growing.

—The Seventh regiment of New York took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, at the War Department, in Washington, to-day. Not a man hesitated. The scene was most impressive.

—Many Southern men, still in the employ of the Departments, at Washington, refused to take the oath of allegiance. They all “resigned” and took their way South to give their services to the Slave States.

April 27th. Great numbers of Virginians whose loyalty to the Constitution forbade them to sustain the high-handed tyranny of the State Convention, are passing North to escape persecution. The outrages perpetrated on the Unionists of that State are daily becoming more atrocious. The State is in possession of the Confederate forces, and the Secession cut-throats have it all their own way. The mob everywhere appropriate to their own use whatever they may fancy; farmers are stopped on the road, their horses taken from them under the plea that they are for the defense of the South; granaries are searched, and everything convertible for food for either man or beast, carried off. This has been practiced to such an extent that, along the northern border of Virginia, a reaction is taking place, and instructions are being sent from Western Maryland, to the Delegates at Annapolis, that if they vote for secession the people will hang them on their return home. The news of the unanimous sentiment of the North, the prompt and decisive action on the part of the State Governments in enlisting men, has strengthened the Union men of Western Maryland and the border counties of Virginia.

—The “New York Ladies’ Relief Union”—one of the organizations devised for centralizing the efforts of women in behalf of the Union cause—issue, to-day, their circular, setting forth the “importance of systematizing the earnest efforts now making by the women of New York for the supply of extra medical aid to the Federal army, through the present campaign.”

—Mr. Lincoln issues his supplementary proclamation, including the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina in the order of blockade.

April 28th. The *Daylight*, the first steamer direct from New York, *via* Potomac, reached Washington at ten A. M. Many lights were out on the Virginia coast, and many buoys had

been destroyed by the rebels. The *Daylight* came without convoy. She had no guns, except one howitzer, which Captain Viele obtained from the *Pocahontas*, at the mouth of the Potomac. Captain Viele and the one hundred and seventy-two recruits for the New York Seventh regiment, have the honor of the first passage up the Potomac.

—The New York Fifth regiment of militia leaves to-day for Annapolis, in the British steam transport *Kedar*. This regiment, commanded by Colonel Schwartzaelder, is composed almost entirely of Germans.

April 29th. B. F. Hallett, of Boston, a leading man in the opposition party of Massachusetts, comes out strongly for the war, at a meeting of the Suffolk bar.

—Great excitement in Tennessee, consequent on the seizure (April 26th) at Cairo, by the Federal forces, of the steamer *Hillman*, laden with munitions of war. Governor Harris orders \$75,000 in Tennessee bonds, and \$5,000 in coin—all in possession of the United States Collector at Nashville, to be seized as a reprisal.

—Grand military review in New Orleans, of troops prepared to march North. Thirty thousand people turned out to witness the pageant.

—Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves left New York for Annapolis. A grand demonstration was made by the New York city fire department in honor of their departure. One hundred thousand people were gathered in the route of their march to witness the proceedings.

April 30th. Persons from the South, residing in Washington, are warned to leave that city before its destruction by the Southern army.

—The School-teachers of the Boston, Mass., schools, relinquished a large portion of their salaries, to be applied, during the war, to patriotic purposes.

—The New York Yacht Club offer the Government the use of all their craft for any service for which they may be fitted.

—Governor Dennison, of Ohio, reports that, up to this date, 71,000 volunteers had offered to meet the President's

requisition for thirteen regiments. All regiments furnished by the State, are picked men. The same may be said of the offers made in other States. It is now known that an army of three hundred thousand men could be made up of volunteers from New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio alone.

Every church and public building in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, is surmounted by the American flag. Public buildings generally throughout the North are thus decorated. The demand for bunting is so great, that the supply is exhausted, and flags are being made out of all kinds of materials of the proper color.

—The Twenty-eighth regiment of New York militia leaves Brooklyn for the seat of war. It is composed of the best class of German citizens—many men of wealth being in the ranks. It is commanded by Colonel Burnett. The streets were thronged to witness its departure.

—The Harvard University Medical School adopt a resolution, viz.: "That we, the members of the Harvard Medical School, do here and now resolve ourselves into a volunteer medical corps, and as such do hereby tender our services to the Governor of this Commonwealth, to act in behalf of this State or country, in whatever capacity we may be needed.

—The contributions of cities, individuals, Legislatures, banks, etc., up to this date, to the patriotic fund, are estimated to exceed twenty-eight millions of dollars. Government finds its soldiers literally made to order—taking the field armed and equipped, through the patronage and care of the localities from which the companies and regiments came.

This will end our Diary of Events, occurring in the brief space of fifteen days. What a record! The world never read its like. It will be read by our descendants with astonishment. Let us preserve the memory of these days to inspire our ardor, to strengthen our faith, to deepen our love for the Union, the Constitution and the Laws!

## II.

### THE NEW NATION.

MEN awakened on the morning of April 14th to enter upon the New Era of the Republic. The hour of trial had come. The people of the North were to say if the Union should survive or perish—if the “Great Democratic Experiment” should ignominiously fail, or should assert its true nobility by showing a consolidated front to revolution and disorganization. The guns which opened upon Sumter were aimed at the National heart, which the fortress typified in its silent grandeur as it lay away off in the waters, not to be awakened until assailed. Would the Nation protect its heart? It needed only such an assault to send the blood bounding through every loyal bosom; and the cry “TO ARMS!” which flew over the land, answered for the people. Rent into factions, divided in sentiment, antagonistic in personal interests, absorbed in schemes of gain, they had seemingly lived at open variance. As “Republicans,” “Democrats,” “Unionists,” “Conservatives,” “Abolitionists,” “Pro-Slavery” and “Anti-Slavery” Extensionists, they had harbored bitter differences; but, these all melted away in that night when Major Anderson slept in his battered fortress, defeated in the defense of his assailed flag; and the people awoke on the morning of Sumter’s evacuation to a new life—the New Nation was born. All partisan differences, all local antipathies, all personal dislikes, were buried, and over their grave arose the resurrected patriotism which had too long slumbered. Sumter lost but Freedom won when the madmen put the Union on its trial.

We cannot better convey an idea of the astonishing change

that came over the people than to recur to the utterances of the press chronicling the events of those hours, so potent with great results to the country.

The New York *Herald*, up to the hour of Sumter's bombardment, was inimical to the Administration, and strongly in favor of concessions to the South. After that event, its right hand of fellowship was withdrawn, and, with the common sentiment of the North, it declared for a vigorous policy against the revolutionists, saying: "Whatever opinions may have prevailed, and whatever views of expediency may have been advocated, hitherto, there is clearly no other course for Government to pursue now, than to 'retake the places and properties' that have been seized and occupied, in the Southern States. Upon this point, the people of the Northern and Western States will be nearly a unit. As a consequence, past organizations and platforms are virtually swept away, and none of the issues remain of present importance which recently agitated the public mind. \* \* The time for undue excitement has passed. The passing events of each hour are so solemn, that every pulse should beat equally, and every aspiration be for a speedy restoration of the Republic to peace, and its pristine unity and greatness. The utmost unanimity of feeling should prevail in sustaining the only policy which is any longer practicable; and every nerve should be strained to aid the Government in rendering its measures as efficient as possible."

The Boston *Post*, the organ of the Breckenridge Democracy, sent forth this clarion call: "The uprising is tremendous; and well would it be for each good citizen, South and North, to feel this invasion of the public order at Fort Sumter as his own personal concern. In reality it is so. There is left no choice but between a support of the Government and anarchy! The rising shows that this is the feeling. The Proclamation calls for seventy-five thousand men; and from one State alone, Pennsylvania, a hundred thousand are at the President's command at forty-eight hours' notice! Nor is this all. Capitalists stand ready to tender millions upon millions of money to

sustain the grand Government of the Fathers. Thus the civilized world will see the mighty energy of a free people, supplying in full measure the sinews of war, men and money, out of loyalty to the supremacy of law. Patriotic citizen! choose you which you will serve, the world's best hope, our noble Republican Government, or that bottomless pit, social anarchy. Adjourn other issues until this self-preserving issue is settled."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Opposition) spoke as well. It said: "'Take your places in line.' The American flag trails in the dust. There is from this hour no longer any middle or neutral ground to occupy. All party lines cease. Democrats, Whigs, Americans, Republicans and Union men, all merge into one or two parties—patriots or traitors. For ourselves, we are not prepared for either or any form of government which the imagination might suggest as possible or probable to follow in the wake of a republic. We are for the Government as handed down to us by our fathers. It was consecrated in blood, and given to us as a sacred legacy. It is ours to live by, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be ours to die by. We will have it and none other. We have no political feuds or animosities to avenge; we know no cause save to wipe an insult from our flag, and to defend and maintain an assailed Government and a violated Constitution. We care not who is President, or what political party is in power; so long as they support the honor and the flag of our country, we are with them; those who are not, are against us—against our flag—and against our Government. 'Take your places in line!'"

The New York *Times* correctly stated the facts and hopes of the hour in its issue of April 16th. It said: "The incidents of the last two days will live in history. Not for fifty years has such a spectacle been seen, as that glorious uprising of American loyalty which greeted the news that open war had been commenced upon the Constitution and Government of the United States. The great heart of the American people beat with one high pulsation of courage, and of fervid love and devotion to the great Republic. Party dissensions were

instantly hushed ; political differences disappeared, and were as thoroughly forgotten as if they had never existed ; party bonds flashed into nothingness in the glowing flame of patriotism ; men ceased to think of themselves or their parties—they thought only of their country and of the dangers which menaced its existence. Nothing for years has brought the hearts of all the people so close together, or so inspired them all with common hopes, and common fears, and a common aim, as the bombardment and surrender of an American fortress.

“ We look upon this sublime outburst of public sentiment as the most perfect vindication of popular institutions—the most conclusive reply to the impugners of American loyalty, the country has ever seen. It has been quite common to say that such a Republic as ours could never be permanent, because it lacked the conditions of a profound and abiding loyalty. The Government could never inspire a patriotic instinct, fervid enough to melt the bonds of party, or powerful enough to override the selfishness which free institutions so rapidly develop. The hearts of our own people had begun to sink within them, at the apparent insensibility of the public, to the dangers which menaced the Government. The public mind seemed to have been demoralized—the public heart seemed insensible to perils which threatened utter extinction to our great Republic. The secession movement, infinitely the most formidable danger which has ever menaced our Government, was regarded with indifference, and treated as merely a novel form of our usual political contentions. The best among us began to despair of a country which seemed incompetent to understand its dangers, and indifferent to its own destruction.

“ But all this is changed. The cannon which bombarded Sumter awoke strange echoes, and touched forgotten chords in the American heart. American Loyalty leaped into instant life, and stood radiant and ready for the fierce encounter. From one end of the land to the other—in the crowded streets of cities, and in the solitude of the country—wherever the splendor of the Stars and Stripes, the glittering emblems of our country’s glory, meets the eye, come forth shouts of devo-

tion and pledges of aid, which give sure guarantees for the perpetuity of American Freedom. War can inflict no scars on such a people. It can do them no damage which time cannot repair. It cannot shake the solid foundations of their material prosperity—while it will strengthen the manly and heroic virtues, which defy its fierce and frowning front.

“It is a mistake to suppose that war—even Civil War—is the greatest evil that can afflict a nation. The proudest and noblest nations on the earth have the oftenest felt its fury, and have risen the stronger, because the braver, from its overwhelming wrath. War is a far less evil than degradation—than the national and social paralysis which can neither feel a wound nor redress a wrong. When War becomes the only means of sustaining a nation’s honor, and of vindicating its just and rightful supremacy, it ceases to be an evil, and becomes the source of actual and positive good. If we are doomed to assert the rightful supremacy of our Constitution by force of arms, against those who would overthrow and destroy it, we shall grow the stronger and the nobler by the very contest we are compelled to wage.

“We have reason to exult in the noble demonstration of American loyalty, which the events of the last few days have called forth from every quarter of the country. Millions of freemen rally with exulting hearts, around our country’s standard. The great body of our people have but one heart and one purpose in this great crisis of our history. Whatever may be the character of the contest, we have no fears or misgivings as to the final issue.”

Particularly referring to the unanimity of the political leaders in support of the Administration, the New York *Courier* and *Inquirer* of May 2d, said: “We have all witnessed the sudden transformation of the scene-painter’s art—a whistle, a creak of a wheel, and in place of a cottage, a palace!—a sighing maiden is followed by an exultant conqueror; and seeing these delusions of the canvas, we have accustomed ourselves to look upon it as a trick of the drama, and never in our experience to be paralleled by the actual. We are to see all

strange things in the nineteenth century, and of the very strangest is the sudden change of a Northern people from a race of quiet, patient, much-enduring, calm, 'consistent members of the Peace Society,' willing to compromise to the last possible interpolation of the Constitution, to a gathering of armed men, backing up courage by cash, and coming together with a union of the purse and the sword, which is to be one of the most remarkable chapters that history ever wrote.

"The Macaulay of American annals will record that in one brief, earnest, intense ten of days, the chain of party melted; the organization of party shivered; the leaders of opposing opinions were as brethren;—Seward, Douglas, Dix, even Caleb Cushing, wrote a full acquittance of past political strife, and declared that the life of their political doctrine was the preservation of the country's honor. Who shall ever despair of a nation after this? If from our quarrels, our pale compromises, our bondage to the exchange and to the warehouse, from all the indolence of prosperity, such a transformation to the camp of a brave and united soldiery, a close and compact counsel—the purse inverted over the soldier's needs—the struggle who shall quickest forget his party watch-word, and learn that of the line of battle—if this new life has thus sprung, the philosopher of history must learn of us new ideas of the power of a free people.

"The Revolution of 1776 witnessed no such union. More families left New York and her sister colonies, because they would not show steel to King George, (and that when New York had population only of thousands where it now has hundreds of thousands,) than have now suggested doubts of our right from all the vast numbers of the Northern States. We cannot even yet realize the change these ten days have wrought. We are like those who bring all their valuables to the fire of the furnace, and recast the compound. That process is now in our midst. Does any man suppose we are to be fused in just such party shape again? Differ we shall—but the gold has been tried, and the great fact established, that those dwelling in the Northern States have that devotion to

the country at whose call the mother gives her son to the battle, the capitalist his treasure to the cause, and men blend as a *Nation*. Were we ever a Nation before?

"All lineages—the Mayflower man is in the front rank only to be met in line by those who look back to Delft Haven. I have found the warmest thought and act in those who but a month since were doubtful of the patriotism of those of us who could not see the merit of 'compromise.' The voice of Edward Everett rings out its call to arms—the men who have risked to offend the North by their ultra Southern views, have thrown all aside as the call for Union for the country's honor reached them."

Thus it was that the New Nation sprang into existence, to redeem the past and plant anew the tree of Liberty and Union, which the conspirators had so nearly torn up and shattered.

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### III.

#### THE MUSTERING.

WHO shall tell the story of the gathering of those who flew to arms at the call? Every company of those first forward has its chapter of incidents honorable to its patriotic devotion and creditable to its intelligence. Every regiment has its record of patriotism and self-sacrifice, for in its ranks stood those whom no mercenary motive had impelled to arms. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, students, mechanics, were there—all deserting business and home to encounter the toils, privations, sufferings, and dangers of military service. The Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island militia regiments which were first ready, and, in a few days, were on the way to Washington, were composed almost entirely of citizens of the most respect-

able character—men, whose intelligence and social standing rendered them eminently fit to become the guardians of the Capital and pioneers of the immense host to follow. How their souls must have scorned the fœ who called them “menials,” “mercenaries,” “hirelings,” “Hessians!”\* The press of the South almost generally resorted to such epithets, and sedulously sought to disseminate the idea that the Northern volunteers were drawn from the lowest classes. Thus the *Mobile Advertiser* characterized them, and welcomed them to Southern graves:

“These volunteers are men who prefer enlisting to starvation; scurvy fellows from the back slums of cities, whom Falstaff would not have marched through Coventry with; but these recruits are not soldiers—least of all the soldiers to meet the hot-blooded, thorough bred, impetuous men of the South. Trencher soldiers, who enlisted to war upon their rations, not on men; they are such as marched through Baltimore—squalid, wretched, ragged, and half-naked—as the newspapers of that city report them. Fellows who do not know the breech of a musket from its muzzle, and had rather fileh a handkerchief than fight an enemy in manly combat. White-slaves, peddling wretches, small-change knaves, and vagrants, the dregs and offiscourings of the populace; these are the levied ‘forces’ whom Lincoln suddenly arrays as candidates for the honor of being slaughtered by gentlemen—such as Mobile sent to battle. Let them come South, and we will put our negroes to the dirty work of killing them. But they will not come South. Not a wretch of them will live on this side of the border, longer than it will take us to reach the ground and drive them off.”

Under the chapter head “The Spirit of the South,” we shall give further evidences of that *malignancy* of the Southern heart which was one of the prime causes of the Rebellion:—the above extract we introduce to show, at this point what a difference there was between the North and South, as exemplified in the relative spirit and character of their volunteers.

Adjutant-General Schouler, of Massachusetts, in his Report

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\* Private Moses Jenkins, of the Rhode Island First, was worth one million dollars. Others in the same regiment were worth their tens of thousands. Mr. Jenkins had arranged for a tour to Europe, and had purchased his ticket. At the call he tore up his ticket and followed his regiment.

for 1861, referred to some of the incidents illustrative of the alacrity with which the men came to the first call. He said: "The first call for troops was by a telegram from Senator Wilson, dated at Washington, April 15th, requesting twenty companies to be sent immediately to Washington, and there mustered into service. \* \* \* \* This order was sent by mail and by special messengers to the Colonels, who severally resided at Lowell, Quincy, New Bedford, and Lynn. The companies were scattered through the cities and towns of Plymouth, Bristol, Norfolk, Essex, and Middlesex counties.

"*In obedience to orders, nearly every company in the above regiments arrived in Boston the next day.* The first were three infantry companies from Marblehead, under Captains Martin, Phillips, and Boardman. They arrived at the Eastern depot at nine o'clock A. M., and were welcomed by a large multitude of people, who cheered the gallant and devoted men as they marched to their quarters at Faneuil Hall, through rain and sleet, to the music of 'Yankee Doodle.' During the entire day the troops arrived at Boston by the different railroad trains.

"Captain Pratt, in command of the Worcester company, received his order to join the Sixth regiment late in the afternoon of the 16th, and he was in Boston with his full command early on the morning of the 17th. It was nine o'clock in the evening of the 16th before your Excellency decided to attach the commands of Captains Sampson and Dike to the Sixth regiment. A messenger was dispatched to Stoneham, with orders for Captain Dike. He reported to me at eight o'clock the next morning, that he found Captain Dike at his house in Stoneham, at two o'clock in the morning, and placed your Excellency's orders in his hands; that he read them, and said: 'Tell the Adjutant-General that I shall be at the State House with my full company by eleven o'clock to-day.' True to his word, he reported at the time, and that afternoon, attached to the Sixth, the company left for Washington. Two days afterward, on the 19th of April, during that gallant march through Baltimore, which is now a matter of history, Captain Dike

was shot down while leading his company through the mob. Several of his command were killed and wounded, and he received a wound in the leg, which will render him a cripple for life."

The spirit of New York loyalty was betrayed in the eager attention given by all classes to the mustering and movements of the regiments. The New York Seventh, chiefly composed of the young men of wealthy families, volunteered to go on to Washington and remain there one month, or longer if necessary for the safety of the Capital. It left the city amidst the greatest excitement, April 19th. April 21st, it was followed by the New York Seventy-first, Twelfth, and Sixth regiments, all of the organized State militia, which volunteered as regiments, for the three months service. The Sixty-ninth, Eighth, and Thirteenth, started forward April 23d. It was thus the Empire State answered, with her choice troops, the first calls for aid. The departure of the regiments, by transports, April 21st, (Sunday,) was accompanied by such popular manifestations, as to be worthy of record. From the report prepared for the press we gather these paragraphs :

"The usual quiet of our city on the Sabbath-day was broken at an early hour, yesterday, with the note of preparation for the departure of the Sixth, Twelfth, and Seventy-first regiments, to whom orders had been issued on the day previous. The flags that had the day before been thrown to the breeze were generally still flying, and squads of recruits, with drum and fife, paraded the streets for an early airing. Officers in undress uniform may be seen, with an air of business, hurrying in different directions; and the chimes of Old Trinity mingled with the boom of cannon fired in the Park. By nine o'clock the multitudes began to swarm the streets, and Broadway bade fair to furnish a repetition of the patriotic scene of the day previous. The Sunday papers, in consequence of the surveillance under which the telegraph had passed, did not contain the gossiping dispatches which the public have so long been accustomed to find. In this respect there was a void.

"The Armories presented an animated scene. In front of

them the streets were filled with the patriotic masses, and the police experienced difficulty in keeping a passage open for the ingress and egress of those who were entitled to enter. None were allowed inside but members of the corps, their immediate friends, or those in some way connected with their movements, and the reporters. Inside all was business and bustle, not to any confusion. Here and there were mothers and sisters parting with sons and brothers, or with motherly and sisterly interest were engaged in assisting to arrange the blankets and pack the soldier's limited baggage, to which there was certain to be added some memento or other thing that relates to his comfort and welfare. Words of patriotic encouragement and tenderest affection were spoken at leave-takings. But these had generally been spoken at home, where we could not penetrate, though we might recite many a touching scene, where parents gave up their sons, and wives their husbands to serve their country.

"It was shortly after ten o'clock when the regiments began to form on Bond street, leading to Broadway. Hither the people had thronged in immense numbers, and what was among the noticeable things, was the presence in that vicinity and down Broadway, of some fifteen or twenty Fire Engines, and Hook and Ladder Companies, including two Steam Engines. It was appropriate, for hundreds of those about to leave have long served in the Department, or at least, in the expressive parlance of the day, have 'run with the machine' many a year. In the hour that elapsed, the crowd in Broadway swelled to the large proportions which we are accustomed to see only on great occasions. At the junction with Canal street, it was the largest, because the Sixth regiment would at this point leave Broadway, and proceed to the *Baltic*, at the foot of Canal street. While waiting for its appearance, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'Red, White and Blue,' and other similar airs, were sung by thousands of voices.

"It was about twelve o'clock when the Sixth regiment moved from their armory down Broadway. It was the signal for the wildest outburst. The shouts and cheers which rose from the

multitude at the junction of these two streets, were caught up and prolonged almost the whole length of Broadway. At every step the soldiers were greeted with the wildest demonstrations, not only from the people that lined the streets, but from the windows and the roofs of buildings on the route. More than once a mother darted from the crowd, and in spite of police or other restraints, gave her son a parting kiss—only one—for the column moved on, and the boy was a soldier now, bound for the seat of war, and there was no such thing as stopping. Discipline could not restrain adieu between old friends, who *would* shake hands, and give and take hastily spoken but hearty good-byes. The Twelfth and Seventy-first regiments followed, when there was a repetition of the scenes of the previous half-hour.

“So great was the throng in Canal street that it was with the greatest difficulty that the police force could clear the way for the Sixth to pass. The crowd was entirely good-natured, but enthusiastic, and determined to extend its greetings to the soldiers from a position as close as they could assume. The Sixth was accompanied by several files of citizens as an escort, but the multitude mistook all in citizens’ clothes for volunteers, and cheered them tremendously. At the foot of Canal street there were thousands of ladies congregated—the windows and roofs of the houses commanding a view of the pier teeming with crinoline and female apparel. Monahan’s band, which headed the regiment, here struck up that favorite soldier’s air, ‘The Girl I left behind me,’ which was received with tremendous cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

“Arriving on the covered pier, the regiment was marched on board the *Baltic*, taking position on the upper deck. Then came the order, ‘All who are not going to fight, ashore;’ the last farewell was hastily spoken; hands which might never be clasped again were clasped for a parting shake, and a stamp for the gang plank followed. But the vessel sailed not; and as the quarter-hours succeeded each other, the crowd on the piers, sheds and contiguous vessels, began to grow impatient. Gradually they began to depart, confident that some misman-

agement would prevent the sailing of the *Baltic* for some hours. Still hundreds of people lingered, anxious to wave their hats after the departing regiment, but their patience was rapidly becoming exhausted when the announcement came that the Twelfth regiment was soon expected to arrive. This brought the multitude back in such numbers that for a time the efforts of the police to keep a passage clear were unavailing. The glitter of bayonets was soon seen in Canal street, and the Twelfth regiment, accompanied by a cheering throng, approached. Arriving at the gate leading to the pier at which the *Baltic* lay, the regiment halted for a quarter of an hour or more. This delay was improved by hundreds of persons to engage in conversation with departing friends, or to add the last item to their stock of comforts, not to mention luxuries. Cigars and tobacco were freely distributed among the recruits, most of whom appeared with no other uniform than knapsacks, belts, blankets, and muskets. One young man broke through the line of policemen, and forcibly seizing a young recruit, attempted to drag him away. The young soldier resisted, and the police interfered, when it appeared that the recruit was the only brother of the one who had seized him, and the latter contended that his brother was too young to become a soldier. The patriotic youth would not yield, however, and so, after a hasty and affectionate parting with his weeping brother, he resumed his place in the line, and marched onward.

"The Twelfth was eventually admitted on the pier, when the cause of the delay was made known. The mismanagement of some person in authority had got the two regiments most effectually mixed. It was intended that the Twelfth regiment should sail by the *Baltic*, and their baggage had accordingly been stowed in the hold of that vessel. The Sixth regiment received orders to march to the *Baltic*, and they complied immediately by taking possession of the ship. The consequence was, that the members of the Twelfth regiment were forced to dispose themselves as best they could among the bales of hay and other freight on the pier. Many of these soldiers were worn out with the fatigue of preparation, and had contemplated

a good rest on shipboard, but in this they were mistaken. Added to the discomfort of their standing for hours on the pier, most of them had partaken of an early breakfast, and the pangs of hunger began to be seriously felt. From one o'clock to four they thus waited, with no place to rest and nothing to eat, surrounded by a curious and constantly moving crowd, when an attempt was made to comfort their inner individuals by a supply of food from the stores of the ship. Slices of bread and meat were brought, but the demand outran the supply, and caused much scrambling among the recruits. Much disappointment was felt when it became known that the steamer *Ariel* would necessarily receive the Sixth regiment, and that consequently the soldiers would not leave until after dark. Still the crowd would not disperse. With short intervals for refreshments, they remained at their posts, and only dispersed when the steamers were fairly under weigh.

"The Seventy-first regiment, after marching down Broadway, turned toward the North River, and went through Albany street to Pier No. 12. The route was lined up to this place, where an immense crowd had gathered, which increased every moment. As the main part of the regiment were in the act of embarkation, the recruits which brought up the rear became the special object of attention from the crowd. Most of them had only muskets, some being old and rusty, and none of the recruits had yet put on the soldier's uniform. Some wore slouch hats, some 'plug' hats, some roundabouts, some peajackets, some had Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and some looked as if they had recently left the workshop. This impromptu appearance of the recruits, who numbered nearly half of the regiment, gave an aspect of earnestness to the cause. Enthusiasm burst forth in a continuous yell, which did not subside until the troops had left the streets. After this the crowd continued to look on until the *R. R. Cuyler* hauled out into the stream.

"The cheering on board the *Cuyler* was frequently responded to by a thousand Rhode Islanders on board the *Empire State*. The latter arrived in the harbor on Saturday night, and

were anchored in the North River, off Jay street. Their red uniforms could be distinctly observed from the piers, where hundreds of people gathered as early as the day dawned. During the day, the Rhode Island Regimental Band from time to time played national airs, and at five o'clock the troops were transferred aboard the steamer *Coatzacoalcos*, which, until then, had been getting ready at the foot of Warren street."

What a Sabbath day's spectacle! Yet it was heightened by the stirring on the wharves and on the water of the transports loading for the South with the *materiel* of war, stores, &c. The press reported as follows of the steamers under orders on that day :

"West street witnessed such a scene as will not probably be often repeated within a century. In addition to the excitement caused by the departure of three regiments of New York troops, the presence of one regiment of Rhode Island troops, and the arrival in the evening of another regiment of Massachusetts troops, the usual quiet of Sunday was encroached upon by the occasional blowing and smoking of at least a dozen large ocean steamers, which had been quietly freighted, and were now gradually waking up their gigantic powers to depart hence in concert, on a most important mission. A stroll along West street was sufficient to find out that the following steamers (and there may have been more) were about to depart under Government orders :

"The *Ariel*, Pier No. 3, had steam up, and was making much noise. She had been taking on provisions and stores for some days. An inquisitive crowd gathered here at six o'clock in the morning, and continued throughout the day. In the afternoon a squad of Metropolitan Policemen were sent to the spot, to keep order on the arrival of troops from Massachusetts by the Fall River steamboat.

"At the next pier, No. 4, was the *Columbia*, the vessel, until recently, of the notorious traitor Captain Berry, who, it is said, is not an American, but an Englishman, and a Secessionist because he is unprincipled. She had steam up at 4 P. M. During Saturday night workmen were engaged on her all

night. The *Marion* was at the same pier ready for departure, and had steam up at four o'clock.

"The *James Adger* was at the stern of the *Marion*, with steam up, some people aboard, and also ready for departure, as it appeared. Crowds of people were gathered along these steamers, and at some places on the decks and rigging of sailing craft in the docks and near by.

"The *R. R. Cuyler* which took the Seventy-first regiment on board, was at pier No. 12. She lay in the stream after three o'clock.

"Several of Mitchell's Line of Southern steamers, lying at pier No. 36, have also been chartered. The *Star of the South*, the *Alabama* and the *Augusta* are the ones. They did not have steam up yesterday, as they were not to depart until Monday or Tuesday.

"The *Coatzacoalcos* was at the foot of Warren street, and had steam up. She went out to the *Empire State* at 6 P. M. The *De Soto*, one of the New Orleans steamers, at the next pier south of the *Coatzacoalcos*, was steaming up with much noise as if about to sail, at 4 P. M.

"The propeller *Chesapeake*, of the Savannah line, got steam up yesterday afternoon, and went out into the stream, but soon after returned to her berth, where she remained until night. The propeller *Parkersburg*, of the same line and pier, had steam up at the same time.

"The propeller *Monticello*, of the Alexandria and Washington line, had steam up and was freighted with large quantities of war material, such as muskets, brass field pieces of improved manufacture, grape-shot for very large guns, and large piles of boxes and bundles, the contents of which were unknown.

"Adding considerably to the martial bustle, was the stated firing of guns from the several transport vessels having troops on board."

This was but the opening of the Crusade for the restoration of the Union which followed. It was a sublime prelude to a sublime tragedy—one at which the generation stood aghast, but one of those which, since the world began, has initiated all great political and social changes.

## IV.

### THE POETS.

No history of the Great Struggle will be complete that does not recur to the part which the poets of the land took in stirring the popular heart. City and country press teemed with lyrics and invocations, well calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the popular cause. The occasion called forth many fine compositions, well worthy of preservation—some of which will, indeed, find their way into our permanent literature. Patriotism found in the poet-heart a full and deep response; and the future will draw upon the poems of the spring of 1861 when it would refresh its love of country and its faith in the Right. We give a few of those which seem to us to possess a permanent interest.

This Sonnet, from the pen of William H. Burleigh, gives admirable expression to the sense of relief felt by the nation at the end of the suspense regarding the course to be pursued in the crisis :

APRIL 15TH, 1861.

THANK GOD ! the Free North is awake at last !  
When burning cannon-shot and bursting shell,  
As, from the red mouth of some volcan's hell,  
Rained on devoted Sumter thick and fast,  
The sleep of ages from her eyelids past.  
One bound--and lo ! she stands erect and tall,  
While Freedom's hosts come trooping to her call,  
Like eager warriors to the trumpet's blast !  
Wo ! to the traitors and their robber horde !  
Wo ! to the spoilers that pollute the land !  
When a roused Nation, terrible and grand,  
Grasps, in a holy cause, th' avenging sword,  
And swears, from Treason's bloody clutch to save  
The priceless heritage our fathers gave.

The "Alarum," by R. H. Stodderd, is a fine poem, brimming with that *terse* enthusiasm which characterizes all true war lyrics:

MEN of the North and West,  
    Wake in your might,  
Prepare, as the Rebels have done,  
    For the fight :  
You can not shrink from the test,  
Rise ! Men of the North and West !

They have torn down your banner of stars ;  
    They have trampled the laws ;  
They have stifled the freedom they hate,  
    For no cause !  
Do you love it, or slavery best ?  
Speak ! Men of the North and West !

They strike at the life of the State—  
    Shall the murder be done ?  
They cry, "We are two!" And you ?  
    "We are one!"  
You must meet them, then, breast to breast,  
On ! Men of the North and West !

Not with words—they laugh them to scorn,  
    And tears they despise ;  
But, with swords in your hands, and death  
    In your eyes,  
Strike home ! leave to God all the rest,  
Strike ! Men of the North and West !

"A Northern Rally," by John Clancy, is significant. Coming, as it did, from a leading Democratic Editor, of New York City, who had long supported the cause of the South, it happily illustrates the feeling which moved such men to action :

WE'VE borne too long this Southern wrong,  
    That ever sought to shame us ;  
The threat and boast, the braggart toast,  
    "That Southern men would tame us."  
We've bent the knee to chivalry,  
    Have borne the lie and scorning ;  
But now, thank God, our Northern blood  
    Has roused itself from fawning.

The issue's made, our flag's displayed,  
Let he who dare retard it;

No cowards here grow pale with fear,  
For Northern swords now guard it.

The men that won at Lexington

A name and fame in story,  
Were patriot sires, who lit the fires  
To lead their sons to glory.

Like rushing tide down mountain side,  
The Northern hosts are sweeping;  
Each freeman's breast to meet the test  
With patriot blood is leaping.

Now Southern sneer and bullies' leer,  
Will find swift vengeance meted;  
For never yet since foemen met  
Have Northern men retreated.

United now, no more we'll bow,  
Or supplicate, or reason;  
'Twill be our shame and lasting blame  
If we consent to treason.

Then in the fight our hearts unite,  
One purpose move us ever;  
No traitor hand divide our land,  
No power our country sever.

A well-known lady writer gave to our literature this nobly conceived and finely rhythmed "Invocation." It is one of those compositions called forth only by moments of great public excitement, and may be referred to as indicative of the strong undercurrent of devotion to country which possessed even the hearts of the women of the land:

Oh, mother of a matchless race!  
Columbia, hear our cry;  
The children nursed in your embrace,  
For you will live and die.

We glory in our fathers' deeds,  
We love the soil they trod,  
Our heritage we will defend  
And keep—so help us God!

Rise, rise! Oh, Patriots, rise!  
Let waiting millions see!

What courage thrills, what faith inspires  
 The Nation of the Free !

Hail ! brothers in a common cause !  
 True to your birthright stand !  
 The Constitution and the Laws  
 Must know no Vandal hand.  
 Let foreign foes invidious gaze  
 To see our light expire ;  
 They'll shrink in awe before the blaze  
 Of Freedom's deathless fire.

Hark ! how the hymns of glory swell  
 Above our fathers' graves !  
 The unfaltering men of Seventy-six  
 Begot no race of slaves.  
 The blood that bought our sacred right  
 Still in their lineage runs ;  
 No tribute gold, no traitor's might  
 Shall wrest it from their sons.

Shade of heroic Washington !  
 Still guard our Native Land !  
 Rebuke, rebuke each wavering one,  
 Direct each ardent hand !  
 Oh, mother of a matchless race !  
 Hear our united cry !  
 'Tis noble in your cause to live,  
 And nobler still to die !

Charles G. Leland gave to the press the following resonant  
 "Northerner's Call," set to the well-known German air,  
*Burschen heraus !*

Northmen, come out !  
 Forth unto battle with storm and shout !  
 Freedom calls you once again,  
 To flag and fort and tented plain ;  
 Then come with drum and trump and song,  
 And raise the war-cry wild and strong :  
 Northmen, come out !

Northmen, come out !  
 The foe is waiting round about,  
 "With paixhan, mortar and petard,  
 To tender us their Beau-regard ; "

With shot and shrapnell, grape and shell  
We'll give them back the fire of hell.

Northmen, come out !

Northmen, come out !  
Give the pirates a roaring rout ;  
Out in your strength, and let them know  
How Working Men to Work can go !

Out in your might, and let them feel  
How Mudsills strike when edged with steel ;

Northmen, come out !

Northmen, come out !  
Come like your grandsires, stern and stout ;  
Though Cotton be of Kingly stock,  
Yet royal heads may reach the block,  
The Puritan taught it once in pain,  
His sons shall teach it once again ;

Northmen, come out !

Northmen, come out !  
Forth into battle with storm and shout !  
He who lives with victory 's blest,  
He who dies gains peaceful rest.  
Living or dying, let us be  
Still vowed to God and Liberty !

Northmen, come out !

Oliver Wendell Holmes, after the burial of the Massachusetts dead, killed by the mob at Baltimore, penned this adjuration for the hour :

WEAV'E no more silks, ye Lyons looms,  
To deck our girls for gay delights !  
The crimson flower of battle blooms,  
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day  
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,  
And homely garments, coarse and gray,  
For orphans that must earn their bread !

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,  
That pour delight from other lands !  
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet--  
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words  
 With mystic fame and subtile power,  
 Go, chatter to the idle birds,  
 Or teach the lesson of the hour !

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot  
 Be all your offices combined !  
 Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,  
 The destiny of humankind !

And if that destiny could fail,  
 The sun should darken in the sky,  
 The eternal bloom of Nature pale,  
 And God, and Truth, and Freedom die !

There is in this fine poem an undertone of pathos, which makes it very touching in its sorrow :

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,  
 And Summer sends kisses by beautiful May—  
 Oh ! to see all the treasures the Spring is bestowing,  
 And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day !

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,  
 I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,  
 While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming  
 Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,  
 To come back no more in the twilight or dawn ;  
 And Robby grew weary of watching, and started  
 Alone, on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and, this afternoon, sitting  
 At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,  
 And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting,  
 To recollect Willie is twenty to-day :

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,  
 The sun making gold of his wretched cigar-smoke,  
 I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,  
 And choaked down the tears when he eagerly spoke.

“ Dear mother, you know how those traitors are crowing,  
 They trample the folds of our flag in the dust ;  
 The boys are all fire ; and they wish I were going—”  
 He stopped, but his eyes said, “ Oh say if I must ! ”

I smiled on the boy, though my heart it seemed breaking :  
 My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away,  
 And answered him, “ Willie, 'tis well you are waking—  
 Go, act as your father would bid you to-day ! ”

I sit in the window and see the flags flying,  
 And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,  
 And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,  
 And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying  
 Out over the fields, and the honey-bees hum  
 Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,  
 And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall . . . his young life he has given  
 For Freedom's sweet sake . . . and for me, I will pray  
 Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven  
 To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

The spirit of scorn at treason and high resolve to strike and  
 spare not, rings out in these stirring stanzas, by Franklin  
 Lushington. It has in it the clang of the old Roman's steel.

No more words ;  
 Try it with your swords !  
 Try it with the arms of your bravest and your best !  
 You are proud of your manhood, now put it to the test :  
 Not another word ;  
 Try it by the sword !

No more NOTES :  
 Try it by the throats  
 Of the cannon that will roar till the earth and air be shaken ;  
 For they speak what they mean, and they can not be mistaken ;  
 No more doubt ;  
 Come—fight it out.

No child's play !

Waste not a day ;

Serve out the deadliest weapon you know ;

Let them pitilessly hail in the faces of the foe ;

No blind strife ;

Waste not one life.

You that in the front

Bear the battle's brunt —

When the sun gleams at dawn on the bayonets abreast ,

Remember 'tis for Government and Country you contest ;

For love of all you guard ,

Stand and strike hard.

You at home that stay ,

From danger far away ,

Leave not a jot to chance , while you rest in quiet ease ;

Quick ! forge the bolts of death ; quick ! ship them o'er the seas ;

If war's feet are lame ,

Yours will be the blame.

You , my lads , abroad ,

" Steady ! " be your word :

You , at home , be the anchor of your soldiers young and brave .

Spare not cost , none is lost , that may strengthen or may save ;

Sloth were sin and shame ;

Now play out the game .

Bayard Taylor thus charmingly worded the incident which it commemorates , of the old soldier of 1812 pleading with General Scott for a place in the ranks :

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came ,

He sought the Chief who led him , on many a field of fame —

The Chief who shouted " Forward ! " where'er his banner rose ,

And bore his stars in triumph behind the flying foes .

" Have you forgotten , General ? " the battered soldier cried ,

" The days of eighteen hundred twelve , when I was at your side !

Have you forgotten Johnson , that fought at Lundy's Lane ?

" Tis true I 'm old , and pensioned , but I want to fight again ."

" Have I forgotten ? " said the Chief : " my brave old soldier , No !

And here's the hand I gave you then , and let it tell you so ;

But you have done your share , my friend ; you 're crippled , old , and grey ,

And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day ."

" But, General!" cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow ;  
 " The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now ;  
 They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and blue,  
 And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

" I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun  
 To get the range of traitors' hearts, and pick them, one by one.  
 Your Minie rifles and such arms it ain't worth while to try :  
 I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry !"

" God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief—" God bless your loyal  
 heart !

But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part.  
 They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,  
 And woe, henceforth to any hand, that dares to pull it down !"

" But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried ;  
 " I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide :  
 And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I ;  
 So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die !

" If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in command  
 Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my hand ;  
 No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shells may fly,  
 I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die !

" I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given,  
 Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest Heaven,  
 And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne ;  
 ' There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane !'

" And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly ;  
 When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,  
 If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,  
 My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place !"

It was chronicled among the incidents illustrative of the spirit which prevailed at the South, that "a company of Confederate Horse Guards, at Memphis, lately took a United States flag and buried it in a grave in the earth, with appropriate funeral ceremonies." Some poet adverted to the act in this poem, which strongly reminds the reader of Mrs. Browning's numbers :

So you've buried the flag at Memphis ?  
 How many fathoms deep ?  
 What seal did you set on the Stars and Stripes ?  
 And who that grave shall keep ?

Alas for the dead at Memphis !  
 Mere dust to dust you bear ;  
 No vision of Life all glorified,  
 Of Love grown heavenly fair—

No radiant dream, with a Christly sign,  
 Of the Victor's living palm ;  
 Of the odorous golden joy that dares  
 Join Seraphs in their psalm !

You never read, in a rich man's cave  
 The Life of the world lay, slain !  
 And the mourning women went to watch,  
 But found—where he *had* lain.

Come, guess—who roll'd from his cave the rock ?  
 Who broke great Pilate's seal ?  
 “ *While the soldiers sleep, and the women weep,*  
*Base hands the Body steal.* ”

Vain guess for knowledge ! Children dear,  
 Not Death lay in that cave,  
 But Living Love ! While the world above  
 Went wailing—“ *Died to save !* ”

Well—judge if Freedom's sacred sign  
 Can molder under ground,  
 With the march of a million men o'erhead,  
 Their banners eagle-crowned ?

From Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate  
 A shout goes right and left ;  
 The aliens' dreamful watch is done—  
 The sepulcher is cleft.

Weak hands ! Heap clay on the Stars of God !  
 They never shone before !  
 They rend the shroud, and they pierce the cloud,  
 All hail, then, Thirty-Four !

Nor should we omit the humor and satire which also flowed from the pens of those who scorned the traitors' and plunderers' part. *Punch* came forward, from over the sea, with this terribly bitter—but who shall say inappropriate?—“National Hymn of the Confederate States”:

When first the South, to fury fanned,  
 Arose and broke the Union's chain,  
 This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,  
 And Mr. Davis sang the strain :  
 Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—  
 “Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves.”

The Northerns, not so blest as thee,  
 At Aby Lincoln's foot may fall,  
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish fierce and **free**  
 The whip, that makes the Nigger bawl.  
 Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—  
 “Christians ever, ever, ever should have slaves.”

Thou, dully savage, shalt despise  
 Each freeman's argument, or joke ;  
 Each law that Congress, that Congress thought **so wise**,  
 Serves but to light thy pipes for smoke.  
 Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—  
 “Christians ever, ever, ever must have slaves.”

And Trade, that knows no God but gold,  
 Shall to thy pirate ports repair ;  
 Blest land, where flesh—where human flesh is sold,  
 And manly arms may flog that *air*.  
 Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves—  
 “Christians ever, ever, ever should have slaves.”

Jefferson Davis, in his Message at the opening of the **extra** session of the Confederate Congress, 1861, said among other remarkable things, that all the South wished was *to be let alone*. Some appreciative person, through the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*, embodied the Secessionist's wishes in this effusion :

As vonce I walked by a dismal swamp,  
 There set an Old Cove in the dark and damp,  
 And at everybody that passed that road  
 A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.  
 And venever he flung his stick or his stone,  
 He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy  
 These bits of things at the passers by—  
 Let me alone, for I've got your tin  
 And lots of other traps snugly in—  
 Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat  
 To grab votever you've got afloat—  
 In a week or so I expect to come  
 And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome—  
 I'm a quiet Old Cove, says he, with a groan:  
 All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self same way  
 Another Old Cove, and began for to say—  
 "Let you alone! That 's comin' it strong!—  
 You've been let alone—a darned sight too long—  
 Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!  
 Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered!)  
 Let go that stone! If you once show fight,  
 I'll knock you higher than any kite.  
 You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,  
 And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,  
 And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,  
 And knock your scow into ternal smash.  
 And if ever I catches you 'round *my* ranch,  
 I'll string you up to the nearest branch.  
 The best *you* can do is to go to bed,  
 And keep a decent tongue in your head;  
 For I reckon before you and I are done,  
 You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the t'other Old Cove,  
 He set quite still in his cypress grove,  
 And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow,  
 Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no—  
 And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,  
 "All that I axed vos, *let me alone*."

To the ever-living Yankee Doodle the world owes much of its best humor. Southern dislike of "the Yankees" did not serve to render the term any the less popular among the loyalists. Hence we find a large number of songs to the good old "tune" which were re-echoed among the hills of much of the "sacred soil" by the Northern troops—so little respect had they for the prejudices of their enemies! Early in the campaign against rebellion, the following "Suggestions" were made by G. W. Westbrook :

Yankee Doodle's come again  
 Among the sons of Gotham—  
 Not to see the gods and shows,  
 But to see the facts, and quote 'em.

He heard of South Carolina's boast  
 That Jonathan was craven—  
 That Cotton was the king of earth,  
 And nothing else could save 'em.

But, Yankee Doodle says: "Dear sirs,  
 You know not what's the matter—  
 You see through glasses darkly smoked  
 With error and tobacker!

" Your darkies plough, and hoe, and **dig**,  
 To raise your rice and cotton,  
 And sugar, too, and cornstalks big,  
 And many things forgotten.

" You arter know that Yankees **make**  
 Your cotton into muslin,  
 And thread, and tape, and hosiery,  
 And ladies' wear quite puzzlin'.

" Besides, they make the canvas sheets  
 That forms the wings of commerce,  
 To take your schooners and your **fleet**s  
 To every harbor on earth.

" They also make the canvas bags,  
 And send them to the prairies  
 Of Indiana, Illinois,  
 As the soil and climate varies.

“To hold potatoes, corn, and oats,  
 And wheat, and rye, and barley,  
 And sometimes coal, and ice in boats,  
 And coverings for the darkey.

“They also take your rice in ships  
 Built by the Yankee nation—  
 From Charleston’s docks and New York slips  
 All over the creation.

“Your sugar, too, the Yankees take ..  
 Although they tap the maple,  
 That produces matter saccharine,  
 And forms a Yankee staple.

“Tobacker, too, the Yankees chew,  
 And smoke and snuff in plenty—  
 The ladies, too, if you only knew,  
 Send to you by the twenty

“For early fruits and early flowers,  
 Before the North can raise ‘em,  
 To decorate their lovely bowers,  
 Their sweethearts to amaze ‘em.

“Then why this strife? like man and wife  
 In a domestic quarrel—  
 That after all must end with life,  
 With no unfading laurel ?

“Jonathan’s advice, therefore,  
 Is, peacefully be living,  
 And kind and true to every one,  
 Forbearing and forgiving.

“If you refuse to take this hint  
 Intended for your favor,  
 We’ll show you how the cap and flint  
 Will cause you much more labor.”

This may suffice for our half-hour with the Poets. The contributions of Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Whitman, Rose Terry, Miss Proctor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, R. H. Stoddard, George H. Boker, T. B. Read, Lowell, A. J. H. Duganne, Alice Cary, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, John Neal, Park Benjamin, were very noticeable for their spirit and strength.

## V.

### EARLY INCIDENTS.

WHEN one of the New York city regiments was marching to the steamer, a young man, who had risen from a sick bed to go with his company, fainted in the street. A sturdy fellow stepped from the crowd on the sidewalk, saying, "Give me his musket and cartridge-box." They were given to him, and without another word he marched on in the place of the sick man.

In one of the Massachusetts regiments was a young citizen of Maine. He had come from that State to Massachusetts to visit his mother, whom he had not seen for five years, and had been with her only an hour, when he was asked if he did not wish to volunteer. He said his grandfather went to Bunker Hill on short notice, and he would go now; so he bade his mother good by, and was gone.

One of the captains of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment stated that four hundred were refused admittance to the ranks. "It went agin me," said he, "to leave one fellow behind. When we told him he could not go—'I've walked fourteen miles,' exclaimed he, 'and given up a situation of a dollar and a quarter a day just to go, and I think you might take me.' When I had to refuse," said the Captain, "he sat down and cried."

A Southern merchant wrote to a large firm in New York, requesting a list of the names of those who supported and sympathized with the "movement against the South." The New Yorker replied by sending through Adams & Co.'s *Express*, a copy of the "City Directory!"

A wealthy Quaker merchant in New York, had in his employ a stout, healthy, able-bodied young man, without family. He thought the fellow could serve his country to advantage, and he accordingly addressed him thus: "William, if it is thy desire to become a soldier, thou art at liberty to do so, and thy salary shall be continued during thy absence as if thou wert here; but if thou dost *not* desire to become a soldier and serve thy country, I no longer require thy services here." The young man enlisted.

"My son," said a solid merchant to his heir and namesake, "I would rather give \$1,000 than have you go to Washington soldiering." "Father," was the kindly but decided response, "if you could make it \$100,000 it would be of no use; for where the Seventh regiment goes, I go."

Before the sailing of the *Columbia*, transport from New York, a demand was made in the name of the regiment that the emblematic Palmetto trees on the bow, paddle-boxes, and stern, should be painted black. The ceremony of obliteration was performed amid the most unbounded applause of the regiment, and the citizens on the wharf.

The Harmony Society, of Beaver County, Pa., deposited five thousand dollars in the bank at New Brighton, to the order of Daniel Agnew, Chairman of the Committee of Safety, for such general purposes as the war movements might require. This society consists of men of advanced age and peaceful pursuits, too old for active defense; but they were patriotic, and determined to do all that loyal citizens could do for the Government.

A lady of known patriotism who had done good service in sewing and contributing for the volunteers, visited her country place in Byberry, near Philadelphia, when the farmer, in honor of her arrival, run up a flag upon the barn. Said flag had been made some years ago for the children, and, to economise material and stitches, contained but three stripes and a short dozen of stars. Some of the neighbors beheld the tri-striped

colors and at once gave the alarm. In a short time an excited crowd from all the country around approached the place, brandishing weapons of every description, threatening to burn down the buildings. They took the strange flag to mean secession. It was promptly removed, and the crowd invited to an *extempore* collation.

Among other incidents worthy of mention is that of Roderick W. Cameron, a worthy Scotchman, one of the leading citizens of New York, who was offered a place on the staff of the brigade in which the Seventy-ninth (Scotch) regiment was to serve. In answer to the offer he said :

“MY DEAR COLONEL: I am rejoiced to see the prompt action of the gallant Seventy-ninth.

“Scotchmen are invariably true to their allegiance. Although as a subject of Great Britain, I could not accept the flattering offer tendered to me by your good self, of a staff appointment; still, there is no reason why a good subject of Great Britain should not be an acceptable volunteer to defend the laws and the flag of this great country. I therefore heartily tender myself to serve in the ranks of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, and share the dangers of those who wear the tartan of my clan. I cannot promise to be constantly with the regiment, but if danger threatens, I will endeavor to be present at the moment when the first shot is fired.

“All loyal Britons must feel as I do, that it is for the honor and safety of Great Britain to support their cousins of the United States, and to maintain the Stars and Stripes as an emblem of true freedom on this continent.”

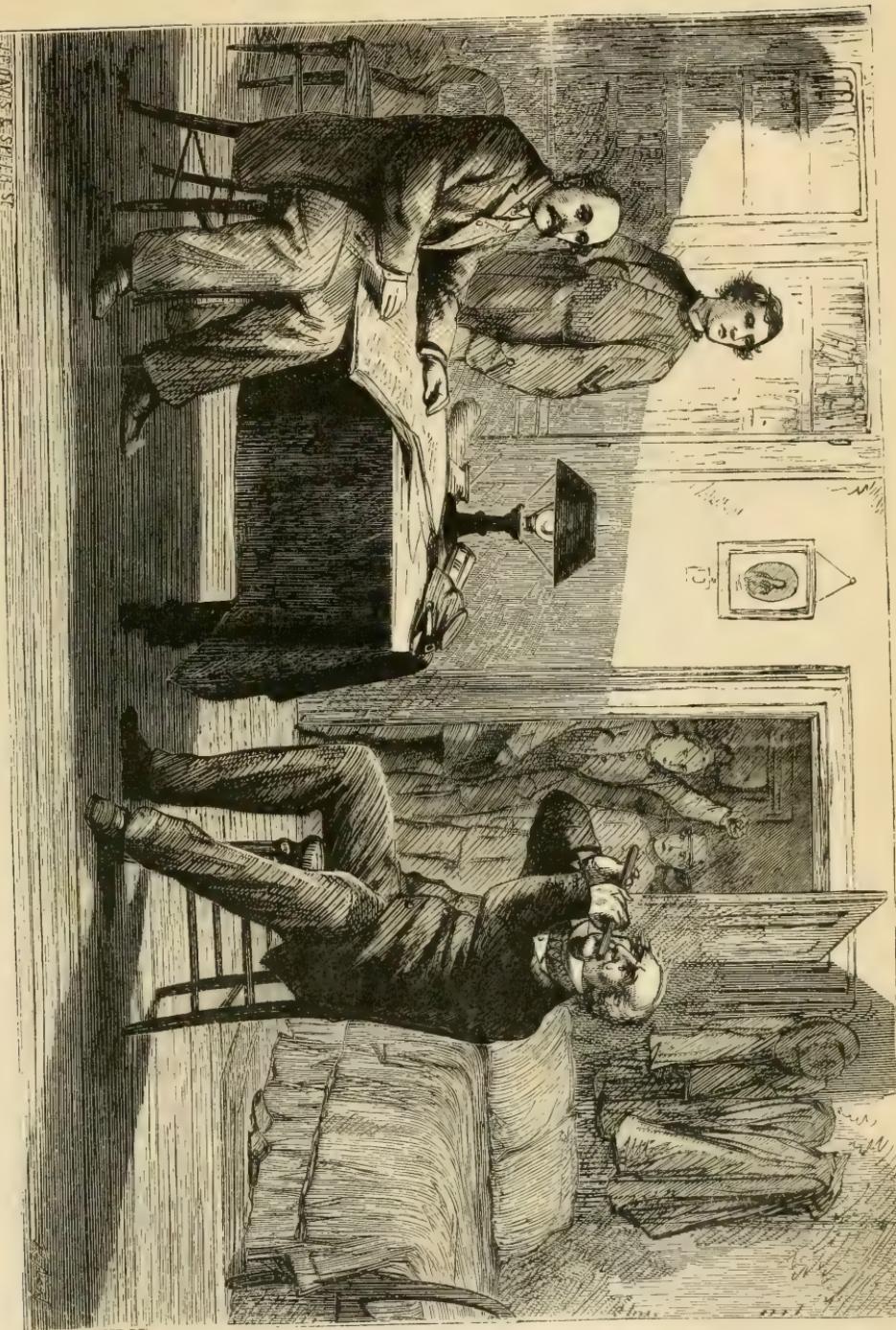
It was this gallant Seventy-ninth which Colonel Cameron (a brother of the then Secretary of War) led to battle, (Bull Run,) and, in leading them, perished.

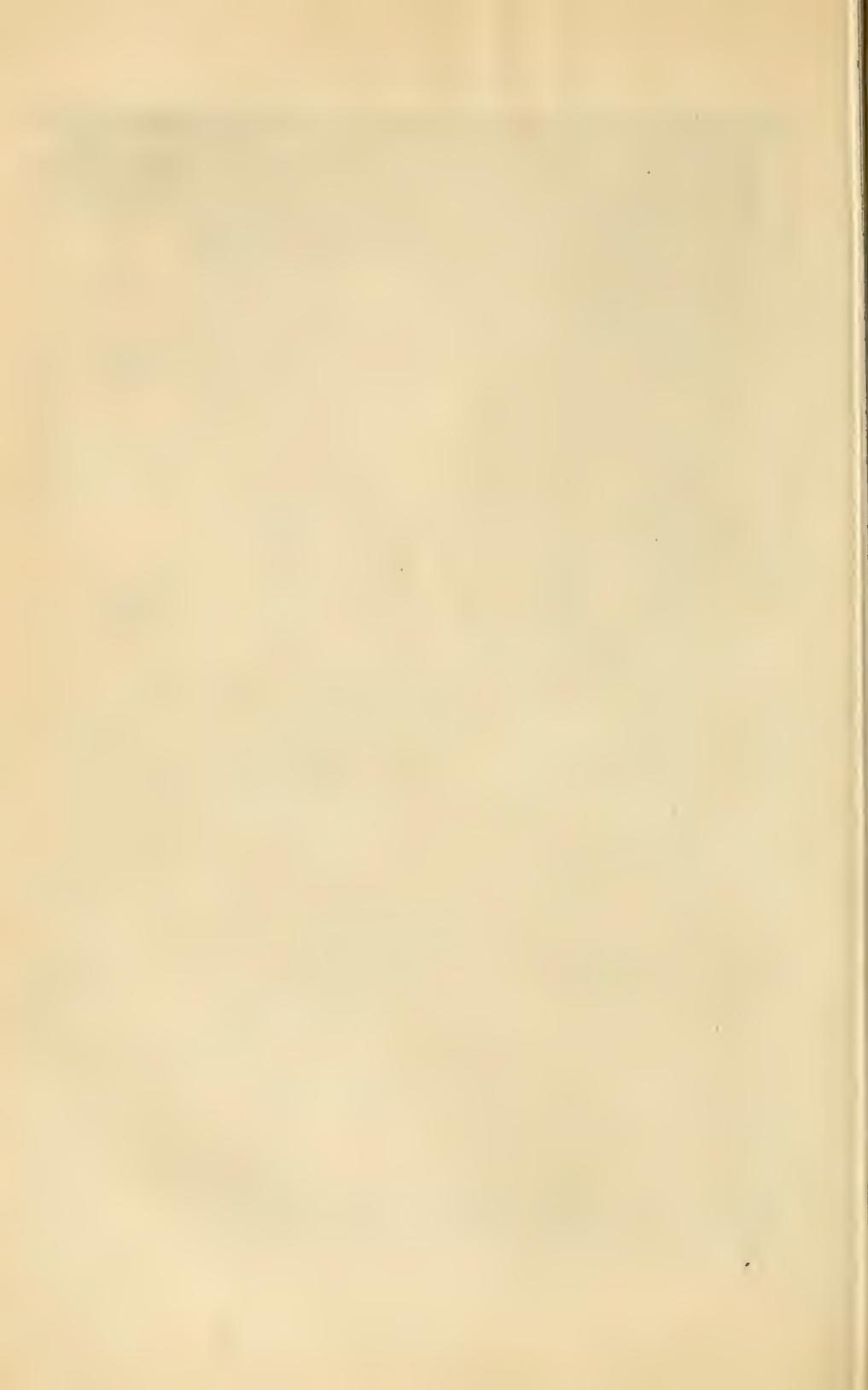
The Cincinnati *Times* related a good story of an old sifer employed at the Military Institute near Frankfort, Kentucky. The old fellow had served in the North-west in the second war with Great Britain, and took part in the battle of the Thames

and other fights. During the late Secession tornado over Kentucky, the cadets, affected with the fever, talked pretty severely against those devoted to the Stars and Stripes. The old veteran listened, but said nothing. One evening he went into the room of our informant, and seemed to be in something of a passion. He paced backward and forward, saying nothing, and refusing to answer all questions. At last he pulled out his fife, and, sitting down, sent forth "Yankee Doodle" with its shrillest strains. Then he played "Hail Columbia," and then "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the tears rolled down his aged and weather-beaten cheeks. Concluding that, he jumped to his feet, and exclaimed: "*Now, d—n 'em, I guess they know which side I'm on!*"

Five sons of one mother volunteered at the first call for troops. The mother was absent from home at the time, and was informed by letter of the step taken by her sons. Her reply deserves to be embalmed in the casket of the Roman mother's jewels. It read:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your letter came to hand last evening. I must confess I was startled by the news referring to our boys, and for the moment I felt as though a ball had pierced my own heart. For the first time I was obliged to look things full in the face. But although I have always loved my children with a love that none but a mother can know, yet, when I look at the state of my country, I cannot withhold them; and in the name of their God, and their mother's God, and their country's God, I bid them go. If I had ten sons, instead of five, I would give them all sooner than have our country rent in fragments. The Constitution must be sustained at any cost. We have a part to act and a duty to perform, and may God, our father, strengthen us, and nerve us to the task, and enable us to say, Whatever Thou requirest that will I cheerfully give and do. May He bless and protect our dear children, and bring them home to us in safety. I hope you will provide them each with a Bible, and give them their mother's love and blessing, and tell them our prayers





will accompany them, and ascend on their behalf night and day."

Colonel Hazard, the great powder manufacturer, wrote to Colonel Colt as follows :

"I am informed that the regiment you are so generously and patriotically arming and fitting out is nearly full. May I be permitted, through you, and in behalf of my company, to furnish them with powder sufficient for fifty thousand cartridges, or as much as you may require for target practice, which they and you will please accept from your friend."

Colonel Colt fitted out and fully armed with his choicest weapons a complete regiment. As early as January, 1861, it is said, the Colonel gave orders that no arms should be sold to the South. It has been stated that arms were supplied to all orders up to the breaking out of hostilities, though it is certain that Colonel Colt was thoroughly loyal.

A letter from Philadelphia, dated April 21st, gave this picture of affairs in that city : "Pennsylvania has for once eclipsed New York ! In this contest for the prize of self-sacrificing patriotism which now prevails among the States, you can generously afford to listen and acknowledge the fact. Pennsylvania passed the first thoroughgoing war bill, authorizing the Governor to call out any number of men, and giving \$500,000. New York followed with \$3,000,000 and thirty thousand men. This was worthy of the great heart of New York. It electrified and staggered us—we were fairly outdone. But when Sumter was assailed we recovered our equilibrium, and our Legislature, by unanimous vote—the whole Democracy fusing with us—pledged the State of Pennsylvania 'to any amount, and to every extent,' to sustain the Government and put down treason. There it stands upon the record, wholly unsurpassed, overtopping even glorious New York. Do what others may, can any devotion to the Union exceed this ? Now this is not bravado. Our whole population is ablaze with eagerness to see it realized. Our city banks immediately offered all the

money Pennsylvania might want. Private citizens tendered money in amounts never before offered, and I do believe that if Government were to offer \$100,000,000 of Treasury notes in Pennsylvania, small enough for general circulation, they would be absorbed in less than thirty days. Our confidence in the Government is firmer than it ever was, and every new development of its vigorous policy serves to strengthen it. Two such communities as New York and Pennsylvania moving shoulder to shoulder, seeking to outdo each other in the race of devotion to a common country, present a spectacle at which the world may not only wonder, but exult, and before which treason will, ere yet, call upon the mountains to cover it.

"On Friday last it was discovered that ten thousand uniforms for our volunteers must be supplied by the State, and orders were at once issued for making them. The empty Girard House was rented, an army of cutters employed, cloth furnished by merchants at mere nominal prices, and our women, taking fire at the call, came by thousands to offer their help to make up. No such sight was ever seen. The large building is now filled with ladies, wives of our best citizens, with their daughters, working all day on coats and blankets, aided by an army of sewing-machines. At least three thousand persons, mostly ladies, are now at work, aided by one hundred cutters. Ladies come from all parts, town and country, volunteering to take home work, and Chesnut street is fairly blocked up with these patriotic women seeking to do something for the cause. The work thus goes bravely on. Another incident of the times is the organization of a body of some three hundred women as nurses, experienced hands, who intend going with the troops to take care of the sick and wounded. Most of these are young women in robust health. This same anxiety to aid the cause appears in all the neighboring towns. In short, the spectacle of a people so united has probably never been seen."

The same letter added these incidents of the hour: "The general enthusiasm breaks forth in a multitude of novel shapes. Boys are peddling Union flags mounted on sticks in all our

thoroughfares, and from their hands they find their way into all the neighboring towns, where they hang from window and doorpost. Men walk our streets under umbrellas made of material printed with the Stars and Stripes. The first who showed himself under such a banner was greeted with cheers as he moved along. Union parasols of printed silks are coming out for the ladies. Four hundred girls in one of our public schools have each contributed stitches in a huge flag, and raised it on the school-house amid tremendous cheering. The women are working laboriously for the volunteers and their families, whom they leave behind them. One lady has smuggled herself in as a volunteer alongside her husband, dressed in a suit of his clothes, and passing as his brother. Others, unmarried, have offered themselves as vivandiers, to accompany the troops. The owners of many small houses occupied by departing volunteers have notified them that they shall charge no rent while they are absent at the wars, and others are imitating the example thus set. A vast array of names—some forty thousand—has been signed to the pledge of faithfulness to the Government, drawn up and headed by Horace Binney. Captain Archambault, an old officer under Napoleon, has called out the French citizens to swell the ranks of the Garde Lafayette under his command, and they respond heartily. The utmost rivalry prevails among the companies now forming as to which shall be first filled. Drilling goes on nightly in at least fifty places. I saw some six hundred volunteers marching in one body behind the recruiting officer, through as drenching a rain as ever fell. The Stock Brokers, as a body, have unanimously pledged themselves to sustain the Government. The Drug Exchange people have done the same thing. Factory hands are every where giving combined expression to similar sentiments. Men over sixty years old are presenting themselves as volunteers, and insisting on being accepted. Merchants and business men, exempt by age from military duty, have organized a home guard of ten thousand for city defense. Arms are in great demand, and our manufactures are as busy as bees. There is a complete cessation

of shipments of all kinds of merchandise to the rebel States, money in hand not tempting our citizens to either feeding or clothing them. I hear a rumor of a force of five thousand blacks being organized. They offer to raise that number of men provided a pledge is given them that they will be marched directly down among the rebels. Such a body could be raised here, and in this neighborhood."

It may be said, in reference to this last sentence regarding the blacks, that great numbers of those residing in the Northern States—large numbers of whom were well-to-do people—were anxious to serve their country; but, in no instance during the war were they called into field service. Numbers of "contrabands" were employed in camp, hospital and laborer service; but, throughout all the war the loyal blacks were not permitted to take up arms. The reason, doubtless, was, that a great hue and cry would have been raised by the enemies of this Government, here and in Europe, that the negroes were being let loose to "commit atrocities" upon the South. As if negroes could rival in atrocity the savages who made drinking cups of the skulls of the "Fire Zouaves," and who brutally scourged, starved, robbed and hung the defenseless Unionists of Tennessee! When Parson Brownlow, at an early day of the rebellion, said: "If it shall so happen, in the progress of affairs, that the authorities of the land shall give us our choice, and submit the same to us as an *ultimatum*, either to go to h— or take refuge in the Southern Confederacy, we will claim a week to consider of the matter, and to make up our mind, as between the two evils"—he simply showed that he appreciated the spirit of malice and evil upon which the whole movement was founded.

The following is a specimen of the *news* dealt out to the Southern people. It is from a New Orleans journal: "All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer-boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in

Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son." As General Butler and some Massachusetts troops had the *pleasure* of taking possession of New Orleans, the people of that city had an opportunity of testing his "quality."

When General Butler, in command of the Massachusetts regiments, landed at Annapolis, Md., some of the authorities protested against the passage of Massachusetts troops over Maryland soil ; to which he replied : "Sir, we came here not as citizens of Massachusetts, but as citizens of and soldiers of the United States, with no intention to invade any State, but to protect the Capital of our common country from invasion. We shall give no cause of offense ; but there must be no fugitive shots or stray bricks on the way."

Butler's troops soon became noted for their general efficiency. Probably no regiment was called to the field, embodying more ingenious men than the Massachusetts Eighth. When sailors were wanted to take the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") out of danger in Annapolis harbor, fifty-four men stepped from the ranks. When the railway to the Annapolis junction with the Washington railway was seized for the transport service of the Government, the only engine was found crippled and useless. Butler's call for machinists was answered by eight excellent workmen—one of whom had helped to construct that identical engine. The machine was in running order in two hours' time. The railway track had been torn up, culverts destroyed, bridges burned : the men were there to place all in order.

The Sixth Massachusetts regiment—the regiment assailed by the mob in Baltimore—was chiefly drawn from the county of Middlesex, which embraces the battle-fields of Bunker's Hill, Concord and Lexington, and many of the men were lineal descendants of those who fought on those fields.

In the Fifth Massachusetts was the Concord company, four

members of which were named Buttrick, sons of one man, a direct descendant from the Colonel Buttrick who gave the command at Concord bridge: "Fire, fellow soldiers! for God's sake, fire!"

How it sounded, to Northern ears at least, to hear its volunteers characterised as the lowest scum of society. The Raleigh *Banner* said, in urging the attack on Washington City: "The army of the South will be composed of the best material that ever yet made up an army; whilst that of Lincoln will be gathered from the sewers of the cities—the degraded, beastly offscourings of all quarters of the world, who will serve for pay, and run away as soon as they can when danger threatens them." The Charleston *Mercury* characterised our troops as "invading swine." And so of almost innumerable papers. The opinion was so sedulously disseminated that the Northern volunteers were a beggarly set of cowards, (see page 40,) that the only wonder is, Southern "gentlemen" could consent to take the field against them. The Mobile *Advertiser* enlightened us in this fashion: "Our volunteer soldiery is not the soldiery of necessity—men worth their hundreds of thousands carry the musket in the ranks. Plenty reigns in our dwellings, and is gladly abandoned for the privations of the camp. Such is the *materiel* with which we meet a mercenary pauper soldiery. Who would doubt the issue when it is man to man? The creatures of one side, sordid and indifferent, fight for so much per diem as the alternative of starvation. The men on the other side fight for rights and liberties, filled with ardor by the noblest impulses. Let these foes meet in pitched battle, and the sons of the South will triumph, were the enemy five to one." Alas! how their dream dissolved in mist—*how their tune changed* before a twelvemonth!

Let us append, as a comment on the above, the following pleasing incident from the New York *Sun* :—"A tall, splendid-looking man, dressed in the uniform of the Allen Greys, Vermont, stood conversing with a friend on Broadway. He was

entirely unconscious that his superior height was attracting universal attention, until a splendid barouche drove up to the sidewalk, and a young man sprang from it and grasped his hand, saying, 'You are the most splendid specimen of humanity I ever saw. I am a Southerner, but my heart is with the Union; if it were not, such noble-looking fellows as yourself would enlist me in the cause.' The subject of the remark, although surprised, was perfectly self-possessed, and answered the cordial greeting of the young Southerner with warm enthusiasm. He was several inches above six feet, and his noble, open countenance, beamed with the ancient patriotism of the Green Mountain Boys, of which he was so fine a specimen. He had walked fifteen miles from the village of Chittenden to enlist, and was the only representative of that village; but he was a host in himself. Long may he live to honor our Stars and Stripes."

In the same company of one of the Ohio regiments, were *sixteen* brothers by the name of Finch, all from Dayton, in that State, though born in Germany. This remarkable circumstance—sixteen members of one family in one military company—has not its parallel, we believe, in the annals of war.

The Newport Artillery (company F of the First Rhode Island regiment) has a most notable history, which was thus narrated by a good authority: "It is one of the oldest military organizations in the country. It is an independent company, and was chartered by the British Crown in 1741. With but three exceptions since that time (during the Revolutionary war, when Newport was in possession of English and Hessian troops) the company has held annual meetings under the charter and elected officers, who consist of a Colonel and others connected with a regiment. The names of Generals Greene and Vaughan, of Revolutionary fame, Commodore Perry, and other distinguished personages, are among the enrolled members of the company, which number between two and three thousand since its organization. In their armory, at Newport, they have an autograph letter from General George Wash-

ton, written in 1792, thanking them for an invitation to be with them at their annual celebration on the 22d of February of that year, which is handsomely framed. Of the fifty-two active members, forty-seven volunteered their services for the defense of the National Capital, when Governor Sprague telegraphed to inquire the number of men they could furnish, and in a few hours the number was increased to one hundred and thirty-five by recruits.

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## VI.

### THE HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

One of the Ohio regiments chose for its chaplain Rev. Granville Moody, a well-known Methodist minister. He refused to serve except the regiment properly equipped him with a full *fighting* costume, "for," said he, "in our persuasion we do not believe in faith without works." A good thing is also told of another "member of the cloth," in Ohio—Rev. Mr. Beattie, of Cleveland. Presenting a revolver to a member of the Seventh (Ohio) regiment, he said: "If you get in a tight spot, and have to use it, ask God's blessing if you have time, but be sure and not let your enemy get the start of you. *You can say 'Amen!' after you shoot!*"

Corporal Tyler, of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment, when describing his experience in Baltimore, says he saw a man with three stones under his arm and one in his hand, pelting away at the troops, when he fired at him; and—to use Mr. Tyler's own language—"The man dropped the bricks, and laid down."

Southern Illinois was named "Egypt," because of the multitude of Southern men who had brought, as residents, igno-

rance, and its concomitant, insolence, along with them. During the excitement following upon the President's call for troops, the Southern spirit manifested itself pretty plainly in the lower section of the Prairie State. The occupation of Cairo by the Federal forces effectually "squelched" this secession spirit. An old farmer one day said to the Chicago Light Artillery, whose guns made Cairo a terror to Secessionists along the two rivers: "I tell you what it is, boys, them *brass missionaries* has converted a heap of folks hereabouts that was on the anxious seat, and scared some others *right into kingdom come!*"

A deputation of sixteen Virginians and eight Marylanders visited the President on the 21st of April, and demanded a cessation of hostilities until after the session of Congress! Mr. Lincoln, of course, declined the proposition. One of the deputation said, that 75,000 Marylanders would contest the passage of troops over her soil; to which the President replied, that he presumed there was room enough on her soil to bury 75,000 men. This is grim humor, but a fine instance of dignified retaliation to threat.

The Charleston *Mercury* relegated its readers with these tales of the Fire Zouaves—a regiment which struck more real terror to the Southern heart than any other brought into the service during the entire war.

"The first inquiry made by the Fire Zouaves on landing at Washington, was, with grave-faced earnestness, "Can you tell us where Jefferson Davis is? we're lookin' for him." "Yes," said another, "we're bound to hang his scalp in the White House before we go back." Another one, whose massive underjaw and breadth of neck indicated him 'some in a plug muss,' remarked, that they had expected to have arrived by way of Baltimore. "We would have come through Baltimore like a dose of salts," he added, with an air of disappointment. One of them beckoned a citizen, confidentially, to his side, and inquired, "Is there any secession flags about here?" He was assured that secession bunting was an article that did not prevail there. He nodded, and added, "I only wanted to know."

"On coming down the Avenue, the Franklin Fire Company reel passed them at a sharp run, on its way to a fire; and the familiar apparatus was saluted with such a yell of recognition along the entire line, as must have fairly astonished the staid old reel.

"Somebody remarked to one of the b'hoys, that his hair was cut *rayher* short. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "we all had our heads *filed* before we left New York." They all look like fighting boys; but one company seems to have a special prestige that way. "If there's any mischief done, lay it onto Company 68," seemed to be a pet phrase amongst the b'hoys,

"Some of the Zouaves, in emerging from their quarters (Columbian Market building) this morning, disdaining the tedious, common-place mode of exit by the stairway, let themselves down to the street from the third story by a rope, like so many monkeys."

"One blank cartridge, hereafter, Captain, will be sufficient; that being given, you can fire with ball; ammunition is just now rather expensive," said General Lyon to one of his captains, after four blank shots had been fired to bring about a steamboat that was passing the arsenal at St. Louis, without answering the summons of the river guard.

This, from "Secessia," will bear repeating. The New Orleans authorities seized a ship called *American Union*. The telegraph operators were somewhat confounded when the captain (Lincoln) called on them to send a dispatch of this nature:

"W. V. O. Moses, Bath—*American Union* in the hands of the enemy.

(Signed)

"A LINCOLN, Master."

The *Crescent* says the operator would not let it go. "Why not?" says the red-haired captain. Operator replies, "The Governor must countersign it." The captain inquires, "Where is the Governor?" "On Canal street, at his office," replies the operator. Off goes the captain to Governor Moore, presents the dispatch, who was taken all aback, and so much

amused, that the *American Union*, Captain Lincoln, "was in the hands of the enemy," that he permitted the dispatch to go, saying, with a smile, to the Captain, that it *would be* so by-and-by.

Nobody *persecuted* the South more than George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville (Kentucky) *Journal*. His words of satire, daggers of derision, lightnings of lampoon, and withering storms of wit, did more outrage upon the feelings of the rebels than a dozen battles lost to them. In the earlier stages of rebellion, his paper fairly scintillated with the flashes of its keen-cutting, though invisible, weapons. We here quote a few paragraphs by way of illustration :

It will be a hard fight, and perhaps about an even one between the United States and the Confederate States. The former has twice as many men and five times as much money as the latter, but the latter has Colonel Blanton Duncan. The thing is about even, we guess.

The Mobile *Register* recommends the Secessionists to sell their watches. They might as well—have been behind the time, for a long while, by several centuries. If they wait a little, however, the United States will furnish them with "regulators."

Some people kick a little at the Morrill tariff. This is small business, just now, when the rebels and their abettors are kicking over the *moral* tariff, in the face of all Christendom.

Something the enemy will not be likely to do—Go Scott-free.

A Northern editor calls Virginia "the seat of war and the seat of honor." He is making a butt of her.

A man upwards of fifty years of age has sent us a communication, insisting upon Kentucky's plunging into the war. We can understand why these old codgers are so anxious for hostilities. They know that their age would protect them from service, whilst we young fellows would have to do all the fighting.

The North Carolina *Sentinel* says that a military company,

just organized in its town, has "elected Mr. Wing, Captain, and Mr. Head, First Lieutenant." That company is like a sleeping hen—it has its Head under its Wing.

The prevalence of patriotism at the North, in its entire ignoring of partizanship and politics, suggests the coining of a new word for its proper expression, viz.:—UNIONIMITY.

Who wants a better "National Him" than General Scott?

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 17th, 1861.

PRENTICE—Stop my paper. I can't afford to read abolition journals these times—the atmosphere of old Virginia will not admit of such a filthy sheet as yours has grown to be.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE LAKE.

To Editors of Louisville *Journal*.

LAKE!—I think it a great pity that a young man should go to a University to graduate a traitor and a blackguard—and so ignorant as to spell abolition with two "b's." G. D. P.

The Charleston *Mercury* calls the Yankee troops, now threatening the South, "tin peddlers." It is true that the Yankees have, generally, in their visits South, peddled tin, but we guess they mean to peddle lead this time.

The man who, to make a show of chivalry, would wantonly provoke a war, the horrors of which must fall upon his wife and children, is unworthy to have wife and children.

If any man scratched a name from our noble ticket on Saturday, we hope that his wife (if any woman has the hard luck to be his wife) scratched his face when he went to tea.

Some fellows are getting to call every man who is for the Union, an *Abolitionist*. We have only to say that any man who applies that term to us is a base liar. We mean this for any "chivalrous" son of the South who wishes to make his words good.

Mr. Yancey has not been publicly received by the British Ministry, yet he seems to have succeeded in getting its private-ear—(*privateer*.)

Humphreys county, Tennessee, is a fighting district. A Nashville paper would have us believe that seven hundred recruits came from it to join the Secession army, and when the

last company left, *they had to tie the old men to keep them from going*; and that the women in that county, even, are ready now to volunteer in the service of the Confederate States. This is the first time we ever heard of a Tennessee woman offering to serve in a bad cause.

Some wretch proposes, as a great peace measure, that all the lawyers in the country go off to the war.

Why is the Union like a crab-apple? Because to be worth anything, it must be preserved.

A Norfolk paper says: "While the ladies of this city were recently gathered in cutting out drawers for the soldiers, it appeared that after their labor was concluded, cloth was left for just one leg of the same. The question being raised as to what should be done with this, one of the number promptly responded, 'Oh, that will do for use, after they get back.'" All very good—*as far as it goes*. But as the Yankees don't mean to leave any legs on the Southern soldiers who get in their way, the ladies of Norfolk will have to keep that one leg of a drawer to remind them of what *was*. It will be their *only* leg-i-see.

The Confederates propose to remove their capital to Richmond. As this consists of stocks, bonds and treasury notes, the Montgomery people will be a little poorer and the Richmond people little the richer by this removal of the deposits.

The only letters the Secessionists will have after the 31st instant, are their letters of marque—which are likely to prove dead letters to those who take them out.

It is said that the gambling saloons in Washington are languishing for want of business. The patriotic excitement in the city has been the ruin of faro, and "the board of green cloth" has adjourned *sine die*. All it has to do is to go after its friends and emigrate to—Richmond!

The following rather remarkable story will do to go with that mentioned above, of sixteen brothers enlisting in one company. Though sounding somewhat fabulous, we are assured of its truth. The New York *Evening Post* related: "Before the departure of the Fourteenth New York regiment,

a man who carried on a blacksmith shop in connection with two of his sons, went to the head-quarters and concluded to enlist. He said that he could leave the blacksmith business in the hands of the boys—"he couldn't stand it any longer, and go he must." He was enlisted.

"Next day down comes the oldest of the boys. The blacksmith's business 'wasn't very drivin', and he guessed John could take care of it.' 'Well,' said the old man, 'Go it.' And the oldest son went it. But the following day John made his appearance. He felt lonesome, and had shut up the shop. The father remonstrated, but the boy would enlist, and enlist he did. Now the old gentleman had two more sons who 'worked the farm' near Flushing, Long Island. The military fever seems to have run in the family, for no sooner had the father and two elder brothers enlisted, than the younger sons came in for a like purpose. The *pater-familias* was a man of few words, but he said that he 'wouldn't stand this anyhow.' The blacksmith business might go to — some other place, but the farm must be looked after. So the boys were sent home. Presently one of them reappeared. They had concluded that one could manage the farm, and had tossed up who should go with the Fourteenth, and he had won the chance.

"This arrangement was finally agreed to. But on the day of departure the last boy of the family was on hand to join and on foot for marching. The old man was somewhat puzzled to know what arrangement could have been made which would allow all of the family to go, but the explanation of the boy solved the difficulty: 'Father,' said he, with a confidential chuckle in the old man's ear: '*I've let the farm on shares!*' The whole family—father and four sons—went with the regiment."

At Bangor, Me., a young man offered himself as a recruit at one of the offices in that city, who, evidently being a minor, was asked if he had his father's permission to volunteer. He replied that he had no father; but admitted that his mother was not willing. "Then you must get your mother's consent,"

said the officer. The young man retired, and returned with the following brief but noble letter:—"He is my all, but I freely give him to my country!"

An Indiana man, with hair whitened by age, applied for admission to the ranks. He was rejected, owing to his evident age. Repairing to a barber's he had his hair and beard colored black, and again applied. The metamorphosis was so complete that he "passed." When asked his age he replied: "rising of thirty-five."

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## VII.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

A BRIEF section will not be uninteresting which will show to the reader the spirit moving the Southern heart in the conflict with the North. It is by knowing the hidden springs of a man's actions that we are best able to judge him: so of a state, or a country:—by knowing the *animus* of its people we are all the better prepared to consider the justice or injustice of its cause.

The rebellion sprung from a spirit of dishonor. It originated in no "wrongs" committed by the North; the North, as the dominant section, had rather sacrificed its own feelings and self-respect to assist the South to place and prosperity. From the date of the first purchases of territory to add to the area of Slavery and its political power, the South had experienced only a constant succession of benefits from the General Government. The great, oft repeated complaints of the non-enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, was shown, over and over

again, to be most trifling.\* The election of a "sectional" President was entirely and solely owing to the fact that the Southern malcontents ran Breckenridge against Douglas. The united vote for these two Democrats would have defeated Mr. Lincoln by over *three hundred and fifty thousand votes!* And, all they (the Democrats) had to do to elect their man, was to run but one candidate at the next election. Besides this, they first set the example of electing a purely "sectional" ticket—Jackson and Calhoun as President and Vice President on the ticket of 1831, being both Southern men. The asseveration of the existence of an inimical feeling at the North against the South, was shown to be unfounded in fact; the combined Democratic and Bell-Everett tickets polled within one hundred thousand as many votes, in the *Free* States alone, as were given (in the same States) to the Lincoln ticket.

What, then, was the cause of the secession rebellion? It originated in what the Western men call a spirit of "pure cussedness"—in the ambition of a few daring, resolute men to found a new government, in which they should be the master spirits—to engraft the idea of property in man upon the organic law of such Government† and thus nationalize Slavery. If other causes existed they were such as only would serve to strengthen the judgment of mankind, that it was one of the most wicked attempts against a good government that the world ever saw.

The spirit fostered by the conspirators was one of Evil. Their game depended for its success upon the complete alienation of the South from the North, and, in the place of respect, to plant the seeds of dislike. The press—that great engine for evil or for good—in the Cotton States was suborned, bullied, bought or cajoled into a support of the schemes for a new confederacy; and, once on the side of the conspiracy, it lent

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\* See the speeches of Mr. Douglas and of George E. Pugh, United States Senator from Ohio, (a Breckenridge Democrat,) in the U. S. Senate, Dec. 11, '60.

† See the Exposition of the Southern Constitution made by the Vice-President of the Confederate States at Savannah, March 23d, 1861.

its energies to a dissemination of the most shocking falsehoods which human depravity could conceive. By these falsehoods the masses of the South were led astray, and kept ignorant of the most vital facts. They were excited into a violent *hate* of everything appertaining to the North; and, when the hour came for the shock of battle, the leaders found themselves at the head of a people swayed by passions whose malignancy were only excelled by their baseness. Does this seem a strong statement of the case? Alas! that the page of history is darkened by a record which proves all we have asserted and more than we care to assert.

[A leading journalist—a Democrat—who had candor enough to express his sentiments on the relations so long existing between his party and the aristocrats of the South, wrote (May 15th): “Southern people misunderstand us, and in fact despise us, in so vital a particular that we are not fit to live together until both are forced to mutual respect. They actually look upon us, in regard to courage, as little better than so many Chinamen or Sepoys, and the secret of this whole rebellion is, not any new endangerment of Slavery, but the revolt of a set of barons, who for thirty years have encouraged themselves to believe they are of a superior race, and fancied they had hit upon a proper period to withdraw and prove it. Though essentially aristocratical in all their sentiments and institutions, they had maintained an alliance with the Democratic party, because they had certain commercial principles in common, but they promptly sacrificed that party as soon as their mistaken pride had culminated, and left it captive in the hands of the Republicans. It was some time before the Democracy could understand the philosophy of this action by its aristocratic ally; but the depth of the desertion broke upon it in the acknowledgments of such men as Yancey, Keitt and Rhett, while the recently-developed predictions of statesmen like Calhoun, enabled it to realize the uses to which it had been put. The result is that the indignant Democratic party now stands foremost in this war, and seeks a fresh ascendancy by new devotion to the nation. It will not be hasty to form new

alliances with a party which acknowledges that all its tendencies are aristocratical, and whose main maxim, as uttered by one of its leading statesmen, is, that 'all labor is dangerous.'"

This statement of the case is so eminently just that we are impelled to give it place.

The first essay of the leaders was to rob and steal from the Government all that it was possible to appropriate. In Mr. Buchanan's cabinet one of the conspirators was placed at the head of the Treasury Department. He took the keys to find a treasury so over full as to render it burdensome; he left it utterly depleted and the country's credit almost ruined "on change." His part of the enterprise appears to have been so far to bankrupt the Government finances as to render the incoming Administration powerless to punish treason or to stay the revolution. Another conspirator was Secretary of War. His office in the enterprise was to fill all the arsenals in the South with arms and munitions, to stock all the forts with ordnance and supplies, and to send away all their garrisons and guards. How well he performed his part is apparent in the sobriquet by which he is now known—"Floyd, the Prince of thieves."

When the moment came to "spring the trap," these worthies withdrew from their dishonored places to receive the acclaims of their fellow-conspirators. A general "seizure" followed of everything which a confiding Government had permitted to remain in the rebellious sections—arms, munitions, money, military property, buildings, &c. These "seizures" honorable men termed thefts or highway robberies: the Secessionists called them "captures" or "appropriations." The moral turpitude of the acts only indicated the baseness of "the cause," and the baseness of the cause only reflected the degeneracy of the people who approved of the secession revolution.

A general repudiation of debts due to Northern creditors followed. The North, with astonishing liberality, had trusted the South for goods, for machinery, for provisions—had built Southern railways and canals—had stocked their marts with

capital ready for any want of the planter or real estate operator. As a consequence the South became an enormous debtor—owing over sixty millions of dollars to New York city alone, which came due in the year 1861. To repudiate was an easy way, with dishonorable men, to discharge an honorable obligation; and that Legislatures forbade the collection of debts due to the North through the State Courts, was only another crime to add to the category of sins which are now scheduled under the name of *secession*.

It was so natural to abuse those whom they had injured, that we are not surprised to find the Cotton States, in 1861, fairly slippery with falsehood and misrepresentation. With a few honorable exceptions—exceptions which stand like green spots out of that Dismal Swamp of demoralization—the press adopted a system of paragraphing, whose first and last principle was to misinform their readers—to overrate their own importance and strength and to underrate that of “their enemy”—to deceive and betray. A first impulse of men base enough to act the part performed by the Secessionists would be to condemn, and affect to despise, those whose favors they had fattened upon. Such paragraphs as that quoted on page 40 followed fast in the van of events, as if to pilot the South in the way it should not go. A few more extracts will suffice to convince the most incredulous, of the base part played by the press in exciting the baser passions of Southern human nature.

A gentleman of Richmond, Va., was in New York. The scenes which he witnessed in the streets reminded him of the descriptions of the Reign of Terror in Paris. Nothing was wanting but the bloody guillotine to make the two pictures identical. The violent and diabolical temper everywhere conspicuous, showing but too clearly whither all things are tending in the commercial metropolis. A spirit is evoked which can only be laid in blood. The desperadoes of that great city are now in the ascendant.—*Richmond Whig*.

The tremendous outburst of ferocity that we witness in the Northern States, is simply the repetition of one of the most common traits of their national character. It is the fashion of the day, the humbug of the hour, and it will cease as suddenly as it has commenced. Like straw on fire, the periodical sensations of the North make a great flame,

but to sink to the ashes and the dust of indifference as swiftly as they sprang.—*Richmond Examiner*.

When the Commonwealth of Rome was subverted, the people were compelled to worship the image of the despots whom the brute force of the mercenary soldiery had elevated to brief authority. So it seems the Black Republican mobs of the Northern cities compel the people to worship striped rags as evidence of their obediience to the Abolition despots who now desecrate the seats of power in the Federal city.—*Charleston News*.

The Richmond *Whig* says that the last reliable intelligence represents that Old Abe had been beastly intoxicated for the previous thirty-six consecutive hours, and that eighty Border Ruffians, from Kansas, under the command of Lane, occupied the East Room to guard His Majesty's slumbers. It is broadly hinted in a Washington paper, that his guard exerts a despotic control over the Presidential inmate—that all his decrees are of its inspiration. The paper (*The States and Union*) then proceeds to shed a becoming quantity of tears over this "sad subject for contemplation."—*N. O. Sunday Delta*.

General Scott, it seems, has taken position against his native State. It is a sight to see the drivelling old fop, with his skinny hands and bony fingers, undo, at one dash, the labors of a long and active life. With the red-hot pencil of infamy, he has written upon his wrinkled brow the terrible, damning word, "Traitor."—*Abingdon (Va.) Democrat*.

It was, no doubt, the profound policy of Lincoln and his faction to throw the operatives of the North out of employ, to secure the recruits for the army of coercion. Starvation produces a certain sort of valor, and a hungry belly may stimulate patriotism to a kind of courage which, on a good feed, will risk the encounter with a bullet. It appears that the Lincoln recruits from Massachusetts, at Baltimore, were in large proportion cobblers. The revolution seems to have affected their craft more than any other, according to some of the accounts; their vocation gave them admirable facilities in the fight, especially in running; they used their *footing* expeditiously, and took a free flight with their *soles* (souls)—not one of them apparently being anxious, under the fire of Baltimore brickbats, to see his *last*.—*Charleston Mercury*.

Massachusetts, the telegraph so reports, is all alive with the war spirit. Those who know these Puritan fanatics will never believe that they intend to take the field against Southern men. They may muster into service to garrison posts comparatively free from attack, and when they can be sheltered within impregnable walls, but the hereafter will have little to tell of their deeds in the tented field, or the "imminent deadly breach."—*New Orleans Bulletin*.

## VIII.

### THE FIRST AND THE SECOND TRAGEDY.

THE movement forward, early in the morning of May 24th, 1861, of the Union army, was the first definite step toward meeting the enemy. General Scott's plans were only known to the President and Cabinet, whose confidence he had, in an eminent degree. A journal well versed in matters, said, (May 15th): "General Scott is about to remodel the United States army upon the French system, so as to give it more efficiency and perfection. The old hero works with astonishing zeal, and his mind operates as actively as many a man at fifty-five. It is undoubted that he contemplates a long campaign, that Washington is to be the base of operations, that a large force will be kept permanently stationed here, and that all demonstrations in support of the loyal men in the South, and in furtherance of the determination to retake stolen property, will move from this point. Some complaints are made because an expedition has not already been sent into Virginia, for the purpose of capturing Richmond; but I am disposed to repose my trust entirely upon the experience and patriotism of General Scott. He is heartily sustained by the President and Messrs. Chase, Cameron, Seward, and the rest of the Cabinet, although it is not doubted that Postmaster-General Judge Blair favors a more extreme and aggressive policy."

The gathering of troops at the Capital argued something more than its defense. With approaches all open and commanding positions unoccupied by Federal forces, the mere retention of the city would have been to insure its destruction.

for the enemy's artillery on Arlington Heights would have laid the Capital itself in ruins. The safety of the city depended on an advance. But, more than the protective policy it was evident was required. The fact became daily clearer that, if the Union was sustained it must be done *vi et armis*; if rebellion would be crushed and treason punished, it would be done only by a campaign in the heart of the rebellious region; if the Southern madmen were stayed in their designs, it would be necessary to meet them, on land and sea, with the fullest terrors of the outraged Government. No one comprehended this more fully than the President and the venerable General-in-Chief; and we find their plans well developed, by May 20th, for an active prosecution of the war.

It became evident at Washington, on the 23d of May, that some important movement was contemplated—that, in fact, Virginia was to be “invaded.” The note of preparation was sounded throughout the camps on the afternoon of that day, though the officers were ignorant of the extent of the service to be performed. At midnight, the District Militia, six companies, moved forward as scouts and pickets, over the Long Bridge. They were first on the “sacred soil.” The New York Seventh was detailed as the reserve, and, forming line near the bridge, saw the whole forces, under General Mansfield, pass over, before it brought up the rear. The New York Twelfth and Twenty-fifth, the First Michigan, and the First, Second, Third and Fourth New Jersey, passed over Long Bridge between two and four o'clock A. M.—the Seventh crossing at day-break. Above, at the Chain Bridge, McDowell's forces passed over, at the same time, comprised of the New York Sixty-ninth and Twenty-eighth, with Drummond's cavalry and a battery. This detachment took possession of Arlington Heights, and immediately commenced the work of constructing defences. The New York Fire Zouaves (Colonel Ellsworth) moved down by transports to Alexandria, landing, at five o'clock, under the guns of the *Pawnee*. The First Michigan, (Colonel Wilcox) moved down from the Long Bridge to co-operate with the Zouaves in the occupancy of Alexandria.

The New York Twelfth took position about half-way between the two points. The Twenty-fifth advanced toward Falls Church. The Seventh held Long Bridge. The morning of the 24th found Virginia in possession of the "hireling mob," who had thus made their first step toward the work of "coercion."

No enemy opposed the invasion—contrary to all expectation. General Scott, in person, was at the bridge to be prepared for any emergency which might arise, but was not called to the field. Generals Mansfield and McDowell only found pickets far in advance of their lines in the morning.

This step excited the country greatly, for the moment. The Confederates fairly shrieked in their imprecations; and their vows of a summary revenge were neither few nor made in the most civilized spirit of modern warfare. We quote from the *Enquirer* of Richmond, as a specimen of the rhetoric excited by the Federal act:

"We congratulate the people of Virginia that the last flimsy pretext of the Rump Government at Washington, of regard for constitutional laws, has been thrown aside. The sovereign State of Virginia has been invaded by the Federal hirelings, without authority of Congress, which alone has the war-making power. Heretofore, the pretense that it was the duty of the Federal Government to repossess itself of the forts and arsenals in the Seceded States, has been put forward to justify the aggressive movements of Federal troops. But in the present case there is no such pretense; no forts, or arsenals, or other Federal property have been seized at Alexandria. The 'bloody and brutal' purposes of the Abolitionists, to subjugate and exterminate the Southern people, stands confessed by this flagrant outrage upon Virginia soil.

"Virginians, arise in your strength and welcome the invader with 'bloody hands to hospitable graves.' The sacred soil of Virginia, in which repose the ashes of so many of the illustrious patriots who gave independence to their country, has been desecrated by the hostile tread of an armed enemy, who proclaims his malignant hatred of Virginia because she will

not bow her proud neck to the humiliating yoke of Yankee rule. Meet the invader at the threshold. Welcome him with bayonet and bullet. Swear eternal hatred of a treacherous foe, whose only hope of safety is in your defeat and subjection."

But the occupation was not bloodless. Our country lost one of its most promising officers. Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, fell by the hand of an assassin while in the performance of his duty at Alexandria.

Colonel Ellsworth was, in many respects, a remarkable person. His regiment of Zouaves were remarkable men. Both officers and men had been counted upon for extraordinary service from the known ability of the commander and the known courage and endurance of the entire regiment. A New York city journal said of him :

"It is about a month since a young man of soldierly bearing, of an unusually fine physique, of frank and attractive manners, and of great intelligence, called on us on the day of his arrival from Washington, to state his wishes and purposes, in relation to raising a regiment among the New York firemen. A fortnight later we saw him on his way to embark for Washington at the head of his men, and escorted by the most imposing procession this city has ever witnessed. This man was Colonel Ellsworth of the Firemen Zouaves. 'I want,' he said, 'the New York firemen, for there are no more effective men in the country, and none with whom I can do so much. They are sleeping on a volcano at Washington,' he added, 'and I want men who can go into a fight *now*.' The impression he made upon us was that of a fearless, gallant and energetic man, one of those possessed of the qualities that distinguish those who have them as soldiers, and of powers that especially fit them to be leaders among men. In him we think the country has lost a very valuable life."

The Zouaves gathered at his call with alacrity; two regiments could have been made up immediately from the firemen of New York city, had they been wanted. A short time sufficed to place the commander at the head of his men. In twenty days from the date of his first appearance in New York

he was in Washington (May 2d) with one thousand of as brave and reckless men as ever walked the field. They only required to be ruled with a firm hand and led by a fearless heart to perform great service. In Ellsworth they at once had a leader whom they idolized and a ruler whom they obeyed with alacrity, for out of their wild natures he promised to coin heroes whom the country would love to honor.

The regiment was chosen for the first forward movement in expectation of hard work. Theirs were spirits too eager for action, too accustomed to excitement, to bear the dead life of a camp. "Onward to Richmond!" became their cry. The troops broke up camp at two o'clock A. M., and passed down to Alexandria by transports. So utterly unexpected had the movements been conducted, that the Virginia people were completely taken by surprise, and no opposition was offered at any point. Had the design of General Scott been betrayed, it is probable the rebels would have stubbornly opposed the descent and occupation. The Zouaves landed at Alexandria unopposed. The tragedy of Ellsworth's death soon followed. One who was present and witnessed the assassination, thus detailed its circumstances :

"The Colonel gave some rapid directions for the interruption of the railway course, by displacing a few rails near the depot, and then turned toward the centre of the town, to destroy the means of communication southward by the telegraph ; a measure which he appeared to regard as very seriously important. He was accompanied by Mr. H. J. Winser, Military Secretary to the regiment ; the Chaplain, the Rev. E. W. Dodge ; and myself. At first he summoned no guard to follow him, but afterwards turned and called forward a single squad, with a sergeant from the first company. We passed quickly through the streets, meeting a few bewildered travellers issuing from the principal hotel, which seemed to be slowly coming to its daily senses, and were about to turn toward the telegraph office, when the Colonel, first of all, caught sight of the secession flag, which has so long swung insolently in full view of the President's House. He immediately sent

back the sergeant, with an order for the advance of the entire first company, and, leaving the matter of the telegraph office for a while, pushed on to the hotel, which proved to be the 'Marshall House,' a second-class inn. On entering the open door the Colonel met a man in his shirt and trowsers, of whom he demanded what sort of flag it was that hung above the roof. The stranger, who seemed greatly alarmed, declared he knew nothing of it, that he was only a boarder there. Without questioning him further the Colonel sprang up stairs, and we all followed to the topmost story, whence, by means of a ladder, he clambered to the roof, cut down the flag with Winsor's knife, and brought it from its staff. We at once turned to descend, private Brownell leading the way, and Colonel Ellsworth immediately following him with the flag. As Brownell reached the first landing-place, or entry, after a descent of a dozen steps, a man jumped from a dark passage, and hardly noticing the private, levelled a double-barrelled gun square at the Colonel's breast. Brownell made a quick pass to turn the weapon aside, but the fellow's hand was firm, and he discharged one barrel straight to its aim, the slugs or buckshot with which it was loaded entering the Colonel's heart, and killing him at the instant. He was on the second or third step from the landing, and dropped forward with that heavy, horrible, headlong weight which always comes of sudden death inflicted in this manner. His assailant turned like a flash to give the contents of the other barrel to Brownell, but either he could not command his aim or the Zouave was too quick with him, for the slugs went over his head, and passed through the panels and wainscot of a door. Simultaneously with this second shot, and sounding like the echo of the first, Brownell's rifle was heard and the assassin staggered backward. He was hit exactly in the middle of the face, and the wound, as I afterward saw it, was the most frightful I ever witnessed. Brownell did not know how fatal his shot had been, and so before the man dropped, he thrust his sabre bayonet through and through the body, the force of the blow sending the dead man violently down the upper section of the second flight of stairs,

at the foot of which he lay with his face to the floor. Winser ran from above crying, 'Who is hit?' but as he glanced downward by our feet, he needed no answer.

" Bewildered for an instant by the suddenness of this attack, and not knowing what more might be in store, we forbore to proceed, and gathered together defensively. There were but seven of us altogether, and one was without a weapon of any kind. Brownell instantly reloaded, and while doing so perceived the door through which the assailant's shot had passed, beginning to open. He brought his rifle to the shoulder, and menaced the occupants, two travellers, with immediate death if they stirred. The three other privates guarded the passages, of which there were quite a number converging to the point where we stood, while the Chaplain and Winser looked to the staircase by which we had descended, and the adjoining chambers. I ran down stairs to see if any thing was threatened from the story below, but it soon appeared there was no danger from that quarter. The first thing to be done was to look to our dead friend and leader. He had fallen on his face, and the streams of blood that flowed from his wound had literally flooded the way. The Chaplain turned him gently over, and I stooped and called his name aloud, at which I thought then he murmured inarticulately. I presume I was mistaken, and I am not sure that he spoke a word after being struck. Winser and I lifted the body with all care and laid it upon a bed in a room near by. The rebel flag, stained with his blood, we laid about his feet. Before the first company, ordered up by the Colonel, as before stated, arrived, we had removed some of the unsightly stains from the Colonel's features, and composed his limbs. His expression in death was beautifully natural. The Colonel was a singularly handsome man, and, excepting the pallor, there was nothing different in his countenance now from what all his friends had so lately been accustomed to gladly recognize. The detachment was heard approaching at last, a reenforcement was easily called up, and the surgeon was sent for. His arrival, not long after, of course sealed our own unhappy belief. A terrible scene was enacting

on the floor below. A woman had run from a lower room to the stairway where the body of the defender of the secession flag lay, and recognizing it, cried aloud with an agony so heart-rending that no person could witness it without emotion. She flung her arms in the air, struck her brow madly, and seemed in every way utterly abandoned to desolation and frenzy. She offered no reproaches—appeared indeed almost regardless of our presence, and yielded only to her own frantic despair. It was her husband that had been shot. He was the proprietor of the hotel. His name was James T. Jackson. Winser was confident it was the same man who met us at the door when we entered, and told us he was a boarder. His wife, as I said, was wild almost to insanity. Yet she listened when spoken to, although no consolation could be offered her.

“It is not from any wish to fasten obloquy upon the slayer of Colonel Ellsworth, but simply because it struck me as a frightful fact, that I say the face of the dead man wore the most revolting expression of rage and hatred that I ever saw. Perhaps the nature of his wound added to this effect, and the wound was something so appalling that I shall not attempt to describe it, as it impressed me. It is probable that such a result from a bullet-wound could not ensue once in a thousand times. Either of Brownell’s onslaughts would have been instantaneously fatal. The saber-wound was not less effective than that of the ball. The gun which Jackson had fired lay beneath him, clasped in his arms, and as we did not at first all know that both barrels had been discharged, it was thought necessary to remove it, lest it should be suddenly seized and made use of from below. In doing this, his countenance was revealed.

“As the morning advanced, the townspersons began to gather in the vicinity, and a guard was fixed, preventing ingress and egress. This was done to keep all parties from knowing what had occurred, for the Zouaves were so devoted to their Colonel that it was feared if they all were made acquainted with the real fact, they would sack the house. On the other hand, it was not thought wise to let the Alexandrians know thus early

the fate of their townsman. The Zouaves were the only regiment that had arrived, and their head and soul was gone. Besides, the duties which the Colonel had hurriedly assigned before leaving them had scattered some companies in various quarters of the town. Several persons sought admission to the Marshall House, among them a sister of the dead man, who had heard the rumor, but who was not allowed to know the true state of the case. It was painful to hear her remark, as she went away, that 'of course they wouldn't shoot a man dead in his own house about a bit of old bunting.' Many of the lodgers were anxious to go forth, but they were detained until after I had left. All sorts of arguments and persuasions were employed, but the Zouave guards were inexorable.

"At about seven o'clock, a mounted officer rode up, and informed us that the Michigan First had arrived, and had captured a troop of rebels, who had at first demanded time for reflection, but who afterward concluded to yield at discretion. Not long after this, the surgeon made arrangements for the conveyance of Colonel Ellsworth's body to Washington. It was properly veiled from sight, and, with great tenderness, taken by a detachment of the Zouaves and the Seventy-first New York regiment (a small number of whom, I neglected to state, embarked in the morning at the Navy-yard, and came down with us) to the steamboat, by which it was brought to the Navy-yard and given over to the tender care of Captain Dahlgren."

The excitement which followed this assassination was great. The Secessionists of course gloated over it. The press of the South was jubilant, and the Russian who did the act was placed in their Pantheon of heroes. The press of the North mourned the death of one so chivalrous, so young, so early lost to his country. The President was shocked at the calamity, for his personal attachment to Ellsworth was sincere. A gentleman who happened to call at the White House to see the President, on the morning of the sad day, thus narrated the incident :

"I called at the White House with Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, to see the President on a pressing matter of business,

and as we entered we remarked the President standing before a window, looking out across the Potomac. He did not move till we approached very closely, when he turned round abruptly and advanced towards us, extending his hand. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but I cannot talk.' The President burst into tears, and concealed his face in his handkerchief. He walked up and down the room for some moments, and we stepped aside in silence, not a little moved at such an unusual spectacle, in such a man, in such a place. After composing himself somewhat, the President took his seat and desired us to approach. 'I will make no apology, gentlemen,' said the President, 'for my weakness; but I knew poor Ellsworth well, and held him in great regard. Just as you entered the room, Captain Fox left me, after giving me the painful details of Ellsworth's unfortunate death. The event was so unexpected, and the recital so touching, that it quite unmanned me.'

"The President here made a violent effort to restrain his emotions, and after a pause he proceeded, with a tremulous voice, to give us the incidents of the tragedy that had occurred. 'Poor fellow,' repeated the President, as he closed his relation, 'it was undoubtedly an act of rashness, but it only shows the heroic spirit that animates our soldiers, from high to low, in this righteous cause of ours. Yet who can restrain their grief to see them fall in such a way as this, not by the fortunes of war, but by the hand of an assassin?' Towards the close of his remarks, he added: 'There is one fact which has reached me, which is a great consolation to my heart, and quite a relief after this melancholy affair. I learn from several persons, that when the Stars and Stripes were raised again in Alexandria, many of the people of the town actually wept for joy, and manifested the liveliest gratification at seeing this familiar and loved emblem once more floating above them. This is another proof that all the South is not Secessionist; and it is my earnest hope that as we advance we shall find as many friends as foes.'"

The remains were removed to the White House on the morning of the 25th, under escort of the New York Seventy-

first, as a guard of honor, accompanied by a detachment of Zouaves, including Brownell, the slayer of the assassin. From the White House, where it lay in state, until three o'clock, P. M., the body was taken to the house of his parents, at Mechanicsville, New York, for burial. Vast and imposing demonstrations were made over the remains in New York and Albany; and at Mechanicsville he was buried amid the tears of a large concourse of people and in the presence of the local military and the guard of honor.

This act of assassination was in perfect keeping with the spirit of Secession. A community where the use of pistol and knife were almost every day occurrences—where all indignities were wiped out in blood, was not likely to foster a feeling of loyalty to a Government, where just men aimed to suppress all violations of the peace. Jackson was a violent Secessionist. He flouted his odious flag from his house as expressive of defiance; and, though Southern gentlemen did not make him their equal as an associate, they did not disdain to applaud his act and to accord him the place of a martyr in the cause of the South.

Various public bodies, including State Legislatures of the South, passed resolutions approving the assassination. Pollard, the Southern Historian of the War, speaking of the want of spirit shown by the New Orleans people in permitting the Federal flag to be erected over their city, referred to Jackson as the embodiment of the true Southern spirit. We shall take him at his word, and regard the coarse, brutal, drunken wretch as a true type of an *uncompromising* Secessionist. One good fruit of the war was, that it left few such creatures ungathered by the sickle, Death, who did not have their eyes opened to see their own baseness and impotence in a war with the spirit of Humanity and Liberty.

## IX.

### THE FIRST CAPTURE OF THE FLAG.

THE tragedy of Ellsworth gave a sad interest to the flag which had floated from the roof of the "Marshall House," in Alexandria. That flag had floated there in defiance, in full view of the Capital, and its insolent proprietor had sworn it never should come down as long as he was alive.

Before the occupation of the place, on the morning of the 24th of May, by the Federal forces, an attempt to seize and bear away the detested emblem of rebellion and defiance had been made by the daring of a single man. The incident so happily illustrates the *nerve* of the true "Yankee," and is, withal, so full of exciting interest, that we give the story at length.

Two brothers were seen in Alexandria on the evening of Tuesday, May 21st. They entered their names on the "Marshall House" register, as Charles E. Fuller, of Boston, and W. J. A. Fuller, of New York. Of course both became "spotted" characters from that moment. They extended their observations to all parts of the place, where sentinels did not bar the way. After a thorough exploration of the city, they dined at the hotel, with about fifty officers of the Secession army, and the elder brother took the last stage for Washington, which he reached that night without any striking adventure. The younger brother, Charles, had tarried, to accomplish his purpose of seizing the flag which covered the house, and which Jackson, its proprietor, insolently told Mr. Fuller, 'no d—d Yankee ever would see come down!' As Mr. Fuller hailed from Boston, the taunt had made him resolved that a Yankee would not only see it down, but that he himself would be the

very person to take it down. So it was arranged by the brothers that Charles should stay at the hotel all night, while W. J. went to Washington, and then pulled down the river to the sloop of war, *Pawnee*, which lay off Alexandria, with guns shotted and men ready for any emergency. With the officers of the *Pawnee* he concereted to answer his brother's signals, and to offer his aid when he should plunge into the river, after seizing the flag.

The hotel, a large four-story building, was filled with Secession officers and men. Mr. Fuller had a room assigned him in the main building, from the roof of which the flag-staff ran up through an open scuttle. After tea he groped his way toward the roof, and found the upper doors locked. He then climbed the-nearest window, eight or ten feet above the stairway, and found it nailed down. He bought a hammer at a hardware store, went back, and drew the nails. Being a perfect gymnast, and active as a cat, he expected to climb to the roof by the spout, but this proved rotten as paper, and compelled him to abandon the attempt. He next searched about the city and found a locksmith, whom he told that he wanted a bunch of keys to open a closet. The man offered to go with him and fit the lock, but Mr. Fuller "did not see it" in that light. He said he would not trouble him to go, but would take a bunch of keys, and leave five dollars deposit for their return.

Armed with ten keys, he returned to the hotel, watched like a cat for his opportunity, and, when the coast was clear, ascended to the upper story, and tried his keys. Six of them were tried unsuccessfully, and the seventh had turned the lock, when he was nearly surprised by a party of soldiers who came up the stairs. He rushed into a sort of dark closet adjoining, secreted himself under a mattress, and waited with breathless anxiety until they passed into the next room, where they soon became absorbed in a lively game of "poker," at five cents "ante;" he then went back, unlocked the door, felt his way in the dark to the flag-staff, tried the signal halyards, found that everything worked beautifully, and that he was sure, at least, of hauling down the flag. He mounted to the roof, and took

a general survey of the premises. This was about eight o'clock in the evening; the streets were full of citizens and troopers, and the full moon shone bright as day. He was again alarmed by a party of soldiers mounting the stairs, and feared that the slight lowering and raising of the flag, made when he was trying the halyards, had been observed from the streets. He stood behind the door, determined to jump by the first comers, and over the heads of those coming after, and make a run for the dock, some four or five blocks off, jump in and swim to the *Pawnee*. Happily the troops went into another room. He then went toward the river to alter the moorings of a small vessel, so that her change of position might signify to his brother, that a boat could approach within hail; but was turned back by sentinels at every street approaching the river; the whole shore was guarded. He then determined to go back to the hotel, haul down the flag, and trust to the chapter of accidents. After a careful reconnaissance, at about ten o'clock, when everybody's attention was engaged by the passing of three cavalry companies, he hauled down the flag, cut the halyards and made them fast to the cleet, that they might not be observed swinging loosely. To his horror he discovered that he had caught an "elephant." The flag was over thirty feet long, and about fifteen feet wide. He took off his coat, vest, and pants, and commenced winding the flag about his body. To use his own expression, he thought he never should get it all coiled away. He succeeded, however, by making a sort of Daniel Lambert of himself. Tying around him his pants and coat with a cord, he effectually hid the piratical emblem. Marching boldly down stairs, he got out of the house without exciting suspicion, and started on his travels. Critical as was his position, with the river bank lined with sentries, and the picket guards extended to Long Bridge, where he knew the draw was raised, it soon became perilous in the extreme, by a general alarm, which was given in consequence of the flag having been missed. Patrolmen rushed in every direction to "cut off retreat" from the house, yet the fleet-footed Yankee only laughed at their pains, for he was safely beyond the square. An old shed

offered a retreat from the excited street. Into it he crept, proposing to lie concealed until the moon should be obscured by passing clouds, when he determined to push for the back country, make a circuit above the town, and swim across to Ellsworth's Zouave camp, whose fires he could plainly see. He saw his brother's boat (with a detachment of twelve men from the Massachusetts Fifth) lying off in the middle of the river, but dared not hail her, for fear of causing his certain arrest. He managed to push from picket to picket, by wary advances, at one time lying flat on his back for half-an-hour, while the guard was smoking within a few feet of him, until he broke cover in the open country, beyond the suburbs, when the moon shone out brightly, and he found himself suddenly confronted by two sentries. He made a rush to pass them, when both of them seized him. He grasped one by the breast and threw him to the ground with such violence that he wrenched off one of the Virginian army buttons, which he afterward wore on his watch-guard as a trophy. The other sentry dropped his gun and fled; but a third soldier, a powerful man, clinched him from behind, and, after a brief but fierce struggle, he was hopelessly a prisoner. He retained his presence of mind, and by ready wit and fertility of invention saved himself from personal violence.

His captor proved to be Jackson, who, at first indignant at the theft, was so pleased with the *nonchalance* of the Yankee as to be disarmed of his anger; and he marched the prisoner back to the hotel in perfect good humor. Fuller was permitted to retire to his room on his parole not to escape. Jackson remarked that he was "too smart and decent for a miserable Yankee." Fuller tried the power of money, but the rank rebel replied that "it could not be bought for \$10,000"—that "old Lincoln had threatened to take it down, and he wanted to see him do it."

After a night of anxious unrest, Mr. Fuller came down to breakfast, and found that everybody was observing him and pointing him out as the "d—d Yankee" who had hauled down the flag. He sauntered through the city, made small pur-

chases of tobacco, &c., in the deserted stores, and went to a secession meeting at night. One of the speakers alluded very feelingly to the imperishable glory which covered the Stars and Stripes, and related with thrilling pathos how his father, a veteran of eighty years, still clung to them. At this point Fuller's patriotic feeling overcame his prudence; he clapped his hands loudly in applause, when the whole meeting, electrified by the speaker, applauded to the echo. But the excitability of "the Yankee" caused the crowd to glower at him so ferociously that he concluded "to beat a retreat rather than be borne down in front or outflanked."

The detention of Charles caused great apprehensions for his safety. Arranging with the officers of the *Pawnee* for the co-operation of its guns and marines in event of his (W. J.'s) detention, he pushed down to Alexandria from the Long Bridge, Wednesday morning. After much negotiation, and the menacing position assumed by the sloop-of-war, Charles was released on Thursday and given over to Commander Rowan, of the *Pawnee*. Arrangements had been thoroughly made to assault and burn the city, had the Fullers been detained. Several companies of the Massachusetts Fifth took a solemn vow that they would take the city, "orders or no orders," and Ellsworth's "boys" were "in the ring." But the orders would have been given. On the night of Thursday, Mr. Fuller, sure of co-operation by water, again tried to take the flag; but it was guarded by two soldiers, sleeping in the attic, and watched incessantly by sentinels outside. So he contented himself with taking the flag which hung up in the hall. This he wound round his person, and succeeded in bringing away with him.

The elder brother had arranged a "seizure" of his own—thus to anticipate Charles and snatch the trophy from him, or at least to insure its certain capture as well as the capture of Alexandria itself! The story runs: W. J. Fuller, in command of a detachment of twelve sailors from Captain Wardwell's company, under Lieutenants Stoddard and Williams, determined to go round the *Pawnee*, and then pull straight to shore, answering any hail with—"boat from the *Pawnee*."

He knew the fears of the city, troops and all, that her guns could level the place in thirty minutes. He intended to take half his men, seize the sentries, march openly to the hotel, demand the flag, his brother, and the unconditional surrender of the troops and the city. But this pretty scheme was vetoed by the Commander. It was, of course, not in the Commander-in-Chief's programme of operations; but was, nevertheless, a characteristic *Yankee invention*.

In conceiving this assault, Mr. Fuller was but embodying the ideas which he enunciated at the great demonstration in New York city, May 20th—on which occasion he was one of the chosen speakers. He said, among other stirring things :

“ Let the Government forever discard its ‘do little and drift along’ policy, and give the people action, action—prompt, vigorous, energetic, crushing, bloody and decisive. Let it quit searching musty law tomes for precedents. Make precedents. The idea of the Government being harnessed down by the iron bands of formula and delay when dealing with revolutionists, traitors and rebels, is criminal and absurd. *Inter arma leges silent.* When General Jackson threatened to hang Calhoun, he was told by his Attorney-General that there was no law for it. His reply was, ‘ If you can’t find law for me, I will appoint an Attorney-General who can.’ If the Government will adopt a vigorous policy, the law for everything it does will be found in the hearts of the people. The eyes of the people are upon the Government. They cannot wait its tardy action. They will reward energy, and will hold it to a strict accountability for imbecility.”

## X

### A NORTHERN BREEZE FROM THE SOUTH.

THE Great Rebellion called forth many splendid efforts of oratory. It is probable that no people on the face of the globe are more constantly associated with the sublime elements of country, which are supposed to influence the minds of men to sublime expression, than Americans ; yet, it has frequently been remarked by ourselves, as well as by foreigners, that no country produces so few truly eloquent orators. The experience of the past few months proves that the talent for eloquent expression is wide-spread, and that only the occasion is wanting to call it forth. The Congress of 1860-61 gave birth to many superb declamations :—indeed, the entire session was one succession of speeches and argumentative efforts, which alone, would immortalize the occasion. We may point to them, in confidence, as a living evidence of the extraordinary mental resources of the American people, as the war which followed was an evidence of their tremendous physical resources.

Our volume of “Incidents and Anecdotes” scarcely permits the reproduction of these oratorical efforts ; yet, some of them were made under such peculiar circumstances as to become incidents of the struggle. Such were the impassioned speeches made in the Virginia Convention and General Assembly by the Union men ; in Tennessee, by the fearless men of the hills ; in Kentucky, by the worthy sons of “Old Kentuck” sires. Few of these, however, were reported, much to the loss of our patriotic literature ; only sketches were placed on record, to outline what was, at the moment, a splendid creation.

One made by Mr. Rousseau—afterwards a brilliant General in the Union army—in the Kentucky Senate, May 21st, 1861, was reported. It came at a critical moment in the destiny of his State, when she hung in the meshes of the miserable “neutrality,” which was nothing more nor less than an attitude of defiance of the General Government, by refusing to honor its call for troops, and arming the State to resist any occupation of its soil by Federal troops, prosecuting the war for the Union. Against this attitude the Senator protested, and finally came out, with his splendid declamation, against the revolution and in behalf of a hearty support of the General Government in its contest with treason. Our young men will find in the Kentuckian's words and thoughts incentives to patriotism and honor, and to them we sincerely commend the extracts which we may feel at liberty to give :

“ Mr. Speaker: Permit me to tell you, sir, what I think of this whole atrocious scheme of Secession. I speak for myself only, and am alone responsible for what I say; and I thank God that I may still speak what I think on Kentucky soil. Yes, sir, good, brave old Kentucky, my mother, ‘my own native land,’ is still free. There is no reign of terror here. We still have free speech, a free press, and, as yet, we are free men. Kentucky is true and loyal to the Government. She still rests her head in peace and security upon the fond breast of her mother—the Union; and there may she rest forever! She has called upon her gallant sons to rally around her, and beat off the Vandals who would tear her away from her earliest and holiest associations, and bear her to certain destruction.

“ Kentucky is in a false position. I felt it from the first. Yet, she having assumed a neutral attitude, I felt it to be my duty to stand by her, and I have faithfully done so. I am willing still to stand by the position of Kentucky, if we can do so in peace and security. But the position is an awkward one, and may be more awkward yet before our difficulties are ended. The Union is threatened; the Government is threatened by those who have not one well-grounded complaint to make against it—by those who have controlled its destinies for

years. I denounce the effort, and those who make it. I say it is wrong—infamous! and, if successful, it must entail ruin upon us and ours. We see the work of mischief going on, and quietly sit by with folded arms while it is done.

“Kentucky has as much interest in the Union as any other State. She loves it as devotedly, and shares its benefits and blessings in common with her sister States. She owes it her allegiance, and her aid. Her people work for the Union ; they talk for it ; they pray for its preservation ; yet they stand idly by, and let others, who have no more interest in it than themselves, defend it, and save it if they can. It is in a death struggle for existence, yet we have not a hand to raise in its defence. You say that it is the best Government that ever existed on earth—it has ever protected and never oppressed you. But we are told that this is a fratricidal war—a *wicked* war! Well, who began it? Who caused it? Who attempted to break up the Government? Who set the will of the people at defiance, and overturn the “best Government on earth?” Let recently passed events, and those which are daily being enacted, answer.

\* \* \* “The truth is, our duty at first was to stand by our Government, and protect and defend it. If fit to live under, it was entitled to our respect and confidence and allegiance. If unfit, it should have been abandoned at once, and another formed more perfect. But while we owe our allegiance to it, let us acknowledge it like true men, and not turn our backs upon its greatest peril. We should not do this if we desire its preservation. We should stand by it like men, or pull it down at once. But we should not stand by and see others pull it down over our heads against our will to the destruction of our liberties, and say :

“‘We oppose you. We love the Government. It is the Government of our fathers ; bought with their blood, and bequeathed to us. It is the best Government on earth, and in its destruction we see ruin to us and ours ; but as you and we live in Slave States, go on and do as you please. We will not resist you. Ruin us if you will.’

“And so never lift a hand to save us and our children the

blessings of liberty. In my heart I do not approve of this course, and what I do not approve, no power on earth shall make me say. I am for the old Constitution of Washington and his compeers. For the old flag, the Stars and Stripes. God bless them ; and I am against all factions that would take them from me. It matters not who they are or whence they come. Whether they come from England, France, Massachusetts or South Carolina. If they would destroy the Government of our fathers, I am against them. No matter what may be the pretext. No, sir, I am for the Union, and I am willing to defend it by any and all proper means.

“ Our Government is the best in the world. It has answered well all the ends for which governments are made. We all know this. It has oppressed no man, nor has it burdened us a feather’s weight. It has brought us nothing but blessings. Under it we have been happy, prosperous and free. What more can we ask ? All that Government can do, our Government has done for us. We have been free, as no nation was ever free before ; we have prospered as no nation ever prospered before, and we have rested in peace and security. Yet all this would not do. Mr. Lincoln was elected, and corrupt politicians lost their places. They had controlled the Government in their own way for years. When they lost their power, they declared that the Government was corrupt and oppressive, and that they would destroy it. They robbed it of its arms and munitions of war, sending them South ; they involved the Government in a debt of nearly a hundred millions of dollars ; robbed the treasury ; and thus leaving the Government impoverished and distracted, they commenced the atrocious business of secession. They had lost the offices, and they thought it necessary to create new ones for the benefit of the defunct politicians, and they did it. This is the grand secret of the whole affair. Had they retained their grip upon the offices, you had never heard of secession. All our losses, all our troubles and suffering, are the legitimate results of secession. We must bear all, we must submit to all this in silence, that those disappointed politicians may be presidents, ministers,

and high officials. Their day was ended by the election of Lincoln. They knew this, and seceded—made new offices and filled them !

“Behold the results of secession ! Distress and ruin stare men in the face. Strong men, honest and industrious men, cannot get bread for their wives and children. The widow and the orphan, helpless and destitute, are starving. In all the large cities the suffering is intense ; work is not to be obtained ; and those who live by their labor get no money. Property of every description has depreciated until it is almost worthless. In the Seceded States, Union men are driven penniless from their homes, or hanged ; and all this, that ‘peacable secession’ may go on, and that politicians may fill offices ! And, after you gentlemen bring all these calamities upon us, you falsely say that ‘Lincoln did it,’ and that we Union men are Abolitionists, and aid him ! I tell you that Lincoln has *not* done it. He was elected President by *your* help. You ran a candidate for the Presidency, that the Democratic party might be divided, and Lincoln elected. That was your *purpose*, and you accomplished it ; and now you have elected Lincoln thus, you must break up the Government because he is elected ! This is your programme—deny it who can !

“South Carolina was irritated at the presence of Major Anderson and fifty-five men at Fort Sumter ; so irritated that she could not bear it. She tried to starve him to death ; she tried to knock his head off, and burn him up ; she bombarded the people’s fort ; shot into the flag of our Government, and drove our soldiers from the place. It was not Mr. Lincoln’s fort ; not his flag, nor his soldiers, but ours. Yet after all these outrages and atrocities, South Carolina comes with embraces for us, saying : ‘Well, we tried ; we intended to kill that brother Kentuckian of yours ; tried to storm him, knock his brains out, and burn him up. Don’t you love us for it ? Won’t you fight with us, and for us, and help us overthrow your Government ?’ Was ever a request so outrageously unnatural ; so degrading to our patriotism ? And yet, Mr.

Speaker, there were those among us who rejoiced of the result, and termed the assault upon their own fort and the capture of their own flag and their own soldiers, a *heroic victory*!

"Mr. Speaker, I am sick and tired of all this gabble about irritation over the exercise by others of their undoubted right; and I say once for all to you secession gentlemen, that we Union men know our rights; intend to maintain them. If you get irritated about it, why—get irritated! Snuff and snort yourselves into a rage; go into spasms if you will; die if you want to, and can't stand it—who cares? What right have you to get irritated because we claim equal rights and equality with you? We are for peace; we desire no war, and deprecate collision. All we ask is peace. We don't intend you any harm. We don't want to hurt you, and don't intend you shall injure us if we can help it. We beg of you to let us live in peace under the good old Government of our fathers. We only ask that. Why keep us ever on the alert watching you, to prevent you from enslaving us by a destruction of that Government?

\* \* \* "Kentucky is an armed neutral, it is said. I submit, with others, to that position. I hope that circumstances may not drive us from it. I hope that our secession friends will be, in fact, neutral. If we remain so, it is said we shall have peace. I hope so; but the neutrality that fights all on one side I do not understand. Troops leave Kentucky in broad daylight, and our Governor sees them going to fight against our own Government, yet nothing is said or done to prevent them. Is this to be our neutrality? If it is, I am utterly opposed to it. If we assume a neutral position, let us be neutral in fact. It is as little as we can do.

"Our Government, constitutionally administered, is entitled to our support, no matter who administers it. If we will not support it, and yet enjoy its blessings, in Heaven's name let us not war against it, nor allow our people to do so. Let us be true to our position, whatever it may be. We are nullifying at any rate. Our Government has not objected to it. But who can look an honest man in the face, while professing

neutrality, refusing to help his Government to preserve its existence, yet secretly and traitorously warring against it? For one, sir, I'll none of it. Away with it. Let us be men—honest men, or pretend to be nothing but vagabonds.

"I hear it said that Kentucky will go out of the Union; that if she goes anywhere, she will go South, &c., &c. Mr. Speaker, let me tell you, sir, Kentucky will not 'go out.' She will not stampede. That has been tried. Secessionists must invent something new in the way of secession appliances before they can either frighten or 'drag' Kentucky out of the Union. I tell you sensation gentlemen that your exciting events have ceased to effect us. Try something else. Get up a fight at Cairo, that you may get us to side with you. That is your game, and you will play it whenever you think you can succeed at it. You tried to scare us, but you failed in your purpose. And if you illegally and against right assault Cairo, I hope every man of you will get his head knocked or be taken prisoner, and that the Cairo folks will never permit you to come to Kentucky again. That's what I wish, and what I believe would happen in such an event.

"But we won't 'go out'—have not the least notion of it in the world. You must take us out according to law and right, or take us dead. Believe this, and act accordingly. It would be better for all of us. We shall be but too happy to keep peace, but we cannot leave the Union of our fathers.

"When Kentucky goes down, it will be in blood. Let that be understood. She will not go as other States have gone. Let the responsibility rest on you, where it belongs. It is all your work, and whatever happens will be your work. We have more right to defend our Government than you have to overturn it. Many of us are sworn to support it. Let our good Union brethren of the South stand their ground. I know that many patriotic hearts in the Seceded States still beat warmly for the old Union—the old flag. The time will come when we shall all be together again. The politicians are having their day. The *people* will yet have theirs. I have an abiding confidence in the *right*, and I know that this secession

movement is all wrong. There is, in fact, not a single substantial reason for it. If there is, I should be glad to hear it; our Government has never oppressed us with a feather's weight. The direst oppression alone could justify what has brought all our present suffering upon us. May God, in his mercy, save our glorious Republic!"

There is in this noble address the impassioned eloquence of the patriot and the incorruptible citizen. In reading it the vision of Patrick Henry rises up before us as he appeared to the Virginia House of Delegates when he uttered his ever-memorable anathema against King George. It was such declarations as those which fell from Rousseau's lips—as those which fell from the pen of the incorruptible Joseph Holt—as those which the sage and patriot John J. Crittenden eventually avowed—that saved Kentucky to the Union and preserved her hills and vallies from becoming the battle-fields of the horrid struggle to achieve the independence of a Slave Dominion.

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## XI.

### MCCLELLAN'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE appointment of Captain McClellan to the responsible position of Major-General of the Volunteers of the State of Ohio (April 24th, 1861), was soon followed by the General Government's creation of the "Department of the West," over which he was placed in superior command. It comprised the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Western Pennsylvania, and Western Virginia.

The proposed assemblage (June 14th) of the Wheeling Convention, for re-organizing the State of Virginia as a State of the Union, rendered it necessary to arrange a campaign in Western Virginia, both to expel the rebel armies from that section, and to give stability to the new State Government.

The promulgation by McClellan (May 26th) of the following proclamation announced the movements on foot:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF OHIO,  
CINCINNATI, May 26th, 1861."

*"To the Union Men of Western Virginia:"*

"**VIRGINIANS**.—The General Government has long enough endured the machinations of a few factious rebels in your midst. Armed traitors have in vain endeavored to deter you from expressing your loyalty at the polls. Having failed in this infamous attempt to deprive you of the exercise of your dearest rights, they now seek to inaugurate a reign of terror, and thus force you to yield to their schemes, and submit to the yoke of the traitorous conspiracy, dignified by the name of the Southern Confederacy. They are destroying the property of citizens of your State, and ruining your magnificent railways. The General Government has heretofore carefully abstained from sending troops across the Ohio, or even from posting them along its banks, although frequently urged by many of your prominent citizens to do so.

"It determined to await the result of the State election, desirous that no one might be able to say, that the slightest effort had been made from this side to influence the free expression of your opinions, although the many agencies brought to bear upon you by the rebels were well known. You have now shown, under the most adverse circumstances, that the great mass of the people of Western Virginia are true and loyal to that beneficent Government under which we and our fathers have lived so long. As soon as the result of the election was known, the traitors commenced their work of destruction. The General Government can not close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers; as enemies only to armed rebels who are preying upon you. Your homes, your families, and your property are safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe our advent among you will be signalized by an interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly: Not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part.

"Now that we are in your midst, I call upon you to fly to arms and support the General Government; sever the connection that binds you to traitors; proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long boasted by the Old Dominion are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you remain true to the Stars and Stripes.

"G. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding."

This document gave the proper reasons for the contemplated movement. To his troops, then cantoned in Eastern Ohio, he addressed a stirring address, well calculated to win the confidence of the people among whom they were to move. It read :

“ **SOLDIERS** :—You are ordered to cross the frontier, and to enter on the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence; to protect the majesty of the law, and to secure our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors. I place under the safeguard of your honor the persons and property of the Virginians. I know you will respect their feelings and all their rights, and will preserve the strictest discipline.

“ Remember, that each one of you holds in his keeping the honor of Ohio and the Union. If you are called to overcome armed opposition, I know your courage is equal to the task. Remember that your only foes are *armed traitors*. Show mercy even to them, when in your power, for many of them are misguided.

“ When, under your protection, the loyal men of Western Virginia have been enabled to organize and form until they can protect themselves, you can return to your homes, with the proud satisfaction of having preserved a gallant people from destruction.”

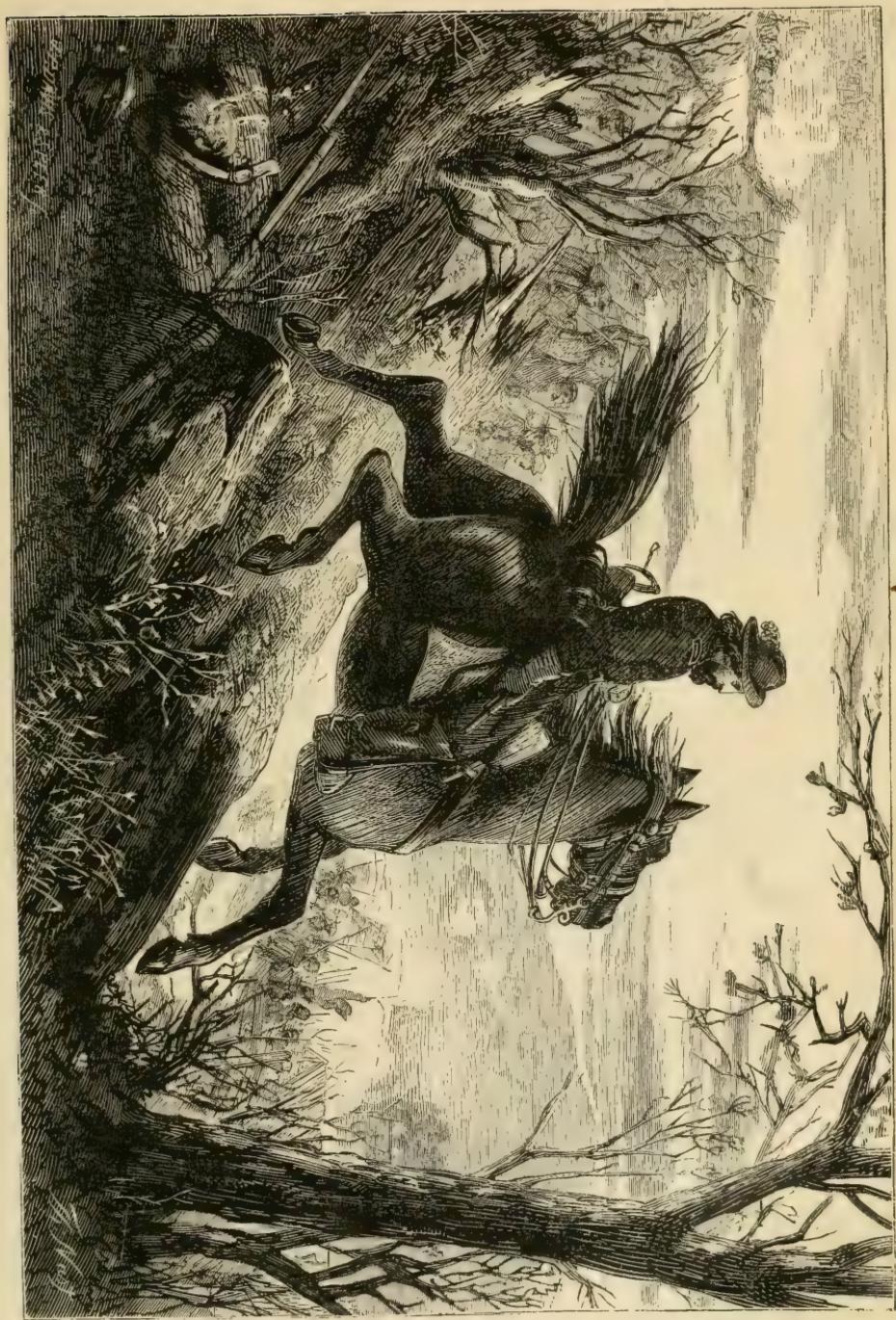
Prior to the issue of these documents, everything had been arranged for the advance. Colonel Kelly, in command at Camp Carlisle, in Ohio, opposite Wheeling, gave the word of command for the onward movement, Sunday evening, (May 26th), by reading the Proclamation and Address.

The announcement was received with wild huzzas by the troops, the First Virginia Volunteers. Monday morning they poured over into Virginia eleven hundred strong, and, at seven o'clock, were *en route* for Grafton, a place of some strategic importance, lying at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Northwestern Virginia railways. The First Virginia was followed immediately by the Sixteenth Ohio Volunteers, Colonel Irvine. The Fourteenth Ohio, Colonel Steadman, crossed the river at Marietta, and occupied Parkersburg, the western terminus of the Northwestern railroad.

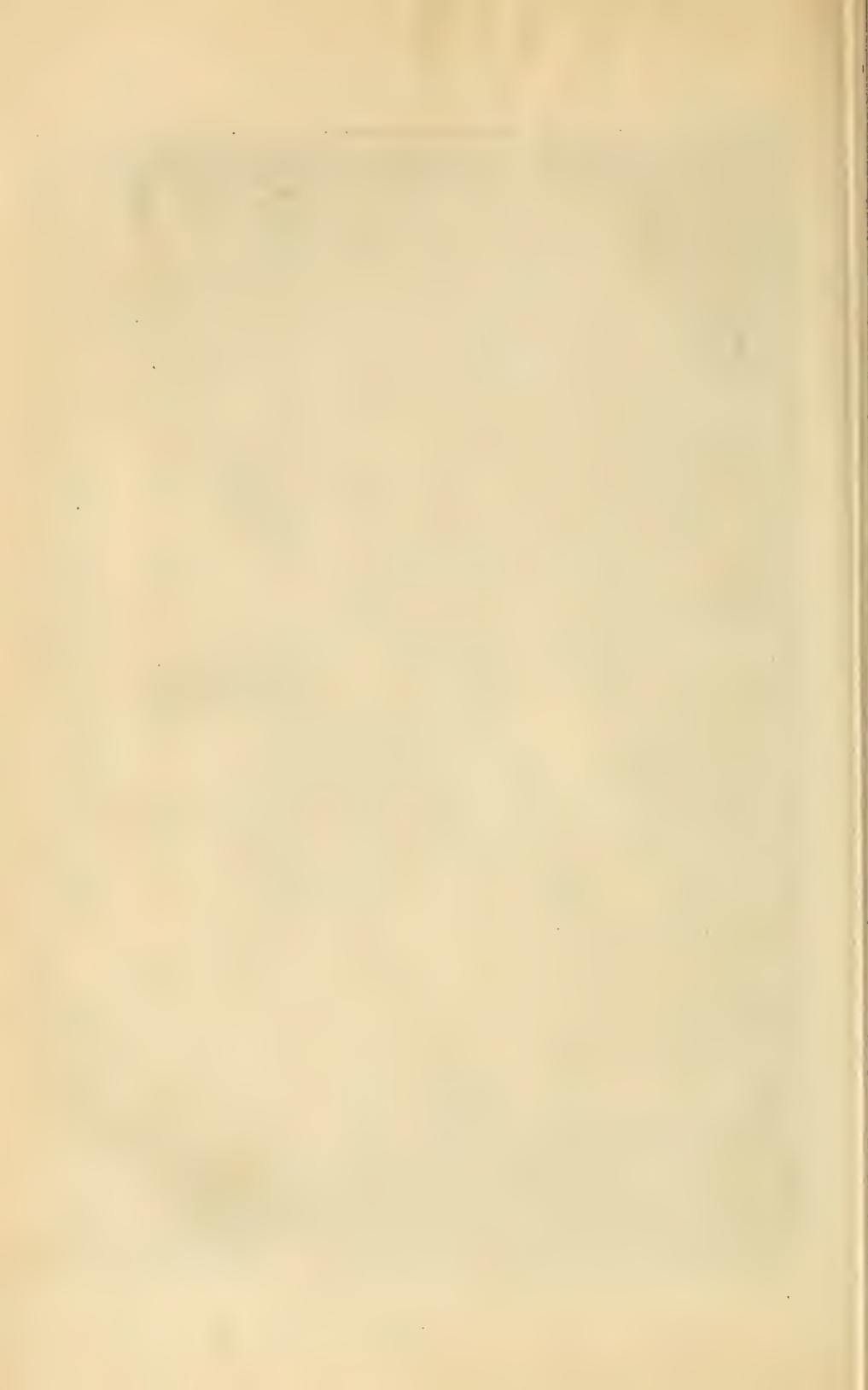
The rebels, then in possession of Grafton, designed a descent on Wheeling; but, hastily evacuated on the night of Monday, having previously destroyed railway bridges at various

points to the west of Grafton. The Federal forces did not fully occupy the place until Thursday morning, when the two regiments, with all their baggage and trains, took possession. The rebels withdrew to Philippi, where they resolved to make a stand. The Federal advance was soon joined by the Fifteenth Ohio, and the Sixth Indiana, Colonel Crittenden, regiments, the Seventh Indiana, Colonel Dumont, while the forces landed at Parkersburg had pushed up the railroad to a conjunction. The attack on Philippi was not delayed—McClellan having ordered the enemy to be surprised by a forced march. On the night of June 2d, the Federal forces (four regiments) started for the point of attack by two routes—one division by way of Webster, under command of Colonel Dumont, consisted of eight companies of the Seventh Indiana; four companies of the Fourth Ohio, Colonel Steadman, with his artillery, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sturgis, assisted and directed by Colonel Lander; four companies of the Sixth Indiana, Colonel Crittenden. The other division consisted of the First Virginia, and companies from the Sixteenth Ohio and Seventh Indiana regiments, under command of Colonel Kelly, which moved east, by way of Thornton, thence south to Philippi (twenty-two miles) by a forced march. The darkness was intense, the mud deep, and the storm of wind and rain unceasing. The division of Kelly did not reach the enemy's position at four o'clock—the time indicated for the conjunction and combined attack—owing to the dreadful fatigues of the march. His forces were to strike the enemy's rear, and while Colonels Dumont and Lander pressed the front, to cut off the retreat, and thus "bag" the entire rebel force. Dumont arrived at the appointed time, and disposed his forces for battle. It soon became evident that the rebels had discovered the movements of their foe, and were preparing to run. Lander not deeming it prudent longer to await Colonel Kelly's appearance, ordered the artillery to open. The Associate Press account of the fight read :

Simultaneously with the roar of the first gun, Colonel Kelly, at the head of his command, came in sight across the river



LANDER'S RIDE INTO PHILIPPI.



below the camp, and, comprehending the position of affairs, he rushed forward in the direction of the camp. Meanwhile the battery, having got accurate range, played upon the camp with marked effect, tearing through the tents and houses at a fearful rate. This the chivalry could not stand, and they scattered like rats from a burning barn, after firing at random a volley which did no damage.

Colonel Kelly's command was close after them, and, at the same time, Colonel Lander's force came rushing down the hill yelling like Indians. After chasing them a few miles, the already exhausted men returned to the evacuated camp, to learn the painful fact that their victory, though complete, was dearly bought. Colonel Kelly, who, with bravery amounting to rashness, was foremost from first to last, was rallying his men in the upper part of the town, the enemy having all apparently fled, when he fell by a shot from a concealed foe. The assassin was an Assistant-Quartermaster in the Confederate force, named Sims. He was immediately seized.

A correspondent who was present thus referred to Colonel Lander's ride down the hill on which the artillery was posted, and his subsequent achievement :

"The hill on which the artillery was planted is both high and steep, and it would be dangerous for an inexperienced rider to walk a horse down the slope toward the pike. Seeing Dumont's right rushing for the bridge, closely followed by the Ohio Fourteenth, (Colonel Steadman,) and supposing the passage of the bridge would be disputed, he grasped a revolver in each hand, plunged spurs into the flanks of his horse, and dashed down the hill, over fences, and stumps, and stones, and dead timber, through a wheat field, to the pike, and swept past the column like the wind, looking (as one who saw him says) more like a demon than a man. Colonel Steadman, in the excitement of the moment, had advanced some three hundred yards ahead of his command as Lander passed. 'Go back, Colonel Steadman—go back to your column,' said he, 'or you will be cut off!' forgetting that he was exposed to the same danger.

"By this time Colonel Kelly had arrived and attacked the rear of the rebels. Colonel Lander now rode alone across the town to join Kelly, but just after he had passed Kelly, a rebel brought Kelly down by a shot through the lungs. Lander at once charged among the enemy and chased the rebel into an angle of a fence, where he guarded him until the infantry came up. An unsuccessful charge was made by a few of the rebels to rescue the prisoner. On Kelly's men arriving they were determined to bayonet the prisoner, but were prevented by Colonel Lander, against their urgent remonstrances. The Quartermaster of the Virginia regiment took charge of him, becoming responsible for his safety. Colonel Lander maintained that the man had thrown down his arms and yielded himself to him as a prisoner of war; that if he had killed Kelly he would have done it in actual fight, and after our troops had commenced the engagement, and that he should protect him with his life."

The enemy retreated, with a loss of all his baggage, tents, &c., to Beverly, finally taking up position on Laurel Hill, which he proceeded to fortify. The campaign which followed was thus chronicled by one who participated in it :

"The rebel forces, after the battle of Philippi, lay at Laurel Hill, near Beverly, in a strong position, which commanded our road to the southern portion of the State, and in which they had fortified themselves with great labor and care. From this point they had repeatedly threatened us with attack, and our officers felt very eager to repeat the action by which the campaign had been so successfully opened at Philippi. A plan was formed, therefore, to move down from our headquarters at Grafton and capture or destroy the enemy. The fortifications at Laurel Hill had, however, greatly strengthened a position of the most advantageous kind, and the attack was not to be lightly undertaken.

"On the side of the Laurel Mountain lies a fine, broad and cleared plateau, which afforded ample room for an encampment and a parade-ground in the rear. The slopes in front down to the valley were fortified with a more extended system

of intrenchments, which our men are now engaged in destroying, and which were so complete as almost to defy a direct attack by any force at our command. It was resolved, therefore, to combine with the direct assault a movement in the enemy's rear, for which the shape of the country afforded peculiar facilities. Stretching away, north-east and south-west, lay the western range of the Alleghanies, impassable without great difficulty for an army, and even then passable only at certain points. At the foot of the mountain was the main road, which gives access to Southern Virginia on this western slope of the range. By this route alone could the enemy receive reinforcements or supplies, and this fact determined the scheme of operations. To occupy his attention by a direct attack in front, while another body of our forces should go around into his rear, and cut off communication with his base, would place him at our mercy, and enable us to assail him in his intrenchments with an overpowering force, and in both directions at once, or else to starve him out, should it be deemed best not to conclude the affair by a direct engagement.

"The plan thus formed was executed by the two divisions of General McClellan's army. The main body of ten thousand, led by himself, went round by Clarksburg and Buckhannon, on the west of the enemy; while the other and smaller division of four thousand, under General Morris, made the direct attack, which was to hold the rebels in check on the north, and occupy them while the former force should be getting into their rear.

"General McClellan, after a sharp skirmish at Buckhannon, approached the rear of the enemy, which, however, he found strongly fortified at Rich Mountain, and defended by a force of some two or three thousand under Colonel Pegram. Sending General Rosecrans with a force of some three thousand to assail them in the rear, while he was himself to attack them in front, he hoped to capture the enemy entirely; but some want of co-operation took place, which interfered with the completeness of the result. General Rosecrans reached the rear of the mountains, which was held by some three hundred rebels,

but did not succeed in communicating to General McClellan the information that he was ready to attack, and the command of McClellan lay inactive for many hours, waiting for this intelligence. Hence, though the attack of Rosecrans was entirely successful upon the small force before him, Colonel Pegram took the alarm, and silently moved off with his main body to join Garnett at Laurel Hill. He found it impossible, however, to do so, and after lying in the woods for two days, utterly destitute of provisions, was obliged to surrender with all those of his troops who had not succeeded in getting away. This successful move captured or killed about one thousand or perhaps twelve hundred rebels.

" Meanwhile, the division of General Morris was cautiously making its way down upon the enemy from Grafton and Philippi. The command of the advance brigade was given by General Morris to his chief engineer officer, Captain Benham, of the United States Topographical Engineers, an officer of great experience and skill, whose judgment had before been tested by the conduct of several difficult operations. Captain Benham had thoroughly explored and mapped the country, and his accurate delineations of the topography had given essential aid in the planning of the expedition. When General McClellan's order was received to march upon Laurel Hill, Captain Benham arranged the plan of the march, and started at two A. M. on the 7th of July. By skillfully availing himself of the peculiarities of the country, he avoided the necessity of thrice fording a stream, as had been supposed necessary by the commanding General, in order to avoid defiles where effective resistance might be offered; and thus brought the army to its designated position some two hours earlier than would have been possible otherwise, to the complete surprise of the enemy. Here a position was chosen at Beelington, on the opposite side of the valley from Laurel Hill, and within rifle-shot of the enemy's intrenchments; and, notwithstanding repeated attacks and skirmishes with the enemy, it was successfully fortified and held till the approach of the other column.

" Upon the overthrow of Colonel Pegram at Rich Moun-

tain, General Garnett, the rebel commander, began to understand the extent of his danger, and made haste to extricate himself from a position in which he could no longer fight with advantage, nor even retreat with success. He left his intrenchments, and moved at once south toward Beverly, hoping, by great expedition, to reach that place before General McClellan should arrive. But by the time he had got within a few miles of it the fugitives from Pegram's corps informed him that the effort was hopeless. Beverly was occupied in force by the Union troops. His only remaining resource was to turn upon his steps, and retrace his path to Leedsville, where another turnpike road branched off to the north-east, on the other side of Laurel Mountain. Pursuing this route with all speed, he passed Leedsville the same afternoon, and pressed on along the base of the mountains down the Cheat River, hoping to find some practicable path across the mountains into the valley of Virginia. Throwing away, therefore, all superfluous baggage, he fled rapidly, and soon turned off from the main road into a narrow path along the mountains, in which pursuit might be more easily obstructed. Here he closed the narrow path after him, and filled every defile through which he passed, by felling the largest trees into and across it.

" His flight, however, which took place on Thursday evening, was ascertained on Friday morning by some of our men at Laurel Hill; and, on word being sent to General Morris, he gave immediate orders for pursuit, though his force was greatly inferior to that of the enemy. Following with the somewhat larger portion himself, he sent Captain Benham forward with the advance division, giving him orders to press forward after the rebels as far as Leedsville, secure the ford at that place, and await his arrival. Captain Benham set out instantly, at first with caution, for it might be only a feint to draw us on into an attack; but, on reaching the intrenchments, they were found entirely deserted, and the Captain had the pleasure to be the first officer within the abandoned works. The command pressed on to Leedsville and there halted, according to orders. This order to halt was unfortunate; had Captain

Benham been authorized to advance further, a more effectual pursuit might have been made; but, held back by positive directions, he was compelled to wait—his men under arms and ready to resume the pursuit—till General Morris arrived at ten P. M. It was then too late to move till morning; the men must have some rest; and they were allowed a brief slumber of three hours, from eleven in the evening till two A. M., when the pursuit was eagerly resumed.

“The pursuit was a memorable one. Captain Benham led, with one thousand eight hundred men, composed of Ohio and Indiana troops. General Morris followed with the rear. Up and down the mountains, through defiles, and over rugged ridges, everywhere impeded by the obstructions thrown in the way by the flying enemy—the pursuit was pressed with an ardor which was not to be repressed. Many men fell behind, exhausted with hunger and exertion.

“At length, after crossing one of the branches of Cheat River, we saw before us the provision-train of the rebels at rest; but a foolish boy firing his musket set it in motion again in full retreat, and brought out two heavy regiments to protect it, before our first regiment could reach the ford. This caused a further pursuit of three or four miles, when the train was again overtaken half across the stream; and here General Garnett made a vigorous stand for its defense.

“The locality afforded a fine position to repel our assault. Cheat River, in one of its numerous bends, winds here round a bluff of fifty or sixty feet high, the lower portion of which is covered with a dense growth of laurel, through which it is almost impossible to penetrate. On the top of this bluff he placed his cannon, which swept our approach to the ford; while his troops were drawn up in line—some two thousand in number—on either side of their guns, in a line some four hundred feet in length, with the remainder of his force within a mile. They were well protected from our fire by a fence, which showed only their heads above it, and by numerous trees which afforded them cover.

“On coming up, Colonel Dumont’s men, the Seventh Indi-

ana regiment, pressed into the stream, crossed it, and attempted to scale the bluff in front, in face of the enemy's fire of musketry and artillery, but the steepness of the ascent rendered it impossible. When Captain Benham came up he found the men climbing the steep ascent almost on their faces; and, seeing the difficulty of success, he ordered them down again into the stream. On our right was a depression in the bluff, just where a ravine came down to the river, and he directed them to try the ascent there. They did so, but found the way so steep, and so obstructed by the dense cedar roots, that they soon found this, too, impossible. Captain Benham then ordered the regiment to cross the stream, and, keeping in its bed, immediately under the bluff, to pass down it to our left, where they could gain the road. This happy manœuvre was immediately executed. The men passed down the whole front of the enemy, protected so effectually by the steepness of the bank from his fire, that they emerged on the right of the rebels without losing a man; and, as the head of the column showed itself on their flank, the rebels fled, leaving one of their guns, and a number of killed, wounded, and prisoners in our hands.

"About a quarter of a mile in advance, the river makes another turn, and here the enemy again attempted a stand. General Garnett himself bravely stood, and tried to gather his men around him, but in vain. He then begged for thirty skirmishers to go back with him and pick off our officers—as we were informed by our prisoners subsequently. A few did return with him to the bank of the stream; but, as we came up, they fired a volley and again fled, and left him with only a single companion. Our men ran forward to the bank of the stream, where a group of three cedars gave them a slight cover, and fired upon the fugitives. General Garnett was standing with his back to us, trying in vain to rally his men, when he received a Minie ball just on the left of the spine. It made a terrible wound, piercing the heart and coming out at the right nipple, and the poor General threw up his arms, and with his single companion fell dead. Our men passed over, and finding by the straps on his shoulder that he was an officer of rank,

sent word back immediately to the commanding officer. Captain Benham was still at the bluff, caring for the wounded and directing the removal of the cannon, but, on receiving the news, he at once rode forward to the spot, and himself first identified the body as that of General Garnett, late Major Garnett, U. S. A.

"The body, which had remained undisturbed, was carried, by Captain Benham's order, into a small log-house, where the General's money was taken from his pockets and counted, and, with his watch and sword, preserved for his family; his field-telescope, an elegant opera-glass, a large map of Virginia, and some small sketches of our own positions near Grafton, became the legitimate trophies of the conqueror."

The enemy was utterly broken—hopelessly defeated. Not more than two thousand of the five thousand with which Garnett had commenced his flight, escaped; and these were in such a disorganized condition as to be unavailable. Parties of them kept coming in to the Union camps for several days. They were well received and humanely cared for—hungry and almost naked, as they were in most instances. After recruiting them, the lenient policy was adopted of administering the oath of allegiance, or of a release on parole. Of course, men base enough to take up arms against their country scorned oaths and paroles; and those scoundrels, almost without exception, were soon in the ranks of the Confederates. The Union Generals were long in discovering that the best way to serve a rebel was to place him where his honor or oath were not to be called into requisition.

This infamous disregard of oaths and honor was happily illustrated in the sarcasm of a Captain in one of the Ohio regiments. A rattlesnake was caught alive on the mountains and brought into camp. After tiring of its presence, its captor asked the Captain what he should do with the reptile. "Oh, swear him and let him go!" was the curt reply.

With the destruction of Garnett's army Western Virginia was left to pursue its course of reorganization. The Wheeling Convention labored zealously and patriotically, heartily en-

dorsed in their efforts by the vast majority of people in the thirty counties west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The new State soon came up like a Phoenix, and with Governor Pierrepont at its head, became the recognized State of Virginia. Such were the fruits of McClellan's first campaign.

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## XII.

### THE FIRST DISASTER.

THE first real disaster which fell upon the Union arms occurred at Big Bethel, on York Peninsula, on Monday, June 10th. Butler, in his report, stated the reasons for the advance ordered, as follows:

"Having learned that the enemy had established an outpost of some strength at a place called Little Bethel, a small church, about eight miles from Newport News, and the same distance from Hampton, from whence they were accustomed nightly to advance both on Newport News and the picket guards of Hampton to annoy them, and also from whence they had come down in small squads of cavalry and taken a number of Union men, some of whom had the safeguard and protection of the troops of the United States, and forced them into the rebel ranks, and that they were also gathering up the slaves of citizens who had moved away and left their farms in charge of their negroes, carrying them to work in intrenchments at Williamsburg and Yorktown, I had determined to send up a force to drive them back and destroy their camp, the head-quarters of which was this small church. I had also learned that at a short distance further on, on the road to Yorktown, was an outwork of the rebels, on the Hampton side of a place called Big Bethel, a large church, near the head of the north branch of Back River, and that here was a very considerable rendezvous, with works of more or less strength in process of erection, and from this point the whole country was laid under contribution."

He accordingly ordered Brigadier-General Pierce "to send Duryea's regiment of Zouaves to be ferried over Hampton creek at one o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and to march by the road up to Newmarket bridge, then crossing the bridge, to go by a by-road, and thus put the regiment in the rear of the enemy, and between Big Bethel and Little Bethel, in part for the purpose of cutting him off, and then to make an attack upon Little Bethel." This regiment was to be supported by Colonel Townsend's regiment (Third New York volunteers) at Hampton, which was to take up its line of march at two o'clock. Colonel Phelps, at Newport News, was ordered to send forward "such companies of the regiments under his command as he thought best, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, in time to make a demonstration upon Little Bethel in front, and to have him supported by Colonel Bendix's regiment, with two field pieces." Bendix and Townsend were to form a junction at the forks of the roads leading from Hampton and Newport News, about a mile and a half from Little Bethel.

These movements were so arranged that the attack upon Little Bethel was to be made at daybreak; when, the enemy being repulsed, Duryea's Zouaves and one of the Newport News regiments were to "follow upon the heels of the flying rebels and attack the battery on the road to Big Bethel, while covered by the fugitives, or, if it was thought expedient by General Pierce, failing to surprise the camp at Little Bethel, they should attempt to take the work at Big Bethel. To prevent the possibility of mistake in the darkness, Butler directed that no attack should be made until the watchword was shouted by the attacking regiment; and, in case that, by any mistake in the march, the regiments to make the junction should unexpectedly meet and be unknown to each other, it was directed that the members of Colonel Townsend's regiment should be known, if in daylight, by something white worn on the arm."

These orders were explicit, it will be seen, and exonerate Butler from blame for the disaster which attended the expe-

dition, since, had they been carried out, the objects of the expedition would have been accomplished.

The troops were all put in motion as ordered. The beautiful night, clear with the light of stars, rendered every movement easy. The regiments had passed to their several designated positions—Duryea's in the advance and Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne with the Newport News troops close at hand. Townsend's regiment was coming up, and when within a few yards of the rendezvous, suddenly a furious fire was poured in upon his ranks, of small arms and cannon. This fire was supposed to proceed from an ambuscade of the enemy, and was returned, while the assailed regiment left the road and took the cover of a ridge in the rear. Not until several rounds had been discharged and two of Townsend's men killed and eight wounded did the assailants (who proved to be a portion of Colonel Bendix's regiment of German riflemen, together with a few companies of Massachusetts and Vermont men) discover their grievous mistake.

In the meanwhile, Colonel Duryea and Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, hearing the firing, supposed the attack to proceed from the enemy, and, fearing that their communications might be cut off, fell back. The enemy's pickets had been reached by Duryea, and five of them were captured; but, the alarm being given, and the advance retarded, the rebels had ample time to evacuate their position at Little Bethel, and to make good their retreat to Big Bethel, where they had, as it afterwards appeared, excellent defensive works, held by a North Carolina regiment, and strong batteries manned by Magruder's own choice men.

A conference was held by the several officers in command, when it was determined to push forward and assail Big Bethel—Duryea still on the advance. A messenger was dispatched to Butler giving an account of affairs, and suggesting that a regiment be sent forward as a reserve. Colonel Allen was, thereupon, thrown forward upon Hampton. No opposition was offered, save from one house, from which a shot was fired, wounding one man. The house was in flames in a few

moments. The vicinity of Big Bethel was reached by half past nine A. M. The position was thus described:

"On the right of the road as the troops advanced was a wood; in the centre lay the road, and, on their left, a large open field. The enemy's batteries were placed so as not only to command the field, which was directly in front of them, but also the road and the centre woods on its left. A private house and some outbuildings stood in the plain, so that the Secessionists were placed on a hill, backed and concealed by woods; in their entire front a stream, on the further side of that stream a large plain, with no shelter but that of one or two insignificant houses, and to the right, but commanded by their guns, a wood, through which ran the road."

The enemy opened his cannonade at the first appearance of the Federal troops. Duryea, covered by two howitzers and a brass six-pounder, took the centre; Townsend the left, near the plain, with two guns; Bendix the right, in the woods, with Lieutenant Greble serving his single piece of artillery, in front, openly. The fight was, from the first, extremely unequal. The enemy, lurking behind intrenchments, and with guns commanding the entire approach, was also further guarded by a narrow, but deep stream, passing along their entire front, and covering their flank from approach. Thus secure, the contest was alarmingly unequal. Pierce, seeing how unexpectedly warm was to be his reception, dispatched a second messenger to Butler for reenforcements, when Colonel Carr's regiment, then advanced as far as Newmarket bridge, moved to the scene of conflict—only reaching it, however, to participate in the retreat.

The fortunes of the day only needed a master-hand to direct them, to have turned in favor of the Union troops. General Pierce refrained from much command—each regiment seeming to act entirely on its own responsibility. Several most gallant advances were made by the Zouaves, up to the enemy's very face, to pick off the men lurking behind their guns. Colonel Bendix prepared for a final assault, but found no orders given for a support. Townsend's men behaved with great gallantry,

and were only brought away from the murderous fire of the artillery by the personal leadership of the Colonel, who, on his horse, rode between the fires, and compelled his troops to retire. Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne had, also, arranged for a flank movement which, with a combined attack from the front, must have ended the struggle; but the order for retreat was given before the movement could be executed. One who was present as an observer, wrote:

"The raw troops, recruits not yet two months enlisted, and many of them not having received two weeks drill, stood fire well. They were almost utterly unable to defend themselves, from the nature of things, but never flinched. Some were less disciplined than others, and their efforts less available, but no lack of the most difficult sort of courage, that which consists in enduring without the excitement of performing, was manifested. The cannonading of the enemy was incessant. Shrapnel, canister, and rifled balls came at the rate of three a minute; the only intervals being those necessary to allow their guns to cool. Our own guns, although of comparatively little use, were not idle, until the artillery ammunition was entirely exhausted. Almost all of the cartridge rounds of the Zouaves were also fired.

"At about one o'clock, Colonel Allen's regiment, the First New York, came up as a reinforcement, and, at about the same time, Colonel Carr's, of the Troy Volunteers; these also received several discharges of artillery; but did not move upon the open field, with the exception of two hundred of the Troy Rifles. Their approach, however, seemed to the commanding General to give no hope that he would be able, without more artillery, to take or silence the batteries, and, at about twenty minutes past one, he gave the order to withdraw."

The Federal loss was fourteen killed, forty-nine wounded, and five missing. Among the killed were two of the most gallant and noble men in the service—Major Theodore Winthrop, Secretary and Aid to General Butler, and First-Lieutenant John T. Greble, of the United States regular Artillery, Second regiment. The enemy pronounced his loss to have been but one killed and

four wounded. The retreat was accomplished in good order—the enemy not pursuing. A troop of cavalry sallied over the bridge, and fell upon the wagons collecting the wounded—disregarding the flag of truce borne by the Chaplain in command, but no attack was made on the lines. Colonel Phelps had dispatched two hundred and fifty men, under Colonel Hawkins, to the scene of combat; but these troops only met the retreat.

This contest excited the public mind greatly. Upon General Pierce the censure of defeat fell, with merciless severity. He was charged with inefficiency, ignorance of field manœuvres, want of pluck, etc., etc. It is questionable if the charges were wholly true. The first error was in dispatching so large a force without equivalent artillery. Had there been a dozen good field pieces, the enemy would have been driven from his position in half-an-hour. As it was, Greble's single gun did memorable service, and, had Bendix and Duryea been allowed to charge, as they wished, at a moment when it was evident that Greble and the sharpshooters had silenced over half of the enemy's guns, it is more than probable that the day would have been won. General Pierce lacked confidence in himself. It was his first experience on the battle field; he seemed confused by its responsibilities. Conceded to be a brave officer and a good disciplinarian, he still lacked the experiences of a general field command. Had he wisely conferred that command upon Duryea, or, indeed, upon any one of his Colonels, that army never would have retreated, especially after the arrival of Colonel Carr's fine troops, with their two effective pieces of artillery.

In the enemy's account of the fight, as given by the Richmond *Dispatch*, the fact was made known that Magruder commanded in person. The infantry present consisted of the First North Carolina regiment, Colonel Hill. Their guns consisted of a superb howitzer battery (seven guns), embracing one fine Parrot field-piece. The battery was worked by one hundred chosen men, under Major Randolph. The account stated, among other things:

"About nine o'clock, the glittering bayonets of the enemy appeared on the hill opposite, and above them waved the Star Spangled Banner. The moment the head of the column advanced far enough to show one or two companies, the Parrot gun of the howitzer battery opened on them, throwing a shell right into their midst. Their ranks broke in confusion, and the column, or as much of it as we could see, retreated behind two small farm-houses. From their position a fire was opened on us, which was replied to by our battery, which commanded the route of their approach. Our firing was excellent, and the shells scattered in all directions when they burst. They could hardly approach the guns which they were firing for the shells which came from our battery. Within our encampment fell a perfect hailstorm of canister-shot, bullets, and balls. Remarkable to say, not one of our men was killed, inside of our encampment. Several horses were slain by the shells and bullets.

"Finding that bombardment would not answer, the enemy, about eleven o'clock, tried to carry the position by assault, but met a terrible repulse at the hands of the infantry, as he tried to scale the breastworks. The men disregarded sometimes the defenses erected for them, and, leaping on the embankment, stood and fired at the Yankees, cutting them down as they came up. One company of the New York Seventh regiment, under Captain Winthrop, attempted to take the redoubt on the left. The marsh they crossed was strewn with their bodies. Their Captain, a fine-looking man, reached the fence, and, leaning on a log, waved his sword, crying, 'Come on, boys, one charge, and the day is ours.' The words were his last, for a Carolina rifle ended his life the next moment, and his men fled in terror back. At the redoubt on the right, a company of about three hundred New York Zouaves charged one of our guns, but could not stand the fire of the infantry, and retreated precipitately.

"During these charges, the main body of the enemy on the hill were attempting to concentrate for a general assault, but the shells from the howitzer battery prevented them. As one

regiment would give up the effort, another would be marched to the position, but with no better success, for a shell would scatter them like chaff. The men did not seem able to stand fire at all.

"About one o'clock their guns were silenced, and a few moments after, their infantry retreated precipitately down the road to Hampton."

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## XIII.

### THE SECOND DISASTER.

THE defeat of the Federal army of invasion at Bull Run Sunday, July 21st, 1861, was one of the most remarkable and mysterious affairs recorded in the annals of modern warfare. A magnificent army, having fought, against great odds, a battle of an unusually sanguinary nature, at a moment when victory was about to rest upon its standard, broke up in a panic, retreated in disorder to their farthest defenses, abandoned vast stores, artillery and equipage, forsook positions which a few brave men could have held securely, and collected in camp a disorganized and dispirited mass—all from no perceptible good reason and without being able to fasten the first fault upon any particular corps or regiment.

That the battle was virtually won by the Federal forces the rebel leaders themselves confess. Beauregard, at a dinner given him in Richmond, stated, with minuteness, the circumstances of his peril and his defeat—that he had just given the order to his aid for the grand retreat to Manassas, but retained the aid to await the solution of a single movement: a banner

was seen in the distance, to the west, advancing at the head of a division—if that of the Federals all was lost—if that of one of his own divisions it would steady the movements about to be ordered, or possibly turn the tide of defeat. He depicted the intensity of his emotions at that moment, and how his heart leaped for joy upon distinguishing, with his glass, that the flag was that of the Confederacy. The order for retreat was not issued, and soon the General-in-Chief learned that the long looked-for reenforcements from Johnson's army had arrived. This timely arrival of fourteen thousand comparatively fresh men saved Beauregard's overwhelming defeat and gave him the vantage ground. The Union troops, however, fought the way on—were pushing the enemy slowly but surely backward when, without just cause, a stampede commenced, which no power of officers, or of eminent civilians present, could prevent. The regiments of most undoubted bravery, those whose ranks were deplorably thinned by service fled in dismay before an imaginary pursuit. Artillery of the most costly and efficient character was abandoned—the gunners taking to the horses for escape. Wagons loaded with immense quantities of stores were abandoned, while the teamsters or the flying infantry seized the horses and mules to hasten in advance of the disordered mass. Officers came on without commands, wild with frenzy at the course of their troops, but perfectly powerless to stay the disgraceful scamper. A few regiments moved on in comparatively good order, but their course was Washington-ward, and no efforts to stand were made. Blenker's fine division—held as a reserve at Centerville, covered the rout in good order, but did no service as no enemy pursued. It was a causeless, senseless, disgraceful panic—one which ever will stand as one of the inexplicable phenomena of the modern battle-field.

No battle ever was fought where so many and such various opinions were expressed by those present. Many newspapers were represented by able and vigilant correspondents; numbers of Congressmen were there; eminent civilians came out to view the conflict, which was heralded by the skirmishing

of three previous days;—most all of whom published statements and narratives of the disaster, many of which disagreed in important, specific and general particulars. The statements of officers only added to the confusion, while official reports failed to throw any light upon the actual cause or the extent of the disaster.

A letter from an officer of the regular service present at the battle, gave the following general narrative of the events of the day :

"The march from our bivouac, near Centreville, was taken up at 2½ A.M. on Sunday. Among officers and men the impression prevailed that the action would occur at Bull's Run, the scene of General Tyler's repulse a day or two previously. In this they were disappointed. Tyler's brigade posted themselves at the bridge over Bull's Run, where they were ordered to feign an attack as soon as General Hunter's division were known to be in position. This order was partially obeyed. Hunter's division, composed of Burnside's brigade and Porter's brigade, after proceeding a mile beyond Centreville, made a detour to the right, and proceeded over a wood road, well covered from observation, to the left flank of the enemy at Manassas, a distance of about eight miles. At six o'clock firing was heard on the heights at Bull's Run, from a battery in Tyler's brigade, which was promptly answered by the enemy's batteries. Their position thus revealed, the advance division (Hunter's) ascended a hill at double quick, and almost immediately the Rhode Island battery and Griffin's West Point battery were in brisk action. The former was supported by the First regiment Rhode Island volunteers, who maintained their ground nobly for a half hour. At this moment Porter's brigade, composed of the Fourteenth, Seventh and Twenty-seventh New York, with a Battalion of United States marines, under Major Reynolds, and a battalion of United States Third, Second and Eighth infantry, under Major Sykes, took their position in line of battle upon a hill, within range of the enemy's fire. Burnside's battery being sorely pressed, the enemy having charged closely upon it, the gallant Colonel galloped to Major Sykes and implored him to come to his assistance. Major Sykes brought up his men at a run, and, with a deafening shout, they charged upon the enemy's skirmishers, who fled before them several hundred yards. Forming in column of divisions, Sykes' battalion advanced a considerable distance, until they drew upon themselves an intensely hot fire of musketry and artillery. This was a trying moment. The volunteers expected much of the regulars, and gazed upon them as they stood in unbroken line, receiving the fire, and return-

ing it with fatal precision. Impressions and resolutions are formed on the battle-field in an instant. The impression at this moment was a happy one, and Heintzelman's brigade coming up into line, our forces steadily advanced upon the retreating rebels. The batteries, which had been meanwhile recruited with men and horses, renewed their fire with increased effect, and our supremacy upon the field was apparent. The enemy's fire was now terrific. Shell, round-shot and grape from their batteries covered the field with clouds of dust, and many a gallant fellow fell in that brief time. At this juncture the volunteers, who hitherto had behaved nobly, seeing their ranks thinned out, many losing their field and company officers, lost confidence, and in a panic fell back. Three fresh regiments coming on the field at this time, would have formed a nucleus upon which a general rally could have been effected, but while the enemy had reenforcements pouring in upon them momentarily, our entire force was in the field and badly cut up. Thus was our action maintained for hours. The panic was momentarily increasing. Regiments were observed to march up in good order, discharge one volley, and then fall back in confusion. But there was no lack of gallantry, generally speaking, and not a great many manifestations of cowardice. Our artillery, which made sad havoc upon the rebels, had spent their ammunition or been otherwise disabled by this time, and in the absence of reenforcements, a retreat was inevitable. The time for the last attack had now come. Nearly all of the rebel batteries were in place, though silent. There was a calm—an indescribable calm. Every man on the field felt it. I doubt if any one could describe it. General McDowell was near the front of our lines, mounted on his gray charger. And here let me say, emphatically, that, whatever may be the criticisms upon his conduct by the military or the abominable stay-at-home newspaper scribblers and politicians, no braver man trod that turf at Manassas than General McDowell. Major Sykes' battalion of eight companies, five of Third infantry, two of the Second, and one of the Eighth, were marched several hundred yards to the right, and formed the right flank of the line. Several volunteer regiments were deployed as skirmishers on the centre and left. Thus they advanced to the crest of the hill. The enemy met them with batteries and musketry in front, and two batteries and a thousand cavalry on the right. The fire was terrific. We maintained our position for a half hour. Then it was discovered that the rebel cavalry were attempting to outflank our right. We had no force to resist them, and the bugle of the regulars sounded the march in retreat. This, so far as we were concerned, was conducted in good order. On Major Sykes was imposed the responsible duty of covering the retreat of the army. In this he was assisted on part of the route by the United States cavalry, under Major Palmer. The enemy followed

us with their artillery and cavalry, shelling us constantly, until we reached Centreville. Here we bivouacked for an hour, and then again took up the line of march."

This speaks for the regulars, but does meager justice to those many gallant regiments that bore the brunt of the fight; while it omits the most material incidents of the retreat. Blenker's troops (four regiments from Mills' division) covered the retreat — being specially detailed as the reserve and to hold the heights of Centreville.

From another more detailed account we glean such items as will, taken in connection with the above, give a consistent idea of the character of the contest.

"On a line, right and left with Fairfax, the entire column halted and bivouacked during the night of Wednesday the 17th. Beyond a false alarm caused by the discharge of a sentinel's musket, which aroused the entire camp, and placed the division under arms, nothing of any account occurred. Eleven rebel soldiers belonging to the Sixth Alabama regiment, and two citizens, were captured by the Fire Zouaves and brought to Colonel Blenker, who commanded them to the lock-up under a strong guard. At eight o'clock A. M., on the 18th, we broke camp and proceeded to Centreville, where the Fifth division arrived in advance of all others. Our march to this spot was difficult and dangerous. The pioncers worked like beavers; the roads were barricaded to such an extent, that we had to cut our way inch by inch. The road being straight through heavy pine woods, we were compelled to throw out skirmishers on our right and left, to guard against a surprise attack.

"At Centreville, we remained from Thursday morning until Sunday the 21st, the day of the memorable battle of Bull's Run. While the Fifth division was encamped in the valley, about half-a-mile from Centreville, the right flank of the grand column arrived, and a portion of it, in command of General Tyler, was sent in advance towards Bull's Run Creek, to reconnoitre the enemy's position and detect his batteries.

"On Friday morning the Secretary of War, accompanied by

Colonel Scott and Mr. Moore, his private secretary, arrived at the encampments, to note the position and condition of the troops. It was soon rumored that General Scott was at Centreville, and great enthusiasm was manifested by the soldiers when they were told that the veteran Commander-in-Chief was among them. The statement, however, was false, for the hero of a hundred battles was not there *pro personae*. In the evening, the commanding officers were invited to a council of war at the quarters of General McDowell.

"The orders of General Tyler, it is understood, were specific not to give the enemy battle; but the skirmishers of the Twelfth New York volunteers were scarcely one mile and a half from Centreville, before a masked battery opened upon them, killing and wounding a number of the men. The First Massachusetts, Second Wisconsin, and First Minnesota regiments suffered badly. The Twelfth regiment retreated in disorder. The Sixty-ninth, Colonel Corcoran, and the Seventy-ninth, Colonel Cameron, both New York State militia, came up to reenforce our troops, but arrived too late to render any effectual service. In fact they did not even have an opportunity to participate in this fight, all the troops having been ordered back to Centreville first. The Twelfth New York volunteers and the First Massachusetts volunteers suffered most; their loss in killed, wounded, and missing could not have been less than from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. In the evening, however, those regiments, besides the Connecticut volunteers, were moved forward, and camped upon the late battle-field, the enemy having retreated from their position. With the exception of driving in our pickets, the capture of a rebel named Wingfield, by Captain Forstner, of the Eighth regiment New York volunteers, and the surrender of an orderly sergeant, named Leadbeater, of the Virginia Ninth, our camps remained quiet until Sunday morning.

"Early Sunday morning the divisions began to move. The Warrington road was taken by the centre column; and General McDowell directed Colonel Heintzelman to march with his

division in that direction. Sherman's battery, Lieutenant Haynes' thirty-pound rifled siege gun, Parrott's patent, and Carlisle's battery accompanied this division. Further to the right, was Colonel Hunter's, Franklin's, Keyes' and Porter's divisions. Each of them were supported by artillery. At six o'clock, Lieutenant Haynes opened the ball by sending a shot from his battery, which he repeated alternately for upwards of an hour, without receiving any reply from the enemy. Finally, the rebels responded with some grape and canister, which was duly appreciated and returned with interest. The rebels seemingly had the proper range of their guns.

"The firing then became general, and the enemy slowly retreated, followed closely by our troops. An assault was contemplated; and the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, and Fire Zouaves were ordered to storm the battery. These valiant soldiers steadily advanced under a galling fire, and were almost in possession of the guns, when a tremendous volley raked their front, and they were compelled to fall back. The reason of the repulse was obvious. The field officers made a great mistake in attempting to carry a battery from the front, and neglected to deploy on the flanks. From this instant the fight became more general. The entire column on the right now pressed forward, and the Fire Zouaves, the Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-ninth regiments had actually captured three masked batteries, when an immense troop of cavalry advanced, and commenced cutting the gallant men to pieces. The Zouaves lay flat on their faces to load, and their fire was so steady and accurate, that whoever was hit by them was seen to bite the dust.

"Colonel Cameron, of the Highlanders, gallantly led on his men to the charge. The brave Scotchmen were so eager for the fight, that some of them actually stripped off their shoes and coats and rushed upon the enemy. The colonel of this fine regiment did not live long enough to see the valiant deeds of those whom he commanded, for, after discharging his revolver twice, and while in the act of shooting the third time, a ball from a musket penetrated his left breast, and he fell

from his horse upon the field. Instead of becoming disheartened by this event, the gallant Highlanders pushed on, encouraged by the brave Major McClelland (Lieutenant-Colonel Elliott not being on the ground) in their charge on the enemy. The Sixty-ninth regiment, Colonel Corcoran, also evinced the most unflinching courage, and the only charge that in any way approaches that of the rebel cavalry, was the famous charge at Balaklava; and it has yet to be proved whether it was so gallantly resisted as the charge was by these three New York regiments. The Rhode Island, Maine, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and the rest of the New York regiments all fought furiously, regardless of danger. The New York Seventy-first and Eighth regiments also signalized themselves, and clearly demonstrated that their military training was not altogether confined to parading on Broadway in full dress uniform. These men, although their term of service was about to expire, did not flinch a hair from the duty they owed to their country, and sprang forward to the charge, although their ranks were thinned.

"The Rhode Island battery did good service, the enemy at one time took the guns, but the gallant boys recaptured them with considerable slaughter. Thus the fight raged for nine consecutive hours without interruption. When our troops in the first place came upon the battle-field, on double-quick time, they were exhausted to such an extent on reaching the ground, that their tongues actually hung out of their mouths. The poor soldiers suffered terribly for the want of drinking water, and whenever a rill or a moist place was discovered, the half-famished men threw themselves upon the ground, licking the moisture. According to instructions, General Patterson was to have come to the reenforcement of our division, and was expected at Centreville at twelve o'clock noon. Had he arrived, our weary troops would have been relieved and given time to rest, while the attack would have been followed up. Everything went on gloriously until about three o'clock in the afternoon, and although a goodly number of our men were killed, still the spirit of those remaining was unbroken,

but physically they were unable to maintain their position much longer.

"Captain Ayres' battery and a portion of Rickett's battery fell into the hands of the enemy, but were retaken after an immense sacrifice of life. A regiment of Black cavalry made a circuitous dash at our right and left flanks, which was observed by the Zouaves. They immediately fell to the ground, and each marked his man. Some picked off two and three, and in less than half an hour from their first appearance the black cavalry horses were seen dashing back riderless. Only a few of this troop returned, out of about eight hundred men.

"About half-past four o'clock in the afternoon a terrible dash of cavalry and a fierce charge of artillery was made at our exhausted troops. This charge did the most devastating damage, mowing down everything in its furious career. The agonized shrieks of the wounded, the terrible roar of artillery, snorting of frightened animals, tended to strike terror into the hearts of the soldiers. In this charge, Griffin's, Rickett's and the Rhode Island batteries were taken. Those in citizen's dress became alarmed and took to their heels, taking whatever conveyance they could lay their hands upon. From them the teamsters, some five hundred, who had driven their wagons further in advance than was any necessity for, took fright. The road being very narrow, in fact a gorge, the ponderous vehicles could not be turned, and in many cases the cowardly drivers cut the traces, mounted their steeds and rode off, leaving the valuables which were entrusted to their care by the Government to take care of itself. Thus thousands of dollars worth of provisions were left behind. The army wagons dashing down the road, spread the panic among the citizens, who made all possible haste to leave so hot a neighborhood.

"Colonel Miles in the meantime had received instructions to move his reserve forward, and the German brigade, under Colonel Blenker, following Green's, Hunt's and Tidball's batteries, started on a double-quick to the scene of battle. The brigade, however, had scarcely advanced three miles from Centreville before the entire army came along, every man looking

out for himself. Through the firmness of Colonel Blenker, a short stand was made at Centreville, and the flying troops somewhat reassured. All the threats, promises and denunciations were of no avail, and the only course to be pursued was to cover the retreat as much as possible in case of a pursuit. The troops reached Fairfax in safety, and those regiments that were sent into Virginia on Sunday were ordered back, and joined the column of the retreating forces. Between Washington and Alexandria all travelling communication was cut off by the Government, so as not to allow the panic-stricken soldiers to push into the Capital."

As might be expected, the most intense feeling pervaded all classes. The defeat, at the very moment of victory, was mortifying, but the rout and demoralization was mortifying in the extreme. The public in its eager desire to find some palliation for the disaster, sought victims for its blame; and the Secretary of War—the "On to Richmond!" press—the Congressmen who had goaded General Scott by their displays of temper at his deliberate way of pressing the campaign—all suffered at the hands of the indignant people. But, as the excitement of the moment cleared away, and matters came to be understood, attention was directed to the reinforcements received by Beauregard—Johnson's entire army from Winchester: why were they allowed to escape Patterson's heavy columns sent specifically to engage the rebel, at every hazard, and thus to keep him away from Manassas? That failure to engage resulted, as Scott foreknew it must, in overpowering McDowell's thirty-two thousand men. Had Patterson detained Johnson, as ordered, all would have been well, and "On to Richmond!" would have been, in all probability, a fulfilled command.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Had the rebels been defeated at Bull Run and forced from Manassas, an armistice might have followed—doubtless would have followed; when a "settlement" would have replaced the rebels in power as in the past, to domineer over, to browbeat and insult, to cast a stigma upon, the North and its Free State senti-

ment, and have only postponed the day of final decision of the great principles of Government involved. That defeat called forth the yet but half-aroused sentiment of the North, convincing the people of the true nature of the struggle, and commanding those mighty resources which alone were capable of finally crushing out the rebellion to the last degree, leaving the great principle of the supremacy of the Central Government no longer questioned, and the right of the majority to rule a fixed fact.

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## XIV.

### INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

A VOLUME would scarcely suffice to contain all the stories related of haps and mishaps, personal achievements and adventures, incidents and anecdotes of the field of Bull Run. We can devote but a section to them, showing such as seem to illustrate, in an indirect way, the fortunes and circumstances of the struggle.

The battle consisted of a succession of fires from masked batteries, which opened in every direction, (when one was silenced, its place was supplied by two,) and in the daring charges of our infantry in unmasking them. The Second Ohio and Second New York militia were marched by flank through the woods by a new-made road, within a mile of the main road, when they came on a battery of eight guns, with four regiments flanked in the rear. Our men were immediately ordered to lie down on either side of the road, in order to allow two pieces of artillery to pass through and attack the work, when this battery opened upon us, and killed, on the third round, Lieutenant Dempsey, of company G, New York Second,

and William Maxwell, a drummer, and seriously wounding several others. Our troops were kept for fifteen or twenty minutes under a galling fire, they not being able to exchange shots with the enemy, although within a stone's throw of their batteries. They succeeded in retiring in regular order, and with their battery.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, and Thirteenth, who rushed up upon one of the batteries, firing as they proceeded, with perfect *éclat*, and attacking it with the bayonet's point. The yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the rebels had abandoned the battery, and only taken one gun, but this success was acquired only after a severe loss of life, in which the Sixty-ninth most severely suffered. The Zouaves also distinguished themselves by their spirited assaults on the batteries, at the point of the bayonet.

Colonel Cameron seemed to have a presentiment of his death. In a conversation with him at his tent, on the evening prior to the battle, he said that he had accepted the command of the gallant Highlanders because he admired them, and inasmuch as he had only a short time to live, he might as well devote it to his country. He asked a correspondent whether he was going to the battle-field. Receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Good bye, God bless you. We may meet again, but I am afraid not in this world." Some sixteen hours afterwards the gallant Colonel was shot from his horse and killed.

A member of the Sixty-ninth thus wrote of the services of that splendid regiment (composed wholly of Irish, drawn from the City of New York, and commanded by Colonel Corcoran):

"About ten o'clock we discovered two batteries, and drove the enemy out. The Sixty-ninth advanced. We went off at a run, but could not overtake the enemy, as they scattered in every direction through the woods. We kept up the run, turned to the right, waded through streams, climbed steep hills, left our battery behind us, and out-flanked the enemy, and came on them when we were not expected. The Louisiana

Zouaves were doing big damage when we came on them. We gave a yell that could be heard far above the roar of the cannon. We fired into them, and charged them with the bayonet. They were panic-stricken and fled. We covered the field with their dead. Haggarty rushed forward to take a prisoner, and lost his life. The man turned and shot him through the heart. We drove the enemy before us for some distance, then got into line and had them surrounded. General McDowell came up just then, took off his hat, and said, 'You have gained the victory.' Our next fly was at a South Carolina regiment. We killed about three hundred of them. After fighting hard for some time, we cleared the field of all the enemy. The enemy again rallying, the real fight then commenced. We were drawn up in line, and saw the other regiments trying to take the masked batteries. They were cut to pieces and scattered. We were then ordered forward to attack the batteries. We fought desperately, but we were cut down. We lost our flag, but took it back again with the assistance of a few of the Firemen Zouaves, who fought like devils. We charged a second time, but were mowed down by the grape and rifle of the enemy. We came together again, to make another charge, but we could not get together over two hundred men. We formed into a hollow square, when we saw the enemy turn out their cavalry, about a mile in length, and the hills all about covered with them, trying to surround us. All the regiments on our side were scattered and in disorder, except what were left of the Sixty-ninth. The Fire Zouaves had to retreat, leaving a number of wounded on the field. What we could gather together of our regiment marched back to Fort Corcoran during the night."

Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, had two horses killed under him during the action. After the first one was killed, by his head being shot away by a cannon-ball, his men came around him and insisted upon his going to the rear. This he positively refused to do, and continued throughout the engagement at the head of his brigade, gallantly leading them on and encouraging their efforts.

Colonel Cowdin, of the First Massachusetts regiment, was leaning his back against a tree in a very exposed position, when a friend expostulated with him for his recklessness. The Colonel said the bullet was not moulded that would shoot him that day. In a few seconds after, another personal friend came up, and putting out his hand to the Colonel, the latter stooped a little to grasp it, when a conical cannon-ball struck on the spot where an instant before was the head of Colonel Cowdin, shattering the tree into splinters. The Colonel turned about calmly and remarked, "that he was certain that the ball that would kill him was not yet cast ;" and proceeded to issue his commands.

The brave conduct of Colonel Hunter, commanding the Second division, deserves special notice. He was shot in the throat, while directing in person the Second Rhode Island regiment, in its gallant assault upon a battery. Just before being wounded, he had given an order to one of his aids for a distant regiment. The aid was about galloping off, when he saw the Colonel fall from his horse. He immediately came to his assistance, but the Colonel motioned him off, telling him "deliver your order, and never mind me—I will take care of myself."

Lieutenant-Colonel Boone, of Mississippi, one of the few prisoners taken by our troops, states that had the Union troops held their ground on the other side of Bull Run for half-an-hour longer, the entire rebel army would have given way.

A Mississippi soldier was taken prisoner by Hasbrouck, of the Wisconsin Second regiment. He turned out to be Brigadier-Quartermaster Pryor. He was captured, with his horse, as he by accident rode into our lines. He discovered himself by remarking to Hasbrouck, "We are getting badly cut to pieces." "What regiment do you belong to?" asked Hasbrouck. "The Nineteenth Mississippi," was the answer. "Then, you are my prisoner," said Hasbrouck.

The Fire Zouaves received the special attention of the "Black Horse Cavalry"—the pride of the Southern army, who had

sworn to *wipe out* the "red devils" from New York. The story of their assault was thus told :

"They came upon the Zouave regiment at a gallop, and were received by the brave firemen upon their poised bayonets, followed instantly by a volley, from which they broke and fled, though several of the Zouaves were cut down in the assault. They quickly returned, with their forces doubled—perhaps six or seven hundred—and again they dashed with fearful yells upon the excited Zouaves. This time they bore an American flag, and a part of the Zouaves supposed for an instant that they were friends, whom they had originally mistaken. The flag was quickly thrown down, however, the horses dashed upon the regiment, the *ruse* was discovered, and the slaughter commenced. No quarter, no halting, no flinching now, marked the rapid and death-dealing blows of our men, as they closed in upon the foe, in their madness and desperation. Our brave fellows fell, the ranks filled up, the sabers, bowie-knives and bayonets glistened in the sunlight, horse after horse went down, platoon after platoon disappeared—the rattle of musketry, the screams of the rebels, the shout of 'Remember Ellsworth!' from the lungs of the Zouaves, and the yells of the wounded and crushed belligerents filled the air, and a terrible carnage succeeded. The gallant Zouaves fought to the death, and were sadly cut up; but of those hundreds of Black Horse Guards, not many left that bloody encounter!"

When the Fire Zouaves stormed the masked battery at Bull Run, and were forced to fall back by the grapeshot and earthy charge, one of them was stunned by a blow from a ~~sabre~~, and fell almost under one of the enemy's guns. The ~~Confederate~~ Unionists swarmed around him like bees, but feigning ~~death~~, in the excitement he was unnoticed, and when a sally was made, managed to crawl back into the thicket inside the ~~Confederate~~ lines. Here he waited some time for an opportunity to escape, but finding none, concluded he would make the best of a bad bargain, and if he was lost, would have a little revenge before-

hand. Hastily stripping the body of a Confederate near by, he donned his uniform, and seizing a rifle, made his way to the intrenchments, where he joined the Secessionists, and, watching his opportunities, succeeded in picking off several of their most prominent officers whenever they advanced out upon the troops. Here he remained some time, until, thinking it best to leave before his disguise should be discovered, he joined a party who were about to charge upon our forces, and was, to his gratification, again captured, but this time by his own men.

A remarkable incident was related of a private of the New York Twenty-eighth regiment of volunteers: He had been wounded in the groin, and was hobbling off the field, when he was pursued and overtaken by three rebels. As the foremost one came up he laid his hand heavily upon his shoulder. The soldier stumbled forward, and as he fell he drew his bayonet the only weapon he had—from its scabbard, with which he run the rebel through the body, and, at the same time, seized upon his captor's revolver, drew it from the belt, and shot the other two. He then made good his escape, and arrived safely at Washington.

An Ohio paper correspondent adverted to the services of some of the regiments from that State in glowing strains. He said :

"The Ohio regiments were in the thickest of the fight, but fortunately lost but few men. The First regiment, under Colonel McCook, has covered itself with glory. They were detailed at an early hour in the day to hunt up batteries, and they seemed to understand that work to perfection. The Grays were sent out as skirmishers early in the morning, and drove in the pickets of the rebels, and commenced the fight. These two Ohio regiments have been trained by Colonel McCook, and were frequently brought right into the very range and front of the enemy's most terrible and formidable guns; but no sooner would they see the flash than every man was prostrate upon his face, and the balls and grape would

pass harmlessly over them; then they would up and at them with a vengeance in double-quick time."

Colonel McCook's younger brother—but seventeen years old—was a member of the Second Ohio regiment, and was left as a guard to the hospital. One of the enemy's cavalry dashed upon him and ordered him to surrender; the brave youth, with fixed bayonet, steady nerve, and cool bearing, replied, "I never surrender!" The father, Judge McCook, who had all the day been arduously engaged in assisting and taking care of the wounded, bringing them in from the field, and that, too, at the imminent peril of his own life, was in the hospital tent and heard the order to his son, and saw others of the enemy's cavalry near by, and rushed out, and speaking in a loud tone, "Charley, surrender, for God's sake, or you are lost." Charley turned to his father, and with all the lion in his countenance, replied, "Father, I will never surrender to a rebel." In a moment a ball pierced his spine, but he instantly discharged his musket at the rebel horseman, and laid him low in death, and then fell himself. The rebels then undertook to drag him off, but his father rushed in and released him, and he died Monday morning. His body was brought away by his father, and was sent to Ohio for burial. The Colonel McCook above alluded to was afterwards the well known General McCook in Halleck's army.

Colonel W. R. Montgomery, for thirty years an efficient officer of the United States Army, who had seen service wherever during that time it was to be seen, was in command of the First New Jersey regiment. In the midst of the torrent of the retreat, he stemmed its tide, forced his regiment in good order through its surge of men and horses and wagons, which carried back with them his associate regiment, the Second New Jersey, Colonel McLean, but had no effect on him. With exhortations, remonstrances and bayonets, he checked, but could not stop the disastrous flight. Abandoned by Colonel McLean and the Second, he pressed on alone, and alone his regiment reached the field, and took the post which his

orders indicated, formed in square to receive the enemy's cavalry, and *staid five hours on the battle-field waiting for orders.*

With regard to this flight, much was, at the time, written as to the bad effects of the civilians present. It was stated and believed that their scampering away from danger first alarmed the teamsters, and thus produced the panic. It would appear that a few men here and ~~there~~ in citizens' dress, could have very little to do in creating a panic, even if they did run. But testimony is abundant that these non-professional soldiers really acted a noble part—that they, in reality, greatly aided in restraining the headlong flight of brave regiments from the battle-field. An eye-witness wrote to the *National Intelligencer*: "Whatever credit there was in stopping that rout, is due wholly to Senators Wade and Chandler; Representatives Blake, Riddle and Morris; Mr. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate; Mr. Eaton of Detroit, and Thomas Brown of Cleveland. These gentlemen, armed with Maynard rifles and navy revolvers, sprang suddenly from their carriages some three miles this side of Centreville, and, presenting their weapons, in loud voices commanded the fugitives to halt and turn back. Their bold and determined manner brought most at that point to a stand-still. Many on horseback attempted to dash by them, and had their horses seized by the bits. Some of the fugitives were armed, and menaced these gentlemen; and one, a powerful man, supposed to be a teamster, shot Mr. Eaton through the wrist, as he held his horse by the bridle-rein. None, however, were permitted to pass, except an army courier, who exhibited his dispatches. Mr. Wade and his party held the crowd until the arrival of the First New Jersey regiment, then on its way toward the battle-ground, the Colonel of which turned back the flying soldiers and teamsters. Two or three officers were stopped and turned back." We are glad to record this, to so well-known men, simple justice. Congressman Ely, of New York, was taken prisoner in his efforts to keep the men up to the assault.

General McDowell was so overcome by fatigue, that while writing a short dispatch in the telegraph office, at Fairfax, he

fell asleep three times. He had been busy all the night preceding in making preliminary arrangements, and had been in the saddle from two o'clock in the morning until ten at night. At nine and a half o'clock his dispatch was received at Washington, announcing his retreat, and his purpose to make a stand at Centreville. At one and a half A. M. it was announced that he would fall back to Fairfax. It was left to his own judgment whether to retire to the Potomac line or not.

Regarding the barbarity of the rebels, the stories told almost defied belief. The New York *Herald* correspondent wrote: "The barbarity practiced by the rebels towards wounded men in this encounter, throws to the winds the boasted chivalry of the South, and their assumption of Samaritan tenderness. They trampled the wounded and dying victims of their powder and lead to the ground—fired upon nurses engaged in carrying away the mortally wounded—threw hot shot into buildings used as hospitals, setting fire to them. The rebels engaged with our forces at Bull's Run committed all those diabolical deeds, which have, as yet, only been equalled by the East India Sepoys and the Tartars of old. They commenced these acts on Thursday, this side of Bull's Run, on the wounded of the First Massachusetts and Twelfth New York volunteer regiments, and continued it on Sunday."

Such were the atrocities committed that a committee of investigation was appointed by the Federal Congress to inquire into and report concerning the matter. This was done, and the report presented showed such a state of barbarism to have prevailed on the field, after the battle was over, too shocking for belief. But the evidence is complete, and the insurgents must forever remain under the infamy of the dark record. Like the succeeding massacre of black soldiers at Fort Pillow—like the prearranged starvation of Federal prisoners in the prison pens of Andersonville and Saulsbury, and the Libby Prison, it proves that the spirit of treason was the spirit of the devil.

## XV.

### THE THIRD DISASTER.

THE Ball Bluff defeat, October 21st, 1861, was a melancholy affair resulting not only in disaster to our arms but in great loss of life, owing to a deficiency of transportation. Men were pressed by superior numbers back upon the river, (the Potomac,) there to find no adequate provision made for their safe passage over. Many were, therefore, killed in making a last desperate stand at the river's bank, many plunged into the river only to be swept down by the current, many were taken prisoners—disasters which came after the battle was closed by defeat. The ranks of the regiments came forth from the conflict literally riddled, and their gallant leader, Colonel Baker, was among the slain. It was not a Bull's Run stampede; but a fearful sacrifice of men whose devotion and courage rendered their loss all the more keenly deplored.

For several days prior to the 21st, the brigades on the right bank of the Potomac, above the Chain Bridge and the Falls of the Potomac, had been pushed up in the direction of Leesburg. These brigades, however, commanded by General McCall, did not advance further than Drainesville, twelve miles south-east of Leesburg, although their scouts were pushed forward to Goose Creek, four miles from that place. On Saturday and Sunday General McCall made two reconnoissances towards Leesburg, and could find no trace of the enemy. The country people declared that the rebels had abandoned that place some days before.

It was believed at Washington that Leesburg had been evacuated by the rebels, that they had retired from that place to Aldie, ten miles south-west, where they were fortifying. Aldie is a stronger position than Leesburg, for there the rebels could place Goose Creek between themselves and the advancing Union troops. Goose Creek is about the size of Bull's Run, but has high and steep banks, and cannot be crossed by artillery, except by bridges. On the right bank of the creek are some high hills admirably calculated for defense, and these, it was understood, the rebels were fortifying. These facts, or rather, these reports, were current in the army and in Washington.

General Stone, upon his own responsibility, it would appear, determined upon a demonstration toward Leesburg, looking to its occupation.

McCall's movement upon Drainesville had excited the attention of the enemy, it appeared; for a regiment soon appeared near Edwards' Ferry, evidently to watch the movements of Stone. This regiment took position on a hill about one mile and a half from the ferry. It afterwards proved that the regiment was only "a blind"—that General Evans' forces, five thousand strong, had not evacuated Leesburg, but had *feinted* the evacuation to draw on the Federal forces.

Stone having completed his arrangements, October 20th, proceeded, at one P. M., to Edwards' Ferry, from Poolsville, with Gorman's brigade, the Seventh Michigan volunteers, two troops of the Van Alen cavalry, and the Putnam Rangers, sending at the same time to Harrison's Island and vicinity four companies of the Fifteenth Massachusetts volunteers, under Colonel Devens, (who had already one company on the island,) and Colonel Lee with a battalion of the Twentieth Massachusetts. And to Conrad's Ferry, a section of Vaughn's Rhode Island battery and the Tammany regiment, under Colonel Cogswell. A section of Bunting's New York State militia battery, under Lieutenant Bramhall, was at the time on duty at Conrad's Ferry, and Rickett's battery, already posted at Edwards' Ferry, under Colonel Woodruff. Orders were also

sent to Colonel Devens, at Harrison's Island, some four miles up the river, to detach Captain Philbrick and twenty men to cross from the island and explore by a path through woods little used, in the direction of Leesburg, to see if he could find anything concerning the enemy's position in that direction; but to retire and report on discovering any of the enemy.

General Gorman was ordered to deploy his forces in view of the enemy, and in so doing, no movement of the enemy was excited. Three flat-boats were ordered, and at the same time shell and spherical case shot was thrown into the place of the enemy's concealment. This was done to produce an impression that a crossing was to be made. The shelling of Edwards' Ferry, and launching of the boats, induced the quick retirement of the enemy's force seen there, and three boat-loads, of thirty-five men each, from the First Minnesota, under cover of the shelling, crossed and recrossed the river, the boats consuming in crossing from three to seven minutes. The spirit displayed by officers and men at the thought of crossing the river was cheering, and satisfied the General that they could be depended on for gallant service.

As darkness came on, General Stone ordered Gorman's brigade and the Seventh Michigan to fall back to their respective camps, but retained the Tammany regiment, the companies of the Fifteenth Massachusetts and artillery near Conrad's Ferry, in their position, waiting the result of Captain Philbrick's scout, he (Stone) remaining with his Staff at Edwards' Ferry. About four P. M., Lieutenant Howe, Quartermaster of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, reported to General Stone that Captain Philbrick had returned to the island after proceeding, unmolested, to within a mile and a half of Leesburg, and that he had there discovered, in the edge of a wood, an encampment of about thirty tents, which he approached to within twenty-five rods without being challenged, the camp having no pickets out any distance in the direction of the river.

General Stone at once sent orders to Colonel Devens to cross four companies of his regiment to the Virginia shore, and

march silently, under the cover of night, to the position of the camp referred to, to attack and destroy it at daybreak, pursue the enemy lodged there as far as would be prudent with the small force, and return rapidly to the island; his return to be covered by the Massachusetts Twentieth, which was directed to be posted on a bluff directly over the landing place. Colonel Devens was ordered to use this opportunity to observe the approaches to Leesburgh, and the position and force of the enemy in the vicinity, and in case he found no enemy, or found him only weak and in a position where he could observe well and be secure until his party could be strengthened sufficiently to make a valuable reconnaissance, which should safely ascertain the position and force of the enemy, to hold on and report. Orders were dispatched to Colonel Baker, to send the First California regiment to Conrad's Ferry, to arrive there at sunrise, and to have the remainder of his brigade in a state of readiness to move after an early breakfast. Also to Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, to move with a battalion of a regiment to the river bank opposite Harrison's Island, to arrive there by daybreak. Two mounted howitzers, from Rickett's battery, were detailed to the tow-path opposite Harrison's Island.

In order to distract attention from Colonel Devens' movement, and at the same time to effect reconnaissance in the direction of Leesburgh from Edwards' Ferry, General Stone ordered General Gorman to throw across the river at that point, two companies of First Minnesota, under cover of fire from Rickett's battery, and sent a party of thirty-one Van Alen cavalry, under command of Major Mix, accompanied by Captain Charles Stewart, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain Murphy, Lieutenants Pierce and Gouraud, with orders to advance along Leesburgh road until they should come to the vicinity of the battery, which was known to be on that road, and then turn to the left, and examine the heights between that and Goose Creek; see if any of the enemy were posted in that vicinity, ascertain as near as possible their number and disposition, examine the country with reference to the passage

of troops to the Leesburgh and Georgetown turnpike, and return rapidly to cover behind the skirmishers of the First Minnesota.

This reconnoissance was most gallantly made by all in the party, which proceeded along the Leesburgh-road nearly three miles from the ferry, and when near the position of a hidden battery, came suddenly on a Mississippi regiment about thirty-five yards distant, received its fire and returned it with their pistols. The fire of the enemy killed one horse, but Lieutenant Gouraud, the gallant Adjutant of the cavalry battalion, seized the dismounted man, and drawing him on his horse behind him carried him safely from the field. One private of the Fourth Virginia cavalry was brought off by the party, and as he was well mounted and armed, his mount replaced the one lost by the fire of the enemy.

Meantime Colonel Devens on the right, having in pursuance of his orders arrived at the position indicated by the scouts as the site of the enemy's camp, found that they had been deceived by the uncertain light, and had mistaken the openings in the trees for a row of tents. He found however, wood, in which he concealed his force from view, and proceeded to examine the space between that and Leesburgh, sending back word to General Stone, that thus far he could see no enemy. Immediately on receipt of this intelligence, which was carried by Lieutenant Howe, Quartermaster of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, General Stone ordered a non-commissioned officer and ten cavalry to join Colonel Devens, for the purpose of scouring the country near him, while he continued his reconnoissance, and to give him due notice of the approach of any enemy, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, with his battalion of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, should move on to Smart's Mill, half-a-mile to the right of the crossing-place of Colonels Devens and Lee, where, in strong position, he could watch and protect the flank of Colonel Devens on his return, and secure a second crossing-place more favorable than the first, and connected by a good road with Leesburgh.

Captain Candy, Assistant Adjutant-General, and General Lander, accompanied the cavalry, to serve with it.

The battalion under Colonel Ward was detained on the bluff in the rear of Colonel Devens, instead of being directed to the right.

Stone said in his official report: "For some reason never explained to me, neither of these orders were carried out. The cavalry were transferred to the Virginia shore, but were sent back without having left the shore to go inland, and thus Colonel Devens was deprived of the means of obtaining warning of any approach of the enemy." The report then went on to state the orders given to Colonel Baker, under which he acted, viz.:

"Colonel Baker having arrived at Conrad's Ferry, with the First California regiment at an early hour, proceeded to Edwards' Ferry, and reported to me in person, stating that his regiment was at the former place, and the three other regiments of his brigade ready to march. I directed him to Harrison's Island to assume command, and in a full conversation explained to him the position as it then stood. I told him that General McCall had advanced his troops to Drainsville, and that I was extremely desirous of ascertaining the exact position and force of the enemy in our front, and exploring, as far as it was safe, on the right towards Leesburgh, and on the left towards the Leesburgh and Gum Spring road. I also informed Colonel Baker that General Gorman, opposite Edwards' Ferry, should be reenforced, and that I would make every effort to push Gorman's troops carefully forward, to discover the best line from that Ferry to the Leesburgh and Gum Spring road, already mentioned, and the position of the breastworks and hidden batteries, which prevented the movement of troops directly from left to right, were also pointed out to him.

"The means of transportation across, of the sufficiency of which he (Baker) was to be the judge, was detailed, and authority given him to make use of the guns of a section each of Vaughan's and Bunting's batteries, together with French's mountain howitzers (of Rickett's battery), all the troops of his brigade and the Tammany regiment, beside the Nineteenth and part of the Twentieth regiments of Massachusetts volunteers. I left it to his discretion, after viewing the ground, to retire from the Virginia shore under the cover of his guns and the fire of the large infantry force, or to pass our reenforcements in case he found it

practicable, and the position on the other side favorable. I stated that I wished no advance made unless the enemy were of inferior force, and under no circumstance to pass beyond Leesburgh, or a strong position between it and Goose Creek, on the Gum Spring, *i. e.*, the Manasses road. Colonel Baker was cautioned in reference to passing artillery across the river, and I begged, if he did so, to see it well supported by good infantry. The General pointed out to him the position of some bluffs on this side of the river, from which artillery could act with effect on the other, and, leaving the matter of crossing more troops or retiring what were already over, to his discretion, gave him entire control of operations on the right. This gallant and energetic officer left me about nine A. M. or half-past nine, and galloped off quickly to his command."

This statement is precise, and if Colonel Baker was caught without transports for a retreat, was surprised by an overwhelming force which cut off his retreat, in part, it was not General Stone's fault, if the orders explicitly detailed above were given and were understood. Baker's friends as explicitly state that he undertook the enterprize, conscious that he should be overwhelmed, and that he so expressed himself to General Stone, urging the practical impossibility, with the transports at his disposal, of throwing over the river the force which he deemed safe—but was ordered forward. From an examination of all the evidence produced, we credit the General's statement, and feel that the censures heaped upon him were really unmerited.

Reenforcements were rapidly thrown to the Virginia side by General Gorman, at Edwards' Ferry, and his skirmishers and cavalry scouts advanced cautiously and steadily to the front and right, while the infantry lines were formed in such position as to act rapidly and in concert, in case of an advance of the enemy, and shells were thrown by Lieutenant Woodruff's Parrott guns, especial care being taken to annoy the enemy by the battery on the right.

Messengers from Harrison's Island informed General Stone, soon after the arrival of Colonel Baker opposite the island, that he was crossing his whole force as rapidly as possible, and that he had caused an additional flat-boat to be lifted from the canal into the river, and had provided a line, by which to cross the boats more rapidly.

During the morning a sharp skirmish took place, between two of the advance companies of the Fifteenth Massachusetts and a body of about one hundred strong of Mississippi riflemen, during which a body of the enemy's cavalry appeared, causing Colonel Devens to fall back in good order on Colonel Lee's position, after which he again advanced, his officers and men behaving admirably, fighting, retiring, and advancing in perfect order, and exhibiting every proof of high courage and good discipline. Had he, at this time, had the cavalry scouting party which was sent him in the morning, but which, most unfortunately, had been turned back without his knowledge, he could, doubtless, have had timely warning of the approach of the superior force, which afterwards overwhelmed his regiment and their brave commander and comrades. To that surprise was owing the disaster.

General Stone, evidently thinking that Colonel Baker might be able to use more artillery, dispatched to him two additional pieces of Vaughan's battery, supported by two companies of infantry, with directions to its officer to come into position below the place of crossing, and report to Colonel Baker. Later in the day, and but a short time prior to the arrival of the guns, Colonel Baker suggested the same movement to General Stone, thus justifying the General's opinion.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* said, in reference to the transports and their apparent want of capacity :

"After Colonel Devens' second advance, Colonel Baker seems to have gone to the field in person, but he has left no record of what officers and men he charged with the care of the boats, and insuring the regular passage of the troops. If any one was charged with this duty, it was not performed, for it appears that the reenforcements, as they arrived, found no system enforced, and the boats were delayed most unnecessarily in transporting back, a few at a time, the wounded that happened to arrive with attendants. Had an efficient officer been in charge at each landing, with one company guarding the boats, their full capacity would have been made serviceable, and sufficient men would have passed on to secure the

success of his operation. The forwarding of artillery (necessarily a slow process) before its supporting force of infantry, also impeded the rapid assembling of an imposing force on the Virginia shore. The infantry which was waiting with impatience should have been first transported, and this alone would have made a difference in the infantry line at the time of attack of at least one thousand men—enough to have turned the scale in our favor."

It was about one o'clock p. m., when the enemy appeared in force, in front of Colonel Devens. A sharp skirmish then ensued, which was maintained for some time by the Massachusetts Fifteenth. Unsupported, and finding himself about to be outflanked, Colonel Devens retired a short distance in good order, and took up a position in the edge of the wood, about half-a-mile in front of Colonel Lee's position, where he remained until two p. m., when he again retired with the approach of Colonel Baker, and took his place in line with those portions of the Twentieth Massachusetts and First California regiments which had arrived.

Colonel Baker at once formed his line, awaiting the attack of the enemy, which came upon him with great vigor about three p. m., and was met with admirable spirit by our troops, who, though evidently struggling against largely superior numbers, nearly if not quite three to one, maintained their ground and a most destructive fire upon the enemy.

Colonel Cogswell, with a small portion of his regiment, succeeded in reaching the field in the midst of the heaviest fire, and they went gallantly into action with a yell, which wavered the enemy's line.

Lieutenant Bramhall, of Bunting's battery, had succeeded, after exertions of labor, in bringing up a piece of the Rhode Island battery, and Lieutenant French, First artillery, his two mountain howitzers; but while for a short time these maintained a well-directed fire, both officers and nearly all the men were soon borne away wounded, and the pieces were handed to the rear to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

At about four o'clock P. M., Colonel Baker, pierced by a number of balls, fell at the head of his command, while cheering on his men, and by his own example maintaining the obstinate resistance they were making. In full uniform, with a "regulation" hat and feather, and mounted on his horse, he was a conspicuous mark for the bloodthirsty traitors. He was one of the finest appearing men in full uniform and mounted that I have seen in the service. Entirely regardless of personal safety, he led and cheered on his men. He remarked to those around him, "A rascal up in that tree has fired at me five or six times;" and the rascal in the tree was speedily brought down by a well-directed ball. Shortly after this Colonel Baker was surrounded by a body of rebel cavalry and taken prisoner; but the right wing of the battalion charged with the bayonet, routed the cavalry, killed numbers of them, and recaptured their Colonel.

But a few minutes had elapsed, however, before a tall, ferocious Virginian, with red hair and whiskers, came rushing from behind a tree, with a huge revolver in his hand, and, placing the weapon almost against the Colonel's head, inflicted a mortal wound. Not satisfied with his deadly work, he fired the second ball, while simultaneously the body was pierced with four bullets from the tops of trees, and the brave Colonel fell lifeless from his horse.

Captain Louis Berial, of New York city, commanding Company G., California regiment, seeing the assassination of Colonel Baker, rushed upon the ruffian, seized him by the throat, and shot him dead on the spot with his revolver.

Colonel Lee then took command, and prepared to commence throwing our forces to the rear, but Colonel Cogswell, of the Tammany regiment, being found to be senior in rank, assumed command, and ordered dispositions to be made immediately for marching to the left, and cutting a way through to Edwards' Ferry.

Unfortunately, just as the first dispositions were being made, an officer of the enemy rode rapidly in front of the Tammany regiment and beckoned them towards the enemy.

Whether the Tammany understood this as an order from one of our officers, or an invitation to close work, is not known; but the men responded to the gesture with a yell, and charged forward, carrying with them in their advance the rest of the line, which soon received a murderous fire from the enemy at close distance. Our officers rapidly recalled the men, but in the position they had now placed themselves, it was impracticable to make the movement designed, and Colonel Cogswell reluctantly gave the order to retire. The enemy pursued our troops to the edge of the bluff over the landing-place, and thence poured in a heavy fire on the men who were endeavoring to cross to the island.

Rapid as the retreat necessarily was, there was no neglect of orders. The men formed near the river, deploying as skirmishers, and maintained for twenty minutes or more the unequal and hopeless contest rather than surrender.

The smaller boats had disappeared, no one knew whither. The largest boat, rapidly and too heavily laden, swamped some fifteen feet from the shore, and nothing was left to the gallant soldiers but to swim, surrender or die.

With a devotion worthy of the cause they are serving, officers and men, while quarter was being offered to such as would lay down their arms, stripped themselves of their swords and muskets and hurled them out into the river to prevent their falling into the hands of the foe, and saved themselves as they could by swimming, floating on logs, and concealing themselves in bushes and forests to make their way up and down the river, back to a place of crossing.

The *Times* correspondent, already quoted from, and who appears to have been in the confidence of General Stone, said :

" While these scenes were being enacted on the right, General Stone was preparing for a rapid push forward to the road by which the enemy would retreat if driven, and entirely unsuspecting of the perilous condition of the troops on the right. The additional artillery had already been sent in anticipation, and General Stone was told by a messenger from Baker's position, that the Colonel could, without doubt, hold his own in case he did not advance. Half an hour later—say at half-past

three P. M.—a similar statement was made by another messenger from Colonel Baker, and it was the expectation of General Stone that an advance on the right would be made, so that he could push forward General Gorman. It was, as had been explained to Colonel Baker, impracticable to throw Gorman's brigade directly to the right, by reason of the battery in the wood, between which we had never been able to reconnoitre."

Presuming that all was progressing favorably, Stone telegraphed to General Banks requesting him to send a brigade of his division, intending it to occupy the ground on the Maryland side of the river, near to Harrison's Island, which could be abandoned in case of a rapid advance.

Captain Candy arrived at head-quarters from the field of Colonel Baker about five P. M., and announced to General Stone the news of Colonel Baker's death, but giving no news of further disaster, though he stated that reenforcements were slow. General Stone telegraphed this fact to General Banks, and the fact of Colonel Baker's death, and instantly rode to the right to assume command. Before he reached the point opposite the island, evidences of disaster began to be met, in men who had crossed the river by swimming, and on reaching the landing the fact was asserted in a manner leaving no possible doubt. It was reported to General Stone that the enemy's force was ten thousand—an evident exaggeration. He gave orders to hold the island for the removal of the wounded, and established a patrol on the tow-path from opposite the island to the line of pickets near Monocacy, and then returned to the left, to secure the troops there from disaster, preparing means of removing them as rapidly as possible.

Orders arrived from head-quarters of the army of the Potomac to hold the island and Virginia shore at Edwards' Ferry at all hazards, and promising reenforcements, and General Stone forwarded additional intrenching tools to General Gorman, with instructions to intrench and hold out against any force that might appear. That evening General Stone learned by telegraph that General Banks was on the way to reenforce him, and at about three A. M., he arrived and assumed command.

## XVI.

### INCIDENTS OF THE BALL'S BLUFF DISASTER.

THE instances of personal gallantry of the highest order were so many, that it would be unjust now to detail particular cases. Officers displayed for their men, and men for their officers, that beautiful devotion which is only to be found among true soldiers. Regiment after regiment of fresh rebel troops came rushing upon them down the hill, yelling like fiends, and pouring in deadly volleys, while the trees still swarmed with riflemen, who made the air black with bullets aimed at our devoted little band. At times the contending parties were within four or five feet of each other; still our men stood steadily, returning their fire, or plunging at them with the bayonet. So near were they at one time that our men actually caught a lieutenant, by seizing him as he stood in the enemy's ranks. He was taken over the river safely by his captors.

During the fiercest portion of the struggle, an officer, mounted on a fine horse, rushed forward from the woods, exclaiming to the Federal force behind him: "Rally on me, boys!" Knowing that other Union regiments were to cross another ferry, some of our men were deceived and followed the horseman; but they were led as sheep to the slaughter, for they had proceeded but a few rods when a deadly volley was poured into them, killing many and hastily dispersing the rest. In a few minutes the same man appeared again, to try the same game. Colonel Baker chanced to see him and exclaimed,

"Good heaven ! there is Johnson, what is he doing there ?" It was not the rebel General, however, but some other, equally bold and unscrupulous.

The apparent desertion of Leesburg was only a ruse on the part of the enemy, who had drawn their forces out of the town, and were posted in strength in such positions between Leesburg and the river, that they could enfilade our advancing columns, and attack them not only in front and in the flanks, but in the rear also. Skirmishers were thrown out as the column advanced, but no signs of an enemy were seen, until the brigade had advanced fully half-way to their destination. The first intimation of the presence of the enemy was the simultaneous discharge of about a hundred rifles, from a thicket on the top of an eminence. The fire was received by the right wing of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, who were in the advance. A lieutenant and six or eight men were killed, and eighteen severely wounded. Three companies, however, immediately dashed up the slope, in the direction of the fire, and, on reaching the spot, found themselves confronted with a regiment of Mississippi riflemen, who, reserving their fire till our brave fellows were within thirty yards, poured into them another volley. A captain, a lieutenant, and twelve or thirteen men were killed by this discharge. Our men, however, nothing daunted, delivered their fire with good effect, and then charged with the bayonet. The enemy did not wait for the latter, but cut and ran towards Leesburg in disorder. Colonel Devens then pushed on, but soon found that even that apparent flight was a ruse to draw him on. He was soon so surrounded as to have but little hope of the escape of a single person in his ranks. It is stated that the conduct of Colonel Baker, in his effort to rescue the Massachusetts and other men, under fire, was heroic beyond description.

Just prior to the fall of Colonel Baker, the enemy made a flank movement to turn the latter's line. Colonel Baker, perceiving this, immediately wrote an order to be conveyed to the Tammany companies, which had just arrived, and while the right was facing his command, to meet the flank move-

ment, and when about giving orders to charge, he was killed, falling ten feet in advance of his column.

One of the bravest of the brave was Lieutenant Bramhall, of the New York Ninth. He was in command of two pieces of artillery, one of which was left on the island when the advance was made. During the fight he was wounded by a spent ball in his back, and had two other bullets pass through him, through his side. He was carried to the island. When the rout took place, he asked Rev. Mr. Scanlan what he should do with his battery, where he should place it to cover the retreat. Then, as the thought flashed into his mind, said, "I will place it to cover Conrad's Ferry." And though thus wounded, he called two soldiers to his aid, who carried him in their arms round the island, and sustained him while he placed his battery in position! He was about 23 years of age. Besides these wounds, he had six bullets pass through his clothes and hat. One struck the scabbard of his sword. It was only till he had got every thing right about his guns that he would allow himself to be brought from the island.

A German sergeant, on seeing his captain fall, toward the close of the fight, collected four or five files of his company, about a dozen men altogether, and crying, "Boys, we can only die once; we'll avenge the captain's death." led them fighting into the very heart of the enemy's position. He immediately disappeared, and nothing was afterward seen of him or any of his band.

The officers and men behaved with the most extraordinary courage. They were pressed by an overpowering force, but stood firm until their whole supply of ammunition was exhausted, and then retreated to the river, and threw their guns and swords into it to prevent the enemy getting possession of them. Colonel Raymond Lee and staff were furnished with a skiff to make their escape. The Colonel gallantly refused, and gave orders to use it for conveying the wounded across the river. It was filled with wounded, who reached the Maryland shore in safety, and the humane and gallant officer was taken prisoner.

Many of the survivors of the fight escaped by swimming. Captain Crowninshield, long known in Harvard as the stroke-oar of the boat club, swam to Harrison's Island, without clothing, and saving nothing but his watch, which he carried in his mouth. Being greatly fatigued, he turned in beneath the most convenient hay-rick, and slept till morning, when, in the hurry of departure, and the especial anxiety of procuring clothes, he departed without giving a thought to the watch which he had taken such pains to keep possession of the night before, and which he had tucked away beside him before going to sleep.

A story was related of an Irishman in company D, of the Massachusetts Fifteenth, which is very funny. When the retreat was ordered, he threw off his coat and pants and plunged into the icy current of the Potomac. He swam boldly across the river, and had just gained the Maryland shore, when he remembered that he had left \$13 25 in the pocket of his coat. "Be jabers, Billy," said he, "thim thirteen dollars is in me coat, and the bloody rebels will git 'em, and besides, I can't consint to part with the amount, so I'll jist go for them," and in he plunged again. He got safely over, found his coat, secured his money, and recrossed the river. I saw him in camp this afternoon, and congratulated him on his pluck, endurance and success, to which he replied, "Oh, yis sir, 'twas all I'd saved from my three months' sarvice, and I'm very fond of me pipe."

A most exciting scene transpired at the sinking of the launch, in which were some sixty wounded men, and twenty or thirty members of the California First. The launch had been safely taken half way across the river, when, to their utter consternation, it was discovered that it was leaking, and the water gradually, but surely, gaining upon them. The wounded were lying on the bottom of the launch—some shot in the head, others mangled by the tramp of cavalry, and others suffering intolerably from their various dislocations, wounds and injuries, and all soaking in water, which, at the very start, was fully four inches deep. As the water grew

deeper and rose above the prostrate forms of the wounded, their comrades lifted them into sitting postures, that they might not be strangled by the fast-rising stream. Despite all that could be done, the fate of the launch, and all that were in it, with the exception of a few expert swimmers, was sealed; suddenly, and like a flash of lightning, the rotten craft sank, carrying with it at least fifty dying, mangled, groaning sufferers, and some twenty or thirty others, who had trusted their lives to its treacherous hold.

After all was finished, and the fragments of the regiments were brought together at the water's edge, it was determined to push upward along the shore, with the uncertain hope of finding some means of recrossing to the Maryland side. In the event of meeting the enemy, however, it was determined to surrender at once, since any contest under the circumstances would be a useless sacrifice of life. After progressing a mile or so, the officers (Captains Bartlett and Tremlett, and Lieutenants Whittier and Abbott) discovered a mill, surrounded by cottages, about which numbers of persons were seen moving. Here it seemed that they must yield. The officers ordered a halt, and directed the men to cast all their arms into the river, so that the enemy should gain as little as possible by the surrender. Lieutenant Whittier walked on in advance with a white handkerchief tied on his sword, to be used when occasion should demand. The first person met was an old negro, who, though greatly terrified, contrived to reveal that an old boat was stored near the mill, which might be bailed out and used to convey the fugitives across the river. A gift of five dollars insured his services, and the boat was in due time launched and ready for use. It was small, and only a few could pass at each trip. Until dawn it passed back and forth, until all were transferred in safety. One officer went over in the third boat, to keep the men well together on the Maryland side; the others waited till the last. For that service the old negro was afterwards dreadfully whipped, and only escaped more tortures by "passing over Jordan"—crossing the Potomac and making his way to Pennsylvania.

Before starting upon the expedition on Monday morning, the men had left their knapsacks and blankets upon Harrison's Island. In the retreat it was impossible for more than a few to gather them up again. A Lieutenant volunteered on Wednesday, after the island had been visited by the rebel scouts, to go over with five and collect what remained. He did so, and returned with more than a hundred knapsacks and blankets, to the great comfort of many of the men who had suffered from the icy weather. While there, the men scoured nearly the whole island, but could not be persuaded to enter the building which had been used as a hospital, in which so many corpses of their former comrades lay.

The loss of the Federals in this affair never was accurately stated. About seventy were killed; as many were drowned and shot in the water; over one hundred and fifty were wounded; and about four hundred were taken prisoners. The rebel General in command, Evans, in his report of the affair, stated his forces to have been twenty-five hundred, and his loss to have been three hundred killed and wounded. The Federal force, all told, was seventeen hundred and fifty.

NOTE.—As to the responsibility of the movement made, and of the surprise, the following orders will afford due light; they were found in the Colonel's hat, underneath the lining. Both were deeply stained with Colonel Baker's blood, and one of the bullets, which went through his head, carried away a corner of the first:

EDWARDS' FERRY, October 21st, 1861.

*Colonel E. D. Baker, Commander of Brigade:*

COLONEL: In case of heavy firing in front of Harrison's Island, you will advance the California regiment of your brigade, or retire the regiments under Colonels Lee and Devens, now on the [almost rendered illegible by blood] Virginia side of the river, at your discretion—assuming command on arrival.

Very respectfully, Colonel, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES P. STONE, Brigadier-General Commanding.

The second order, which follows, was delivered on the battle-field by Colonel Cogswell, who said to Colonel Baker, in reply to a question what it meant, "All right, go ahead." Thereupon, Colonel Baker put it in his hat without reading. An hour afterward he fell.

EDWARDS' FERRY, October 22d—11:50.

E. D. BAKER, COMMANDING BRIGADE—COLONEL: I am informed that the force

of the enemy is about four thousand, all told. If you can push them, you may do so as far as to have a strong position near Leesburg, if you can keep them before you, avoiding their batteries. If they pass Leesburg and take the Gum Springs road, you will not follow far, but seize the first good position to cover that road. Their desire is to draw us on, if they are obliged to retreat as far as Goose creek, where they can be re-enforced from Manassas, and have a strong position. Report frequently, so that, when they are pushed, Gorman can come up on their flank. Yours, respectfully and truly,

CHARLES P. STONE,  
Brigadier-General Commanding.

This little error of the Colonel—in not reading the last dispatch—was the cause of the surprise. Colonel Cogswell's remark—"All right, go ahead!" doubtless served to answer, in Baker's mind, for the contents of the envelop, and therefore it was not broken open. It serves at least to relieve General Stone from the inattention and ignorance of the enemy's force which were freely charged upon him at one time. The movement over the river was Stone's conception, and that remains open for stricture.

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## X VII.

### THE SPIRIT OF VIOLENCE IN THE SOUTH.

THE Southern States, from the first stages of their rebellion against the Federal Government, put forward as a justification, the oppressions of that central power, and cited the Declaration of Independence as their defence. This assumption was indignantly denied by Northern men; in Congress and out of it an overwhelming sentiment pronounced the rebellion "causeless, wicked, and unnatural," with "no justification in the law of the country, nor in the higher law of self-protection." From this discordance sprung the passions and impulses necessary to feed the fires of discord; and watchful "guardians of Southern inter-

ests," were not slow to fan the flames to a point of lawlessness necessary to "precipitate" States into the vortex of insurrection. Success in the secession movement depended solely on the ability of the leaders to fire the popular passions to the point of hate of the North, and defiance of its association. Without a complete success in that direction, the revolution would become nerveless from inanition. A thousand devices were conceived to accomplish the desired end; and the secret history of the insurrection, if it ever shall be divulged, will be found rich in intrigue, profuse in duplicity, mighty in falsehood—all directed to the one purpose of "firing the Southern heart."

The repudiation of debts due to Northern merchants and manufacturers, became one of the earliest and most exciting facts of the Southern movement. It argued a demoralized sentiment of probity, which equally alarmed and angered the Northern people. The Southern merchants had, in exception to all commercial usage, obtained credits to an extraordinary amount, upon extraordinary time. A customer had but to say, "I am from the Cotton States," in order to obtain almost any credit desired. That secret and powerful inquisition, the "Commercial Agency," was scarcely consulted as to the Southerner's personal standing and commercial responsibility—so eager was the deluded merchant to secure a "Southern trade." The wretched list of failures in the winter and spring of 1861 ever will remain as a monument of Northern commercial temerity in the matter of Southern credits.

The spirit which found an excuse for allowing paper to go to protest, and followed the protest with a note expressing satisfaction at the refusal to pay, soon betrayed itself in a passage of "stay" laws, in the Seceded States, and in the visitations of violence upon all agents of Northern business firms who sought out the recreant debtor in hopes of obtaining some satisfaction for the overdue claim. Lawyers banded together not to receive Northern claims for collection, while the people banded together to drive away any unlucky wight who proposed to do what the lawyers refused—to collect his own

accounts. The agents, however, soon "made themselves scarce," as the vulgar, but significant, announcements in the papers recorded. Tar and feathers, and an escort of a "committee of citizens" to the nearest railway station, were such inevitable results as served to rid an "indignant community" of all "Northern vagabonds" early in the year (1860.)

These occasional persecutions of collectors and agents seemed to engender an appetite for the excitement; and it became a very honorable calling for committees to spy out every man of Northern birth—to seek to inculpate him in some way, in order to allow of the usual warning "to leave." As early as February (1861) these inquisitions became so frequent, that large numbers of persons—chiefly Northern-born mechanics and tradesmen, who had found employ and a business in the South—fled for their lives, leaving behind all their possessions. To meet these refugees in Northern cities became of such frequent occurrence, in February and March, that the public almost tired of their uniform stories of injuries received and sufferings endured.

The spirit of anger was fast culminating, not in a national, or even sectional resentment, but in a species of inhuman personal malice, which served to ally that revolution to the Sepoy drama. Lawlessness towards Government soon begat lawlessness towards society—the dragon's teeth grew with fearful fecundity. The demoralization betrayed itself even in the changed tone of the secession portion of the Southern press. As an evidence, we may quote one of a great many similar notices made of General Scott—even by professedly respectable journals like the *Richmond Inquirer*. The *Montgomery (Alabama) Mail* (February 6th) contained this paragraph :

"We observe that the students of Franklin College, Georgia, burned General Scott in effigy a few days ago, 'as a traitor to the South.' This is well. If any man living deserves such infamy, it is the Lieutenant-General of the (Yankee) United States. And we have a proposition to make, thereanent, to all the young men of the South, wherever scattered, at school or college; and that is, that they burn this man in effigy all through the South, on the evening of the 4th of March next. The

students of the South are an important class of our rising generation. Let them make an epoch in the history of our sunny land, to which legend, and tale, and song, shall point in after years. General Scott deserves this grand infamy. He is a traitor to the soil of his birth; false to all the principles of the Commonwealth which nurtured him; the tool, willing, pliant, and bloody, of our oppressors; and it is meet that his name should descend to our posterity as a word of execration! What say the students?"

Some notices of the war-worn veteran—who had added more glory to the American name than any man since the "Father of his Country"—were so violent and vulgar as to forbid their repetition here, even though they might reflect, with stinging severity, upon a state of society which could be pleased with such impotent malice.

To show the nature of the persecutions inflicted on those "suspected," in the revolutionary States, we shall cite a few from the numerous well-authenticated instances, that they may stand before a Christian world, as an evidence of the civilization which springs from a state of society like that which controls the Southern States of America.

An advertisement appeared in a New York daily, February 18th, (1861) as follows:

"FARMING MANAGER.—An Englishman by birth, having had very extensive experience in breeding, raising, buying and selling of all kinds of cattle and sheep in his own country, and who has been engaged North in agriculture for three years, and South for two, is on his way to New York, having been expelled, and his property confiscated, on suspicion of being opposed to Slavery. He would like to engage with any gentleman having room to grow grain and roots, and to farm on a modern, enlightened system, not looking to corn alone. He is forty, and has a small family. Address \_\_\_\_\_."

This case was that of a person named Gardiner. He had taken a farm "on shares," near Wilmington, North Carolina. In August, September, and October, he labored assiduously and successfully, and got a good start. In the Fall he obtained about sixty dollars worth of seeds from New York, ready for his Spring planting. He was astounded, one day in February, to be arrested and thrown into prison, upon representation of the fellow whose farm he occupied, that he (Gardiner) was a

"dangerous" man. Gardiner procured bail from some of his countrymen, but these men were compelled to withdraw their bond, under threats of a similar course towards themselves for being "dangerous" citizens. The matter was "compromised, out of consideration for his (Gardiner's) wife and children," by having his household goods hastily thrust on a little schooner —on which Gardiner and his family, perfectly penniless, were sent to New York. All his property and improvements passed into the hands of the good Southern Rights man who had instigated the mob, and compelled the authorities to the deed of violence.

Two Jersey men were hung in the vicinity of Charleston, early in February, for "suspicion of tampering with slaves." An English captain was served with a coat of tar and feathers in Savannah, in January, for having allowed a stevedore (black) to sit down with him at the dinner-table. Another Englishman, belonging in Canada, sailed on a vessel trading along coast. At Savannah, the vessel was visited by a negro having fruit to sell. On leaving, the black man asked for a newspaper, and one was given him which happened to contain one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. The black was caught by his master reading the "incendiary" document. Refusing to tell how he obtained it, he was ordered to the whipping-post, and flogged until he "confessed." The vessel was boarded by the authorities, and a demand made for the astonished Canadian. The captain, however, stood before him as a British subject; and, by agreeing to ship the *culprit* North, by the next day's steamer, succeeded in saving him from the mob that stood ready on the shore to lynch him. He was placed on the steamer, on the morrow, when two "officials" came forward with a writ, which they agreed not to serve if the poor fellow would pay them fifty dollars. This he gladly paid, and was suffered to depart, "out of consideration for his being a British subject." Had he been a Yankee, he would have been hung.

The following item appeared in the Eufaula (Ala.) *Express*, (February 6th):

“A SUSPICIOUS INDIVIDUAL.—The worthy captain of the Home Guards arrested a man on last Tuesday, upon complaint made by one or two of our citizens. The charge was the use of improper language in regard to the acts and position of the Southern people at this time. Some of the expressions used by this traveling Yankee were, that Bob Toombs is a traitor, and that the Secessionists are thieves and robbers, and that he fully endorsed everything contained in the Knoxville *Whig*, in regard to coercion, etc. After the examination, which brought out the foregoing facts, the committee of five members of the Home Guards, appointed to investigate the matter, announced as their decision that as the individual under arrest was only guilty of using improper language, they would set him at liberty, with a request to settle his business and leave as soon as possible. An application of tar and feathers wouldn’t be at all amiss in such cases. The man’s name is M. A. Smith. He is traveling agent for Scovil & Mead, of New Orleans, druggists. He will bear watching. Pass him around.”

Mr. Smith proceeded on his way. At Abbeville, (Ala.,) he was again “apprehended.” The Vigilance Committee relieved him of his horse and buggy, \$356 in money, and all his papers. Then, taking him to a grove one-half mile from town, he was *hung*. No legal proceedings were had in his case—no evidence existed as to his asserted “crime,” except the newspaper’s statement. He was dealt with according to the law of the super-judicial Vigilance Committee.

It has been denied that Southern men ever permitted the roasting alive of slaves, guilty of the high crime of murder of masters, or of the more heinous and diabolical nameless crime against females. Proof to the contrary, however, not only is not wanting, but is quite abundant, which goes to shew that that horrible and barbarous mode of execution has been resorted to for lesser crimes than those indicated—even upon *suspicion*. A case in point was freely narrated by the Harris County (Geo.) *Enterprise*, in February. On the 14th of that month a lady named Middlebrook, being alone in her house, was alarmed, early in the morning, by the entrance of some person. “She hailed the intruder,” the paper stated, who, to silence her cries, took her from her bed, and, carrying her across the yard, “threw her over the fence.” This was all. No violence upon her person, no maiming—only “the fiend”

abused her in a "most shameful manner." He was alarmed by two negro women, and fled. The neighborhood was aroused. The lady stated that *she believed* the perpetrator of the outrage to have been a negro man, named George. The newspaper account then states :

" Dogs having been procured, the track was pursued to a neighboring house, where the boy George had a wife, and thence to the residence of Mr. John Middlebrook. Under these circumstances, it was thought advisable to arrest the negro, which was done, and after an investigation before a justice of the peace, he was duly committed, and placed in the jail in this place, as we thought, to await his trial at the April term of our Superior Court.

" On Monday morning last a crowd of men from the country assembled in our village, and made known their intention to forcibly take the negro George from the jail, and execute him in defiance of law or opposition. Our efficient sheriff, Major Hargett, together with most of our citizens, remonstrated, persuaded, begged, and entreated them to desist, and reflect for a moment upon the consequences which might follow such a course, but without avail. Major Hargett promised to guarantee the safe-keeping of the prisoner by confining him in any manner they might suggest, and our citizens proposed to guard the jail night and day, but all to no purpose. There was no appeasing them. They rushed to the jail, and, despite of all remonstrances, with axe, hammer, and crow-bar, violently broke through the doors, and took the prisoner out, carrying him about two miles from town, where they chained him to a tree, and *burned him to death*.

" We understand that the negro protested his innocence with his last breath, though repeatedly urged to confess."

This horrible record could be written of no civilized country on the globe save of the Southern States of America. How that last paragraph rings out its silent imprecation upon a state of society which would allow such a deed to be committed on its soil! These murderers were "citizens," and, of course, never were even questioned as to their crime; it was only a *suspected negro* whom they burned. This deed was committed about fifty miles above Eufaula.

Atlanta (Geo.) boasted of as violent a people as Eufaula or Abbeville. The same spirit which roasted a suspected negro would have hung a white man who might have been guilty of offence to the sensitive people. The *Intelligencer*, of Atlanta,

in February, thus paragraphed the public sentiment of that locality, in regard to the editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Democrat*, who had pronounced Jefferson Davis a great humbug :

"If Mr. Hurley will come to Atlanta, we take the responsibility of saying that his tavern bill or his burial expenses shall not cost him anything. The only thing which strikes our astonishment is, that the people of Nashville would tolerate such a paper as the *Democrat* in their midst. General Jackson, whose bones repose within twelve miles of the City of Nashville, doubtless turned in the grave when such abominable doctrines were permitted to go forth from a Nashville paper."

These "abominable doctrines" were, loving the Union more than the newly-hatched Southern Confederacy—that was all. How many men were hung for the same crime in that delectable neighborhood, the Vigilance Committee only knew.

The statement of Mary Crawford, made public in the winter of 1861, detailed, with painful minuteness, the sad story of her husband's awful murder in Tarrant County, Texas, July 17th, 1860. The man was taken on *suspicion* of being an Abolitionist, and, after being shot, was hung. The wretched wife, informed by her two little boys (who had been with their father out to haul wood, when Crawford was seized) of their fears, had started out to learn something of her husband's fate. She had proceeded but a short distance when a party of men informed her, with indifference, that her husband was hung. The narrative read :

"They took me back to the place we had been living in. My grief, my indignation, my misery, I have no words, no desire to describe. The body was not brought to me until night, and only then by the direction of Captain Dagget, a son-in-law and partner of Turner (for whom Crawford had done much work,) who had been a friend to my husband, and was the only man of any influence who dared to befriend me. He had been away from home, and did not return until after the murder had been done. He denounced the act, and said they killed an innocent man."

The local newspaper—the *Fort Worth Chief*—thus chronicled the tragedy :

"MAN HUNG.—On the 17th instant, was found the body of a man by the name of William H. Crawford, suspended to a pecan-tree, about three-quarters of a mile from town. A large number of persons visited

the body during the day. At a meeting of the citizens the same evening, strong evidence was adduced proving him to have been an Abolitionist. The meeting endorsed the action of the party who hung him. Below we give the verdict of the jury of inquest :

“ We, the jury, find that William H. Crawford, the deceased, came to his death by being hung with a grass rope tied around his neck, and suspended from a pecan limb, by some person or persons to the jurors unknown. That he was hung on the 17th day of July, 1860, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 1 o'clock P. M. We could see no other marks of violence on the person of the deceased. ”

This man Turner—a lawyer, and an owner of forty slaves—was one of those persons who arraigned Crawford in the presence of his little boys, and had borne him away from their sight to hang him. The jury took no steps, of course, to learn anything in regard to the murderers. Indeed, the act was not only justified, but, out of it, grew an organization which succeeded in whipping, banishing, and hanging over two hundred persons—three Methodist ministers included—in the course of the succeeding three months, under plea of their being “ Abolition emissaries,” who had instigated the burning of property, and incited negroes to run away. The report of that meeting deserves repetition, in illustration of the manner in which the slave districts care for their morals and their safety :

“ At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Tarrant County, convened at the Town Hall, at Fort Worth, on the 18th day of July, 1860, pursuant to previous notice, for the purpose of devising means for defending the lives and property of citizens of the county against the machinations of Abolition incendiaries, J. P. Alford was called to the chair, and J. C. Terrell was appointed Secretary. After the object of the meeting was explained by Colonel C. A. Harper, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

“ *Whereas*, The recent attempts made to destroy several neighboring towns by fire, the nearly total destruction of one of them, coupled with the conversation and acts of one W. H. Crawford, who was hung in this county on the 17th instant, prove conclusively to us the necessity of an organized effort to ferret out and punish Abolition incendiaries, some of whom are believed to be in our county. Therefore, to discover and punish said Abolitionists, and to secure the lives and property of our citizens, be it

“ *Resolved*, That we endorse the action of those who hung W. H. Crawford in this county on the 17th instant, convinced as we are, from the evidence upon which he was hung, that he richly deserved his fate.

“ *Resolved*, That a Central County Committee be appointed by the President, consisting of seven citizens, whose duty it shall be to appoint such Committees in

every precinct in the county, which sub-Committees shall confer with and report to the Central Committee the names of all suspected persons in their precincts, which persons shall be dealt with according to the pleasure of the Central Committee.

“*Resolved*, That the members of this meeting hereby pledge themselves to support said Central Committee in the discharge of their duty in dealing with Abolitionists and incendiaries.

“‘ JAMES P. ALFORD, Chairman.

“‘ J. C. TERRELL, Secretary.’

“ The Central Committee hereby notify all persons connected with or holding Abolition sentiments to leave the county forthwith, or they may possibly have cause to regret remaining.”

It is probable that every one of the men persecuted were as innocent of offense as Crawford. “Abolition emissaries” were not necessary to instruct negroes how to fire houses. The “Abolitionists” were, without exception, men having a calling, and pursuing it peaceably; but, being Northerners, and living without holding slaves, were proofs conclusive of their dangerous character to the “highly respectable citizens” of Texas.\*

The case of Mrs. Catharine Bottsford, as published at length in the New York *Tribune* of March 22d, afforded the age with an evidence that even in the civilized city of Charleston, South Carolina, an intelligent, honorable, and unprotected lady could be thrown into prison and be made to suffer indignities because some person had said she had “tampered with slaves.”

Arthur Robinson, of New Orleans, publisher of the *True Witness*, a religious paper of the Old School Presbyterian denomination, was arrested, and thrown into prison without the usual forms of law. After laying there some time, he was taken into the criminal court for trial. The indictment, however, was so ignorantly drawn that he was set at liberty pending a second arrest. His friends managed to effect his escape up the river. He lost everything. His “crime” was, not in saying or publishing anything offensive, but a “committee”

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\* When Wigfall stated, on the floor of the United States Senate, that men were hanging from trees in Texas for opinion’s sake, he was known to tell the truth, then, for a certainty. Lovejoy, of Illinois, in vain tried to get the case of the Methodist ministers, (one of whom was hung and others whipped,) before Congress.

having searched his premises, found "seditious" literature in his possession, and for that he was made to suffer. He would have been consigned to the State's Prison for having the *Boston Liberator* on his exchange list, had it not been for the flaw in his first indictment, and his escape from another arrest.

John Watt, a citizen of Michigan, was working near Vicksburg, Mississippi, in January. While under the influence of liquor a "committee" extracted from him "dangerous sentiments," and he was taken over the river into Louisiana and hung, and his body left hanging to the tree.

The first officer of the bark *Indian Queen* made a statement in the New York journals, March 16th, to the effect that the vessel put into St. Marks, Florida, in January—himself and his second officer both being ill of the Chagres fever. Both were sent ashore to the United States Marine Hospital at that place, for proper care, while the vessel anchored in the harbor below, to await their recovery. As soon as Florida seceded, (January 11th,) the Hospital was seized and the invalids turned out. The vessel lay at anchor about ten miles below the town. She had, as part of her crew, seven colored seamen—all able and trusty fellows. A plot was hatched to seize all these men and sell them into slavery—a judge of the Supreme (State) Court being one of the conspirators. The plot was revealed to the captain at two o'clock in the morning. He arose, hired a steamer, ran down to his vessel, and had her towed out to sea, beyond the jurisdiction of Florida. The discomfited citizens swore dreadfully over their disappointment.

The same officer stated that, a few days after the Ordinance of Secession was passed, a resident of St. Marks remarked that the South was wrong and the North right in the controversy. Whereupon, he was seized, stripped, whipped, and started "out of the country."

"Mr. H. Turner, a New Hampshire man, had for several years, spent the winter on the plantation of Woodworth & Son, near Charleston, South Carolina. Before the Presidential election, in reply to the question of a fellow-workman, he had stated that, if he held the casting vote, it should be given for

Lincoln. Two weeks after the election he was visited by two members of a "Vigilance Committee," who asked if what had been reported was true. He answered that he had made that single remark to a fellow-workman, but to no other person. A warrant for his arrest, as an incendiary and Abolitionist, was produced, and he was taken to Charleston to jail. Around the jail a mob of "citizens" gathered, demanding that the jailor should give up the prisoner to them. It was only dispersed by the horse patrol. He was allowed neither food nor water. On the afternoon of the day succeeding his arrest, he was taken before the "Vigilance Association Tribunal," for examination. Confessing, again, that he had said to the workman what was reported, he was remanded back to jail, to be passed over to the Criminal Court. The "Judge" of the Tribunal treated the prisoner with a choice lecture, chiefly composed of oaths and imprecations. He was placed in a bare cell, where the night was spent; and only on the morning of the second day's confinement was he allowed food, consisting of a small piece of black bread and a pint of bad water. *For fourteen weeks this man lay in that wretched dungeon.* At the end of that time the son of his employer came to the jail, and stated that his wages, \$248, still due, should be paid him, and his release procured, if he would leave at once. This promise was gladly given. He was taken to the steamer amid the hootings and howlings of a mob, which made threats of lynching. On the way to the steamer, he called upon a watchmaker for a fine watch he had left for repairs before his arrest. The watchmaker bade him, with an oath, to leave his premises. Once on the steamer, he expected his wages, as promised; but he received nothing, and was permitted to work his passage to New York, where he arrived in a perfectly destitute condition.

Captain E. W. Rider, of the bark *Julia E. Aery*, and his son James B. Ryder, as mate, were landing a cargo at Encero Mills, Camden County, Georgia, in November, 1860, when a negro came aboard the vessel with oars to sell. None being wanted, he was sent away. He paid a second visit, and some clothes were intrusted to him to wash, upon his telling that he

belonged to a Dr. Nichols, living near. That afternoon five men came to the vessel, and demanded the right to search for the negro. The captain gave permission for the search, freely, but stated that the fellow had gone ashore, taking with him some clothes to wash. The five men completed the search which, it became evident to the captain, was but a cover for the "citizens" to examine his cargo, his means of resistance, &c., as well as to discover, if possible, some "Abolition literature" by which to seize the entire crew and vessel as "dangerous to the peace of the community." The "Committee" returned on the following day, late in the evening. It had grown to fifteen in number, who proceeded to thoroughly ransack the vessel's hold. Every chest and bunker were overhauled. Nothing "dangerous" being found, the "Committee" passed on shore where, summoning the negroes who had been engaged in unloading the vessel, they examined them as to the *conversations* on the vessel. Six of them were finally most unmercifully whipped, to make them "confess." What they confessed, was not known to the captain; but, as they probably stated anything required, the mob, it soon became evident, was ready for proceedings. The captain and his son went before the "Committee" and stated that, not only had no conversation been had, but that they had positively forbidden any unnecessary communication between his men and the negroes—that one or the other of the officers always was present, to see that orders were obeyed. This did not satisfy the "Committee," and the two were taken to the jail at Jefferson, fifteen miles away. There they were again arraigned before another "Vigilance Association," and charged with being Abolitionists—a charge which both men denied as unfounded in proof. No proof being produced, they were allowed to spend that night at a hotel. A cook (black) from another vessel was produced on the succeeding morning, who stated that he had heard both white men say they were Republicans, and would have voted for Mr. Lincoln if an opportunity had offered. The black fellow who had taken the clothes to wash, was then brought forward, and he corroborated the statement

of the other black man. This was deemed evidence conclusive to the "Committee," and the sentence of a public flogging was immediately decreed against both father and son. This was deemed a lenient punishment—hanging was the usual mode of treating "such scoundrels." The inhuman wretches took their prisoners to the front of the court-house, where, both being stripped to the waist and tied to a tree, they were whipped—twenty-five blows with heavy leather thongs being administered to each. The elder Ryder, being an old man, was a terrible sufferer under the horrible infliction. After "punishment" both were thrust into cells in the jail. The large crowd which witnessed the whipping enjoyed it, apparently with a real zest, as it jeered and laughed vociferously during the brutal punishment. The two men lay *fourteen days* in that jail, suffering exquisite tortures from their wounds. At the end of that time five men came, took them out, carried them to their vessel, and remained until the craft stood out to sea.

This instance of atrocious wrong was simply one of several similar cases inflicted in the same neighborhood. The civilized world may be excused for doubting evidence so inhuman; but, there is no room for disbelief when an old man's scarred back is exhibited to the pitying eye.

We may close this revolting record with the following statement made by the *Cincinnati Gazette*, of May 18th, 1861 :

"Nearly every day some fresh arrivals of refugees from the violence and ferocity of the New Dahomey bring to this city fresh and corroborative proofs of the condition of affairs in the rebel States. Many of these have come thence at the peril of their lives, and to avoid threatened death, have taken a hurried journey surrounded by thick dangers from the madmen who now fill the South with deeds of violence and bloodshed.

"The people in that section seem to have been given up to a madness that is without parallel in the history of civilization—we had almost written barbarism. They are cut off from the news of the North, purposely blinded by their leaders as to the movements and real power of the Government, and in their local presses receive and swallow the most outrageous falsehoods and misstatements.

"Yesterday, one William Silliman, a person of intelligence and reliability, reached this city, returning from a year's residence in Southern

Mississippi. He was one of a party who, in 1860 went from this city and engaged in the construction of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

"Mr. Silliman, for several months past, has lived in Tupelo Itawamba County, one of the upper tier of counties, two hundred miles from New Orleans, and one hundred and sixty miles from Mobile. He says a more blood-thirsty community it would be difficult to conceive. Perfect terrorism prevails, and the wildest outrages are enacted openly by the rebels, who visit with violence all suspected of loyalty, or withholding full adherence to the kingdom of Jefferson Davis. Could the full history of these outrages be written, and that truthfully, many and most of its features would be deemed incredible and monstrous, belonging to another age, and certainly to another country than our own.

"The party who is suspected of hostility, or even light sympathy, with the rebellion, is at once seized. He is fortunate if he is allowed to leave in a given time, without flogging. He is still fortunate if only a flogging is added to the order to depart. Many have been hung or shot on the spot. Mr. Silliman details five instances of the latter as having occurred among the amiable people of Itawamba County, within the past ten weeks, of several of which he was the eye-witness, a mob wreaking their vengeance upon their victims under the approval of local authorities. These five men were Northerners, at different times assailed by the rebels. Three of them were strangers to all about them.

"On Saturday of last week a man was hung at Guntown, who refused to join the rebel army, and also refused to leave. He was taken to a tree in the outskirts of the village, and left hanging to a limb. He had a family in the place. Guntown is ten miles from Tupelo. The same day, at Saltillo, a man was hung under similar circumstances, and still another at Verona, where a traveller was seized in passing through the place. All these towns are within twenty miles circuit of Tupelo, where Mr. Silliman resided. He says that he can recall twelve instances of killing, whipping, and other outrages thus visited upon the victims of the rebels in that vicinity, within the past two months. Many have been waiting in the hope that the storm would 'blow over,' but have, one after the other, been forced to submit or seek safety in flight."

The instances herein given are such as seemed to us to be so verified as to admit of no doubt as to their entire truthfulness. Many others made public, and some of a most outrageous character, which have been repeated to us by refugees in person, we have refrained from referring to, since a suspicious public might question the authenticity of their unsupported statements.

## XVIII.

### PERSECUTION OF UNIONISTS IN TENNESSEE. PARSON BROWNLOW'S STORY.

THE story of suffering in Tennessee forms one of the most painful, as it is one of the most revolting features of the rebellion. We can realize how men of one section united by no ties of relationship nor of social sympathy should fall out, and become rank enemies, but not how the people of a neighborhood could so far ignore old friendships, old associations, harmonious sympathies on social and moral questions, as to proceed to bitter extremities of violence with their neighbors who differed with them on the question of secession. That they did resort to such extremities the stories of hundreds of persecuted, exiled and ruined Unionists testify; and the fact illustrates, in a vivid light, the hateful nature of the secession sentiment.

We have already devoted a chapter to the "Spirit of Violence" in the Southern States, giving such instances of that spirit as will afford the reader much "food for thought." But, all therein stated is nothing as compared to the sufferings, the wrongs, the wretchedness, inflicted upon the men and women of Tennessee. It is a particularly unpleasant task to repeat the story of these outrages because it is so humiliating to our boasted American civilization; but, it should be repeated, over and over again, to teach American youths the inestimable value of law and order, and the repulsive nature of all revolutionary assaults upon the constituted authority. There is, too, a propriety in the recollection of those sufferings for opin-

ion's sake, because they illustrate that trait of a truly noble human nature—power to resist wrong even unto death. The devotion of the few brave men who courted dungeons, confiscation of property, the lash and the gallows for their faith in the Union, ever will stand as examples worthy of the emulation and admiration of every lover of their country.

Parson Brownlow, after the election, (June 8th, 1861,) became the recipient of indignities from the Secessionists. His house, up to midsummer of that year, floated the American flag, though many an attempt was made to drag it down. Early in June a Louisiana regiment, *en route* for Virginia, tarried at Knoxville, awaiting transportation over the railway, then crowded beyond its capacity. Of this and other regiments which laid over at the same place, the Parson said: "During May and June a stream of whisky-drinking, secession fire, hot as hell, commenced to pour through Knoxville, in the direction of Manassas. These mean scoundrels visited the houses of Union men, shouted at them, groaned and hissed. My humble dwelling had the honor to be thus greeted oftener than any other five houses in Knoxville. The Southern papers said they were the flower of their youth. I said to my wife, if this is the flower, God save us from the rabble."

Upon one of these occasions nine members of the Louisiana regiment determined to see the flag humbled. Two men were chosen as a committee to proceed to the Parson's house to order the Union ensign down. Mrs. More (the Parson's daughter) answered the summons. In answer to her inquiry as to what was their errand, one said, rudely:

"We have come to take down that d—d rag you flaunt from your roof—the Stripes and Stars."

Mrs. More stepped back a pace or two within the door, drew a revolver from her dress pocket, and leveling it, answered:

"Come on, sirs, and take it down!"

The chivalrous Confederates were startled.

"Yes, come on!" she said, as she advanced toward them. They cleared the piazza, and stood at bay on the walk.

"We'll go and get more men, and then d—d if it don't come down!"

"Yes, go and get more *men*—you are not *men*!" said the heroic woman, contemptuously, as the two backed from the place and disappeared.

Speaking of those days in June and July, the Parson said :

"Then it was that, wanting in transportation, wanting in rolling stock, wanting in locomotives, they had to lie over by regiments in our town, and then they commenced to ride Union men upon rails. I have seen that done in the streets, and have seen them break into the stores and empty their contents; and coming before my own house with ropes in their hands, they would groan out, 'Let us give old Brownlow a turn, the d—d old scoundrel; come out, and we will hang you to the first limb.' These threats toward me were repeated every day and every week, until finally they crushed my paper, destroyed my office, appropriated the building to a smith's shop to repair the locks and barrels of old muskets that Floyd had stolen from the Federal Government. They finally enacted a law in the Legislature of Tennessee authorizing an armed force to take all the arms, pistols, guns, dirks, swords and everything of the sort from all the Union men, and they paid a visit to every Union house in the State. They visited mine three times in succession, upon that business, and they got there a couple of guns and one pistol. Being an editor and preacher, I was not largely supplied. I had, however, a *small* supply concealed under my clothes! Finally, after depriving us of all our arms throughout the State, and after taking all the fine horses of the Union men everywhere, without fee or reward, for cavalry horses, and seizing upon the fat hogs, corn, fodder, and sheep, going into houses and pulling the beds off the bedsteads in daytime, seizing upon all the blankets they could find for the army; after breaking open chests, bureaus, drawers, and everything of that sort—in which they were countenanced and tolerated by the authorities, civil and military—our people rose up in rebellion, unarmed as they were, and by accident."

After that uprising, which did not occur until November 3d—when the Unionists secretly burned the bridges of the railways leading from the South and from Virginia into Eastern Tennessee—the Unionists were not suffered to escape with "civil indignities;" but were seized, shot, imprisoned, hung by scores; were driven to the mountains where they suffered from all the rigors of the winter; were rendered exiles and

hunted men, whom to shoot was a duty. Of that period of suffering the Parson chiefly spoke in his various addresses to the people of the North. His story seemed incredible—it was so horrible in some of its details; yet, its authenticity none dared dispute. Persons, names, dates, places, circumstances, all were given, that not a shadow of doubt might remain. We shall reproduce so much of his narrative as will serve to give the reader a correct apprehension of the State of affairs in Tennessee during the fall and winter of 1861-62:

## THE SOUTH GUILTY OF THE WAR.

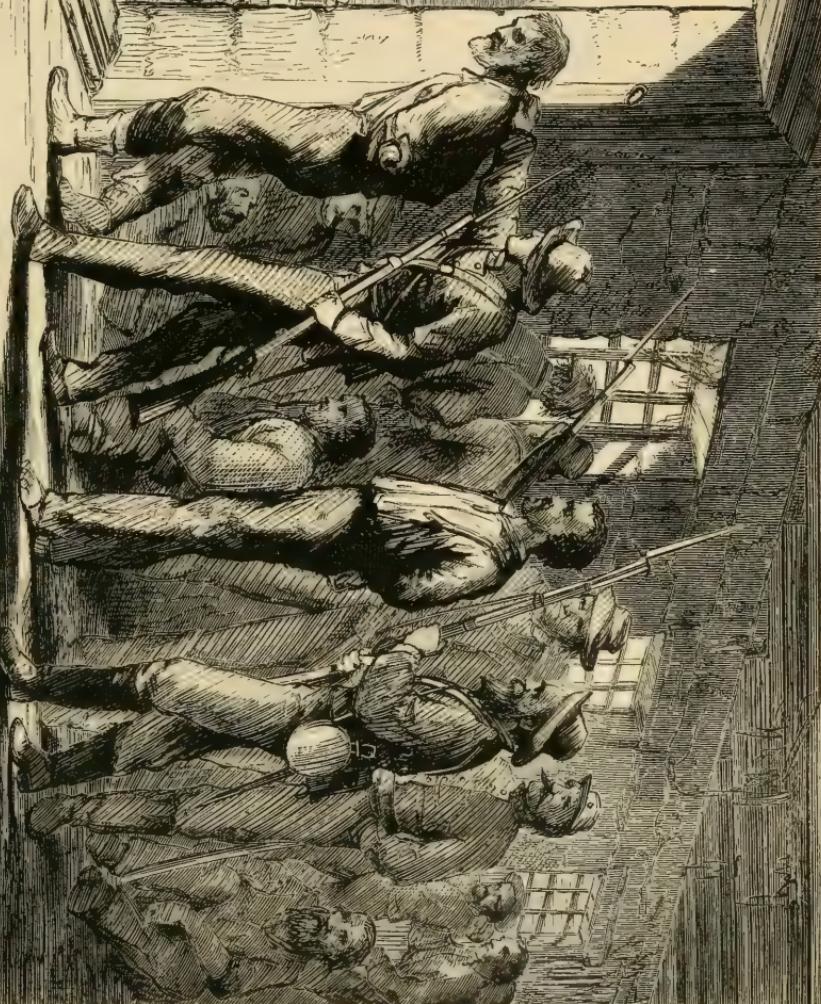
“The demagogues,” he said, “and the leaders of the South, are to blame for having brought about this state of things, and not the people of the North. We have intended down South, for thirty years, to break up this Government. It has been our settled purpose and our sole aim down South to destroy the Union and break up the Government. We have had the Presidency in the South twice to your once, and five of our men were re-elected to the Presidency, filling a period of forty years. In addition to that, we had divers men elected for one term, and no man at the North ever was permitted to serve any but the one term; and, in addition to having elected our men twice to your once, and occupied the chair twice as long as you ever did, we seized upon and appropriated two or three miscreants from the North that we elected to the Presidency, and ploughed with them as our heifers. We asked of you, and obtained at your hands, a Fugitive Slave law. You voted for and helped us to enact and to establish it. We asked of you and obtained the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, which never ought to have been repealed. I fought it to the bitter end, and denounced it and all concerned in repealing it, and I repeat it here again to-night. We asked and obtained the admission of Texas into the Union, that we might have slave territory enough to form some four or five more great States, and you granted it. You have granted us from first to last all we have asked, all we have desired; and hence I

repeat, that this thing of secession, this wicked attempt to dissolve the Union, has been brought about *without the shadow of a cause*. It is the work of the worst men that ever God permitted to live on the face of this earth. It is the work of a set of men down South who, in winding up this revolution, if our Administration and Government shall fail to hang them as high as Haman—hang every one of them—we will make an utter failure."

#### I N P R I S O N.

After detailing his course through the summer, and relating the incidents of the burning of bridges in November, he told of his seizure upon suspicion of having been instrumental in the incendiaryism, saying :

"They wanted a pretext to seize me ; and upon the 6th day of December they marched me off to jail—a miserable, uncomfortable, damp, desperate jail—where I found, when ushered into it, about one hundred and fifty Union men. There was not, in the whole jail, a chair, bench, stool or table, or any piece of furniture, except a dirty old wooden bucket and a pair of tin dippers to drink with. I found some of the first and best men of the whole country there. I knew them all, and they knew me, as I had been among them for thirty years. They rallied round me, some smiling and glad to see me, as I could give them the news that had been kept from them. Others took me by the hand, and were utterly speechless, and, with bitter, burning tears running down their checks, they said that they never thought that they would come to that at last, looking through the bars of a grate. Speaking first to one and then to another, I bade them be of good cheer and take courage. Addressing them, I said, 'Is it for stealing you are here? No. Is it for counterfeiting? No. Is it for manslaughter? No. You are here, boys, because you adhere to the flag and the Constitution of our country. I am here with you for no other offense but that ; and, as God is my judge, boys, I look upon this 6th day of December as the proudest





day of my life. And here I intend to stay until I die of old age or until they hang me. I will never renounce my principles."

## THE HANGMEN AT WORK.

He was soon made to realize that death, as well as imprisonment, was the Unionist's lot. He said: "In the jail-yard, which was in full view from our window, we almost daily beheld a tragedy. There would drive up a horse and cart, with an ugly, rough, flat-topped coffin upon it, surrounded by fifteen to forty men, who, with bristling bayonets, as a guard, would march in through the gate into the jail-yard, with steady, military tread. We trembled in our boots, for they never notified us who was to be hanged. They came sometimes with two coffins, one on each cart, and they took two men at a time and marched them out. A poor old man of sixty-five and his son of twenty-five, were marched out at one time and hanged on the same gallows. They made that poor old man, who was a Methodist class-leader, sit by and see his son hang until he was dead, and then they called him a d—d Lincolnite Union shrieker, and said, 'Come on, it is your turn next.' He sunk, but they propped him up and led him to the halter, and swung both off on the same gallows. They came, after that, for another man, and took J. C. Haum out of jail—a young man of fine sense, good address, and of excellent character—a tall spare-made man, leaving a wife at home with four or five helpless children. They were kind enough to notify him an hour before the hanging that he was to hang. Haum at once made an application for a Methodist preacher, a Union man, to come and pray for him. They denied him the privilege; but, they had near the gallows an unprincipled drunken chaplain of their own army, who got up and undertook to *apologize* for Haum. He said: 'This poor, unfortunate man, who is about to pay the debt of nature, regrets the course he took; he said he was misled by the Union paper.' Haum rose up, and with a clear, stentorian voice, said: 'Fellow-

citizens: there is not a word of truth in that statement. I have authorized nobody to make such a statement. What I have said and done, I have done and said with my eyes open; and, if it were to be done over, I would do it again. I am ready to hang, and you can execute your purpose.' He died like a man; he died like a Union man; like an East Tennessean ought to die! As God is my judge," added the Parson, solemnly and earnestly, "I would sooner be Baum in the grave to-day, than any one of the scoundrels engaged in his murder."

#### THE TWO LOYAL CLERGYMEN.

The case of two venerable Baptist Clergymen, Mr. Pope and Mr. Cate, was a painful one, from their age and circumstances —both of which should have shielded them from the barbarous treatment they received. Brownlow, referring to this case, said: "Mr. Cate was very low indeed, prostrated from the fever, and unable to eat the miserable food sent there by the corrupt jailor and deputy marshal—a man whom I had denounced in my paper as guilty of forgery time and time again —a suitable representative of the thieves and scoundrels that head this rebellion in the South. The only favor extended to me was to allow my family to send me three meals a day by my son, who brought the provisions in a basket. I requested my wife to send also enough for the two old clergymen. One of them was put in jail for offering prayers for the President of the United States, and the other was confined for throwing up his hat and cheering the Stars and Stripes as they passed his house, borne by a company of Union volunteers. When the basket of provisions came in in the morning, they examined it at the door, would look between the pie and the bread to see if any billet or paper was concealed there, communicating treason from any outside Unionist to the 'old scoundrel' they had in jail; and when the basket went out again, the same ceremony was repeated, to discover whether I had slipped any paper in, in any way."

## A HARROWING INCIDENT.

"The old man, Cate," said Brownlow, "had three sons in that jail. One of them, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist church, was there for having committed no other crime than that of refusing to volunteer. He lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him, and an old over-coat doubled up for a pillow, in the agonies of death. His wife came to visit him, bringing her youngest child, which was but a babe. They were refused admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them, for God's sake, to let the poor woman come in, as her husband was dying. The jailer at last consented that she might see him for the limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in, and looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face, and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor with the babe in her arms, had I not rushed up to her and seized the babe. Then she sunk down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable to speak. I sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in, and, in an insulting and peremptory manner, notified her that the interview was to close. I hope I may never see such a scene again; and yet, *such cases were common all over East Tennessee.*"

## A CASE OF CLEMENCY.

Among others condemned to death by the drumhead court-martial which disposed of the Union prisoners, was that of a man named Hessing Self, who was informed of his fate a few hours before the time fixed for his execution. Brownlow thus related the incidents which followed: "His daughter, who had come down to administer to his comfort and consolation—a most estimable girl, about twenty-one years of age—Elizabeth Self, a tall, spare-made girl, modest, handsomely attired, begged leave to enter the jail to see her father. They permit-

ted her, contrary to their usual custom and savage barbarity, to go in. They had him in a small iron cage, a terrible affair; they opened a little door, and the jailor admitted her. A parcel of us went to witness the scene. As she entered the cage where her father was, she clasped him around the neck, and he embraced her also, throwing his arms across her shoulders. They sobbed and cried; shed their tears and made their moans. I stood by, and I never beheld such a sight, and I hope I may never see the like again. When they had parted, wringing each other by the hand, as she came out of the cage, stammering and trying to utter something intelligible, she lisped my name. She knew my face, and I could understand as much as that she desired me to write a dispatch to Jefferson Davis, and sign her name, begging him to pardon her father. I worded it about thus:

“ ‘ HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS—My father, Hessing Self, is sentenced to be hanged at four o’clock to-day. I am living at home, and my mother is dead. My father is my earthly all; upon him my hopes are centered; and, friend, I pray you to pardon him. Respectfully, ‘ ELIZABETH SELF.’ ”

“ Jefferson, Davis, who had a better heart than the rest of his coadjutors, immediately responded by commuting his sentence to imprisonment.”

#### SICKNESS AND SUFFERING.

Many other incidents were mentioned of that Life in Prison, which all served to prove the malignant and thoroughly heartless character of the Confederate authorities. Of the winter, as it passed to the living inmates, he said: “ They tightened up on those of us who held out. Many of our company became sick. We had to lie upon that miserable, cold, naked floor, with not room enough for us all to lie down at the same time—and you may think what it must have been in December and January—“ spelling” each other, one lying down awhile on the floor and then another taking his place so made warm. That was the way we managed, until many became sick unto

death. A number of the prisoners died of pneumonia and typhoid fever, and other diseases contracted by exposure there."

## A MOST REVOLTING AFFAIR.

A large jail in Greenfield—the place where Andrew Johnson resided—was, also, filled with Unionists, who were treated with even greater atrocity than those in the Knoxville prison. Brownlow mentioned the case of two men, named Fry and Nashy. Fry had a wife and six children. "A fellow from *Union*," the Parson stated, "named Leadbeater, the bloodiest and the most ultra man, the vilest wretch, the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever made a track in East Tennessee—Colonel Daniel Leadbeater, late of the United States Army, but now an officer in the Secession Army—took these two men, tied them with his own hands upon one limb, immediately *over* the railroad track in the town of Greenville and ordered them to hang *four days and nights*, and also ordered all the engineers and conductors to go by that spot slowly, in order to give passengers an opportunity to *kick* the rigid bodies and strike them with switches. And they did it! I pledge you my honor that, from the front platforms they made a business of *kicking the dead bodies as they passed by*; and the women (I will not say the ladies, for down South we make a distinction between ladies and women)—the women, the wives and daughters of men in high position, waved their white handkerchiefs in triumph, through the windows of the car, at the sight of the two dead bodies hanging there!"

A statement of this character will excite, in the reader's mind, feelings of disgust and horror. No wonder every escaped Unionist had but one wish in his heart—to wreak a *bloody* revenge on those merciless miscreants, who seemed to have taken to torture by instinct. Men who are familiar with, and practice torture upon, slaves, only have to change the objects of their malice, to become persecutors of their own fellow-citizens. Strange that the Parson saw and experienced

those simple *results* of a Slave education, and yet failed to ascribe the true cause to the unheard-of atrocity meted out to the Unionists!

#### BARBARITIES GENERALLY PRACTICED.

"Seven miles out of Knoxville," said Brownlow, "they caught up Union men, tied them upon logs, upon blocks six or ten inches from the ground, put men upon their breasts, tying their hands and feet under the log, stripped their backs entirely bare, and then, with switches, cut their backs literally to pieces, the blood running down at every stroke. They came into court when it was in session, and when the case was stated, the judge replied: 'These are revolutionary times, and there is no remedy for anything of the kind.' He added, further:

"This is the *spirit* of secession all over the South; it is the spirit which actuates the instruments of the Confederacy everywhere. It is the spirit of murder—the very spirit of hell itself. *Can you*," he cried in an impassioned voice—"can you, any of you, excuse or apologize for such demons? Oh, look upon the picture before you! Hanging is even *now* going on all over East Tennessee. They shoot them down in the fields, in the streets, arresting hundreds, and shooting fifty or sixty in one instance, after they had surrendered and were under arrest. They marched between three and four hundred through the streets, some of them barefooted, and their feet bleeding, taking them to the depot and shipping them to Atlanta, Georgia, to work upon their fortifications. These men, denied water, would lift out of the mud-puddles in the street with their hands, after a rain, what they could to quench their thirst. They whip them, and, as strange as it may seem to *you*, in the counties of Campbell and Anderson they *actually lacerate with switches the bodies of females, wives and daughters of Union men—clever, respectable women*. They show no quarter to male or female; they rob their houses, and they throw them into prison. Our jails are full; we have complained

and thought hard that our Government has not come to our relief, for a more loyal, a more devoted people to the Stars and Stripes never lived than the Union people of Tennessee. With tears in their eyes they begged me, upon leaving East Tennessee, to see the President, to see the army officers, to have relief sent immediately to them, and bring them out of jail."

After presenting this picture of wretchedness and wo, no wonder the speaker exclaimed :

"In God's name I call upon President Lincoln, and upon his Cabinet and army officers, to say how long they will suffer a loyal people, true to the Union and to the Government of their fathers, to suffer in this way! The Union men of East Tennessee are largely in the majority—say three to one—but they have no arms; they are in the jails of the country; they are working on rebel fortifications like slaves under the lash, and no Federal force has ever yet been marched into that oppressed and down-trodden country. Let the Government, if it has any regard for obligations, redeem that country at once, and liberate these people, no matter at what cost of blood or treasure."

#### DEBASED CHARACTER OF SOUTHERN MINISTERS.

Brownlow delivered in New York (May 19th) an address on the irreligious character of the rebellion. He then made public facts and incidents which proved how thoroughly the ministry of the South was demoralized by the spirit of secession. Some of his statements we may repeat.

Rev. Dr. Martin, a New School Presbyterian minister of Knoxville, was educated and graduated at the Union Theological Seminary of New York city. How he was abased by acquiescence in the revolution, the Parson stated :

"Mr. Maynard, our representative in Congress, is an elder in the New School Presbyterian Church, a scholar, and a gentleman. He had no sooner left in disguise to make his way through to take his seat in Congress, than the Rev. Joseph F. Martin made a set speech, going through the formalities of taking a text—preached an outrageous sermon, and prayed an outrageous prayer, 'that his wicked and unhallowed tracks might never again be seen or known in Knoxville.'

The mortified wife of Mr. Maynard, (who is from the neighborhood of New York city,) who is a lady, and so regarded, in every sense of the word, an intelligent, charitable, Christian lady, shedding tears on that occasion, rose up, left the house and journeyed home ; and, although she was driven out but a few weeks ago, with my wife and children, she had, to her honor and credit, never disgraced her name by visiting his vile sanctuary any more. Feeling that he had behaved in a contemptible manner, he made her a visit and apologized, saying, 'I didn't want to do it, but my elders made me do it, and I had to do it, or lose my salary and my place.' What do you think of a 'laborer in the vineyard' like that?"

Of the pastor of another Knoxville church, he related : "The pastor of the Old School Church in Knoxville, a man of education and fair talent, and until secession broke out, I thought him a gentleman and a Christian. A short time before I left, he had a special occasion to preach upon the subject of secession, and attracted a large crowd. He made the bold and open declaration that Jesus Christ was a Southerner, born on Southern soil. He did it in good faith ; he did it in sincerity, however, not in truth. He said, 'Jesus Christ was a Southerner, born on Southern soil, and so were his disciples and apostles, all except Judas, and he was a Northern man.' Holding up a Bible, he said—I presume he was sober, but I would not guarantee it—'I would sooner, my brethren, announce to you a text for discussion from the pulpit out of a Bible or a Testament that I knew had been printed in hell, than out of a Bible or a Testament that was printed North of Mason and Dixon's line.' That was a part of *his* Gospel sermon on the Lord's day."

The Methodist ministry (Brownlow belonged to that persuasion) he characterized thus :

"The Methodist preachers in the South were entitled to more consideration, for there was more unanimity among them. They were nearly all, without any exception, rascals."

He thus specified one case : "Fountain E. Fitch was an old presiding elder of the Conference, a man who had been in

every General Conference for thirty years. He went to Europe with Bishop Soule, and had one or two sons in the rebel army. He was a chaplain of a Nashville regiment, and made it a practice to get drunk, carrying a bottle with him ; he drank to excess and swore profanely, but preached every Sunday faithfully to the soldiers. In his discourses he told them that the cause in which they were engaged—and I only give him as a specimen of all denominations—fighting for the independence of the South, fighting to keep back the abolition hordes of the North, and to repulse the hordes of Lincoln, was so good and so holy a cause, that if they died in this cause they would be saved in heaven, even without grace."

But there was one loyal man "of the cloth"—that of the Episcopal minister in Knoxville, whose case the Parson thus referred to :

"Rev. Thomas W. Hugh was a slaveholder, and a man of property. His Bishop, some months ago, furnished him with a new prayer, which did not require him to pray for the President of the United States, but substituted Jefferson Davis and the Confederate Government. Mr. Hugh, promptly but frankly, and like a man, said : 'I cannot abandon my Prayer-Book and regular form. I do not believe in the Confederacy ; I do not believe in Jefferson Davis.' They turned him out and procured another pliant tool and cat's-paw, who was willing to pray for *anybody* for his victuals, his wine, and his parsonage."

#### GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

For Zollicoffer, Brownlow entertained a sincere respect. Both were Whigs—had campaigned it politically together and were, personally, friends. The rebel General did not forget old relation in his new ones—which latter we have good reason to suspect were alike painful and distasteful to him. Brownlow said :

"After my types and printing-press had been destroyed, and my office turned into a blacksmith-shop, to repair and put percussion locks on the old muskets Floyd stole, word was given to General Zollicoffer that a regiment of Texans, who were encamped a few miles out of town, had fixed up their

plans to pull Brownlow's house down that night. Zollicoffer immediately gave an order that no soldier should leave camp that night, and sent a company of soldiers to guard my house, giving the ladies information of his intention. This was heralded all through the Southern Confederacy as a piece of unheard-of clemency. But I think he did nothing more than his duty. And now that Zollicoffer is dead, I must do him the credit to say that I knew him for more than twenty-five years; that I have battled with him; that he was an honest man, who never wronged another out of a cent; that he never told a lie; that he was in all respects an honorable man, and as brave a soldier as ever died in battle, and that the only mean thing he ever did, was fighting for the Southern Confederacy."

Zollicoffer was killed at the battle of Wild Cat, Kentucky, October 21st, by Colonel Fry. His death was sincerely regretted by the Unionists of Tennessee. He had been cajoled into the Confederate service; his hand, not his heart, seemed to have been the sinner.

#### THE BRIDGE BURNING.

The burning of bridges in East Tennessee was an act of the Unionists, to prevent the Confederates from throwing reinforcements into that section, while Garland pushed down through Cumberland Gap to protect the Unionists in their pre-arranged uprising. The story of the burning was never known until the Parson revealed it on his arrival in Nashville, late in February (1861.) The substance of his statements, at that time, was thus reported by the Louisville *Journal*:

"It appears that Chaplin Carter and Captain Fry, of one of the Tennessee regiments, in the latter part of October, made their way in disguise and over hidden paths to the house of a prominent loyalist, within eight miles of Knoxville. Here they convened about one hundred trustworthy and devoted men, to whom they represented that a Federal division was about forcing its way into the Eastern district, and that, in

order to insure the success of the contemplated expedition, and prevent the reenforcement of the Confederate forces then guarding the Gap from either the West or East, they were authorized by the Federal military authorities to prepare and execute a plan for the destruction of the principal bridges on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad.

"Most of those present at once signified their willingness to co-operate with them, and it was accordingly arranged that parties of fifteen to twenty-five, armed and provided with the necessary combustibles, should proceed as secretly as possible to the vicinity of the bridges selected for destruction. Captain Fry, assuming the character of a Confederate contractor, professedly engaged in the purchase of hogs, under the name of Colonel Walker, traveled from point to point, personally superintending the preparations.

"So well were the plans laid, and so successfully carried out, that, although the most westerly of the doomed bridges was no less than *one hundred and seventy-five miles* from the most easterly, the guards at all of them were overpowered, and the structures fired within the same hour of the same night, that is, between the hours of eleven and twelve of the night of the 10th of November. The bridges were readily set in flames by means of ropes dipped in turpentine and stretched from end to end. Captain Fry was himself present at the burning of the Lick Creek bridge.

"The guards at that point were not only overcome, disarmed and tied, but also made to swear allegiance to the United States, upon a Bible brought along for the purpose. Captain Fry started for Southern Kentucky immediately after the burning, to return, as the conspirators all believed, in a few days, with a Federal army. His brother was afterward arrested, and hung by the rebels."

It is one of the melancholy episodes of the war that Garland and Schoepf were stayed in their advance upon East Tennessee. The way was open; and the uprising of the Unionists, with the help of the Federal forces, certainly would have given that section up to the Union. The "circumlocution office" had

another way of doing the thing—of gathering a tremendous force, in the course of time—to march down upon Nashville, then to whip the rebels out of West Tennessee; then to advance into East Tennessee. The poor Unionists pined in dungeons through the weary ten months which followed before their deliverance came, by the advance of Mitchell from the South and of Morgan from Cumberland Gap. East Tennessee *should* have been in the Union, in November, 1861; and, doubtless would have been, if counter orders had not arrested a simple, straight-forward, discreet campaign. This, we believe, is now the opinion of those best qualified to sit in judgment on events in Kentucky and Tennessee.



## XIX.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI. THE FIRST DISASTER.

THE final defection of General Price and Governor Jackson (June 12th) was followed by their calling out all the troops available to "fight the hireling Dutch," as the United States volunteers were then called. They gathered in strong force at Boonville, whither General Lyon proceeded with all the available force at his disposition—consisting chiefly of the First, Third, and Fourth Missouri regiments volunteers, with several companies of regulars, two batteries of artillery, and several companies of Home Guards. The battle of Boonville followed, June 17th, in which Price's forces were routed, and his camp equipage, stores, etc., captured. The Federal loss was two killed and nine wounded. General Price was not in the fight, having gone home the day previous, ill.

The Second Missouri regiment stopped at Jefferson City, where Colonel Boernstein assumed command. He issued his proclamation (June 17th,) announcing the flight of the Governor and other State functionaries, and proclaiming his purpose to co-operate with the civil and judicial authorities to preserve law and order.

On the 18th, General Lyon issued his proclamation to the people of Missouri, in which he set forth the true condition of matters as between the absconding Governor, with his treasonable coadjutors, and the General Government. He assured peace and safety to all who did not bear arms against the Government, and requested all who had been deceived into a co-operation with the treason of their late Executive, to lay down their arms, and return to their homes. He warned those in arms, however, against hoping for clemency, if they persisted in hostility against their country.

On the 18th, the Secessionists from Warsaw and vicinity attacked a body of Home Guards at Camp Cole, and dispersed them—the Guards losing twenty-three killed, twenty wounded, and thirty prisoners. The attacking force was comprised largely of Price's men, who had retired from Boonville upon Lyon's approach.

Lyon immediately proceeded to dispose his forces so as to command the best points of occupation in the State. Siegel was pushed out toward Springfield, where he arrived June 23d. Learning that Jackson was coming down from the North with the remnant of his forces, through Cedar County, Siegel advanced to Mount Vernon to intercept his retreat. At Mount Vernon he ascertained that Price was at Neosho, and immediately resolved to use him up before striking for Jackson. With that object in view, he moved (June 30th) on to Neosho; but Price had retreated before him.

The rebels effected a combination of their forces, under Generals Parsons and Rains, at Dry Fork Creek, eight miles north of Carthage. By orders of Brigadier-General Sweeny—who had then arrived at Springfield and assumed command of the Federal forces operating in South-western Missouri—Siegel,

on the morning of July 5th, pushed out to meet the enemy. His force consisted of eight companies of his own (Third) regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hassendeubel, Missouri volunteers; seven companies of the Fifth regiment, Colonel Salomon; and eight field pieces under command of Major Backof. The enemy's force comprised State troops and Arkansas volunteers to the number of fifty-five hundred—nearly one half mounted—and a battery of five guns. An account of the battle given by one who was present, read:

"Our command was about one thousand two hundred strong, including a part of Colonel Salomon's regiment. We met the enemy in camp, in an open prairie, three miles beyond Dry Fork. We could not discover many infantry, but numbers of cavalry. Approaching within eight hundred yards, we took our position. The artillery was placed in front; we had on our left two six-pounders; in our center, two six-pounders and two twelve-pounders; and two six-pounders on our right. The enemy, who occupied the highest ground in the prairie, had in position one six-pounder on the right and left, and in his center one twelve and two six-pounders. The fight commenced at half-past nine, when large bodies of infantry began to appear. The firing of the enemy was wretched. I have seen much artillery practice, but never saw such bad gunnery before. Their balls and shells went over us, and exploded in the open prairie. At eleven o'clock we had silenced their twelve-pounder and broken their center so much that disorder was apparent. After the first five shots the two secession flags which they carried were not shown. They displayed the State flag, which we did not fire at. At about two o'clock the cavalry attempted to outflank us, on both right and left. As we had left our baggage trains three miles in the rear, not anticipating a serious engagement, it was necessary to fall back to prevent their capture. Colonel Siegel then ordered two six-pounders to the rear, and changed his front, two six pounders on the flanks, and the twelve and six-pounders in the rear, and commenced falling back in a steady and orderly manner, firing as we went. We proceeded,

with hardly a word to be heard except the orders of the officers, until we reached our baggage wagons, which had approached with the two companies left in reserve. They were formed (fifty wagons) into a solid square, and surrounded by the infantry and artillery, as before. The retreat was without serious casualty until we approached the Dry Fork Creek, where the road passes between bluffs on either side. The cavalry of the enemy, eight hundred strong, had concentrated on the opposite side of the creek, to cut us off. Colonel Siegel ordered two more cannon to the right and left oblique in front, and then by a concentrated cross-fire poured in upon them a brisk fire of canister and shrapnell shell. The confusion which ensued was terrific. Horses, both with and without riders, were galloping and neighing about the plain, and the riders in a perfect panic. We took here two or three prisoners, who, upon being questioned, said their force numbered about five thousand five hundred, and expressed their astonishment at the manner in which our troops behaved.

"We proceeded, after capturing about thirty-five horses, toward Carthage. Just before entering the town, at about six o'clock, we brought up at Buck Creek, where three companies of infantry conspicuously posted themselves on the bank, while the rest, in two columns, made a small circuit around the town, which is situated near the creek. The artillery then poured in a well-directed fire upon the village. The horsemen started out in affright, and our soldiers brought them down with fearful effect. This was the heaviest charge of the whole day. No regular volley of musketry had been ordered until this time, and the Minie rifles carried their leaden messengers through man and horse with damaging effect. The enemy must have lost fully two hundred men in this skirmish. Night was approaching as we passed through Carthage. The remnant of the horsemen of the rebels were scattered in all directions; their forces were coming up in our rear, and we concluded to make for the woods on the Mount Vernon road. We could not have captured the entire force without some

loss ; and as we were acting without orders, thought it prudent to withdraw with our advantage.

" We took in all forty-five prisoners, some of them officers ; those taken at the Dry Creek at five o'clock reported about two hundred killed, and as the heaviest fighting was done afterwards, I estimate their loss at near five hundred. Our loss up to the time I left, was eight killed and missing, and forty-five wounded. As we brought off our wounded and dead, it is probable this may reduce the mortality list.

" The rebels halted at Carthage, and hoisted the secession rag, when our artillery wheeled, and in a few minutes were in position, and firing. Shot and shell were whistling over their heads when the flag disappeared from our view. We then kept on our way to Mount Vernon, where we were ordered to rendezvous, expecting to meet General Sweeney."

This masterly retreat covered Siegel with glory, and inspired the utmost confidence among the troops for their commanders. Almost all those engaged were Germans, while the officers were largely composed of Germans and Hungarians, of large experience on European battle-fields.

That section of the State immediately became the seat of stirring movements. There the rebels gathered heavy forces from Missouri and Arkansas, preparatory to a strike for St. Louis and the Capital, Jefferson city. Lyon immediately assumed the field command—General Fremont having taken chief command of the Department of the West, July 9th. Sharp engagements of detached bodies occurred at Florida, where a rebel camp was broken up—at Forsythe, which the Federal forces occupied—at Tilton, &c. ; while, on the 2d of August, Lyon fell upon Ben McCullough's advancing brigades, under command of General Rains and Colonel McIntosh, at Dug Spring, nineteen miles South-west of Springfield. The rebels withdrew before his vigorous first assault, leaving forty dead and forty-four wounded upon the field. McCullough's design was to fall upon Springfield, and, by the very enormity of his numbers, to cut Lyon's command to pieces. Lyon slowly

retreated from Dug Spring to Springfield, resolved to hold it at all hazards—even if his long looked for, and earnestly called for, reenforcements from St. Louis did not arrive. If Springfield was lost, McCullough and Price might march direct upon St. Louis. New Madrid was held by the enemy, from whence the recusant Governor hoped, by aid of the Confederate forces, then centering there, to fall upon Bird Point and Cairo. August 5th, Jackson issued, from thence, his “Declaration of the Independence of Missouri”—a rather remarkable document considering that he had been deposed by the properly constituted Convention, July 31st, so that another Governor (Judge Hamilton R. Gamble) had been chosen (August 1st) in Jackson’s stead. The “Declaration” was the cry of revenge and mortification, and was put forth as a rejoinder to Governor Gamble’s Address and Proclamation to the People of Missouri, issued August 3d.

Price moved his brigade, July 25th—then encamped on CowSkin Prairie, in McDonald County—toward Cassville, in Berry County, where it had been arranged the forces of McCullough, Pearce, McBride, and Price should concentrate, preparatory to the march on Springfield. The junction with McCullough and Pearce’s commands was effected July 28th. The First Division, under McCullough, left Cassville August 1st, taking the road to Springfield, followed by the Second Division, under Price and Pearce (of Arkansas.) The Third Division, under General Steen, started forward August 2d. It was the advance guards of this combined army which were encountered by Lyon’s forces at Dug Spring. The Federal General, discovering the enormous force of the enemy—as the several divisions came up and concentrated on Crane Creek—retired before them, and managed to give them a bloody greeting before they reached their destined goal. Accordingly, his forces marched out, on the night of August 9th,\* from Spring-

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\* Lyon marched out on the 7th, for the night attack, but found morning so near at hand when he was prepared to move from Camp Hunter, (two miles from Springfield,) that he recalled the orders and returned to town, resolved to try it again, if circumstances seemed to warrant the hazardous enterprise.

field, to encounter the rebels, then in full force at Wilson's Creek, about ten miles south of the city. The Federal disposition was to assail by two columns—one led by General Lyon in person, the other by Colonel Franz Siegel.

Lyon's conduct, in ordering this advance, has been censured as rash, and, perhaps, as influenced somewhat by pique at the neglect shown him by the commanding General at St. Louis. But, it is certain that he acted from a high and noble sense of duty. One who was present at the time, wrote: "A consultation was held, and the question of evacuating Springfield seriously discussed. Looking at it in a military view, there was no doubt of the propriety, and even necessity of the step, and many of General Lyon's officers counseled such a movement. Some favored a retreat in the direction of Kansas, while others regarded Rolla as the more desirable. General Sweeney, however, pointed out the disastrous results which must ensue upon retreating without a battle—how the enemy would be flushed and boastful over such an easy conquest, the Union element crushed or estranged from us, and declared himself in favor of holding on to the last moment, and of giving the enemy battle as soon as he should approach within striking distance. This kind of counsel decided General Lyon to remain, save his own reputation and that of the officers under him, and not evacuate Springfield until compelled."

The enemy, also, had resolved upon a night advance from Wilson's Creek camp, upon Springfield, hoping to surround it, and, by day-break, to close in upon Lyon so as to prevent his escape to Rolla. Every disposition was made for the movement—the men were under arms, with orders to march, by four columns, at nine o'clock P.M. Price, for some unexplained reason, having passed over the chief command to McCullough, the latter ordered the expedition to be given up, late at night, as the darkness was intense and a storm threatened. Lyon was not intimidated by the darkness—it rather was favorable, as it covered his passage and general disposition from the observation of pickets and scouts.

Price, in his report of the conflict, said: "About six o'clock

I received a messenger from General Rains, that the enemy were advancing in great force, from the direction of Springfield, and were already within three hundred yards of the position where he was encamped with the Second Division, consisting of about 1,200 men, under Colonel Crawford. A second messenger came immediately afterward from General Rains to announce that the enemy's main body was upon him, but that he would endeavor to hold him in check until he could receive reinforcements. General McCullough was with me when these messengers came, and left at once for his own head-quarters, to make the necessary disposition of our forces.

"I rode forward instantly toward General Rains' position, ordering Generals Slack, McBride, Clark, and Parsons to move their infantry and artillery forward. I had ridden but a few hundred yards, when I came suddenly upon the main body of the enemy, commanded by General Lyon in person. The infantry and artillery which I had ordered to follow me, came up immediately, to the number of 2,036 men, and engaged the enemy. A severe and bloody conflict ensued; my officers and men behaving with the greatest bravery, and, with the assistance of a portion of the Confederate forces, successfully holding the enemy in check.

"Meanwhile, and almost simultaneously with the opening of the enemy's batteries in this quarter, a heavy cannonading was opened on the rear of our position, where a large body of the enemy, under Colonel Siegel, had taken position, in close proximity to Colonel Churchill's regiment, Colonel Greer's Texan Rangers, and 679 mounted Missourians, under command of Lieutenant-Colonels Major and Brown.

"The action now became general, and was conducted with the greatest gallantry and vigor on both sides, for more than five hours, when the enemy retreated in great confusion, leaving their Commander-in-Chief, General Lyon, dead upon the battle-field, over five hundred killed and a great number wounded. The forces under my command have also a large number of prisoners."

This briefly alludes to the attack. Its circumstances were

so full of interest that we may refer to it more at length. An account by an eye-witness, as well as the reports of Siegel and Major Sturgis, offer all necessary information. The former said: "At eight o'clock in the evening, General Siegel, with his own and Colonel Salomon's command and six pieces of artillery, moved southward, marching until nearly two o'clock, and passing around the extreme camp of the enemy, where he halted, thirteen miles from town, and on the south side of the rebels, ready to move forward and begin the attack as soon as he should hear the roar of General Lyon's artillery. The main body of troops under General Lyon moved from the city about the same hour, halted a short time five miles west of the city, thence in a south-westerly direction four miles, where we halted and slept till four A. M., Saturday, the day of the battle. \* \*

\* \* \* "It was now five o'clock. The enemy's pickets were driven in; the northern end of the valley in which they were encamped was visible, with its thousand of tents and its camp-fires; the sky was cloudy, but not threatening, and the most terribly destructive of battles, compared with the number engaged, was at hand. Our army moved now toward the south-west, to leave the creek and a spring which empties in it on our left. Passing over a spur of high land which lies at the north end of the valley, they entered a valley and began to ascend a hill, moderately covered with trees and under-wood, which was not, however, dense enough to be any impediment to the artillery. \* \* \* \* \*

"Meanwhile the opposite hill had been stormed and taken by the gallant Missouri First, and Osterhaus's battalion and Totten's battery of six pieces had taken position on its summit and north side, and was belching forth its loud-mouthing thunder much to the distraction of the opposing force, who had already been started upon a full retreat by the thick-raining bullets of Colonel Blair's boys. Lieutenant DuBois's battery, four pieces, had also opened on the eastern slope, firing upon a force which was retreating toward the south-east on a road leading up the hill, which juts into the south-western angle of

the creek, and upon a battery placed near by to cover their retreat. \* \* \* \* \*

"Having driven a regiment of the enemy from one hill, the Missouri volunteers encountered in the valley beyond, another fresh and finely-equipped regiment of Louisianians, whom, after a bitter fight of forty-five minutes, they drove back and scattered, assisted by Captain Lothrop and his regular rifle recruits. Totten and Dubois were, meanwhile, firing upon the enemy forming in the south-west angle of the valley, and upon their batteries on the opposite hill.

"The undaunted First, with ranks already thinned, again moved forward up the second hill, just on the brow of which they met still another fresh regiment, which poured a terrible volley of musketry into their diminished numbers. Never yielding an inch, they gradually crowded their opposers backward, still backward, losing many of their own men, killed and wounded, but covering the ground thick with the retreating foe. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, already wounded, still kept his position, urging the men onward by every argument in his power. Lieutenant Murphy, when they once halted, wavering, stepped several paces forward, waving his sword in the air, and called successfully upon his men to follow him. Every Captain and Lieutenant did his duty nobly, and when they were recalled and replaced by the fresh Iowa and Kansas troops, many were the faces covered with powder and dripping with blood. Captain Gratz, gallantly urging his men forward against tremendous odds, fell mortally wounded, and died soon after. Lieutenant Brown, calling upon his men to 'come forward,' fell with a severe scalp wound. Captain Cole of the Missouri First had his lower jaw shattered by a bullet, but kept his place until the regiment was ordered to retire to give place to the First Iowa and some Kansas troops.

"Just then General Green's Tennessee regiment of cavalry, bearing a secession flag, charged down the western slope near the rear upon a few companies of the Kansas Second who were guarding the ambulance wagons and wounded, and had nearly overpowered them, when one of Totten's howitzers was

turned in that direction, and a few rounds of canister effectually dispersed them. The roar of the distant and near artillery now grew terrific. On all sides it was one continuous boom, while the music of the musket and rifle balls flying like an aggravated swarm of bees around one's ears was actually pleasant, compared with the tremendous whiz of a cannon ball or the bursting of a shell in close proximity to one's dignity.

"Up to this time General Lyon had received two wounds, and had his fine dappled grey shot under him, which is sufficient evidence that he had sought no place of safety for himself while he placed his men in danger. Indeed he had already unwisely exposed himself. Seeing blood upon his hat, I inquired, "General, are you badly hurt?" to which he replied, "I think not seriously." He had mounted another horse, and was as busily engaged as ever.

"The Iowa First, under Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt, and part of the Kansas troops were ordered forward to take the place of the Missouris. They fought like tigers, stood firm as trees, and saved us from utter and overwhelming defeat. General Lyon saw their indomitable perseverance and bravery, and with almost his last breath praised their behavior in glowing terms. Three companies of the Iowans were placed in ambush by Captain Granger, of the regulars. Lying down close to the brow of the hill, they waited for another attempt of the enemy to retake their position. On they came, in overwhelming numbers. Not a breath was heard among the Iowas, till their enemies came within thirty-five or forty feet, when they poured the contents of their Minie muskets into the enemy, and routed them, though suffering terribly themselves at the same time. Two Kansas companies afterward did the same thing on the eastern slope, and repulsed a vigorous attack of the enemy.

"Lyon now desired the men to prepare to make a bayonet charge immediately after delivering their next fire. The Iowas at once offered to go, and asked for a leader. On came the enemy. No time could be lost to select a leader. "I will lead you," exclaimed Lyon. "Come on, brave men." He

had about placed himself in the van of the Iowas, while General Sweeney took a similar position to lead on a portion of the Kansas troop, when the enemy came only near enough to discharge their pieces, and retired before the destructive fire of our men. Before the galling fire from the enemy, the brave General Lyon fell.

"The command now devolved upon Major Sturgis. There was no certainty that Siegel had been engaged in the fight at all, as our artillery had kept up such a constant roar that guns three miles distant were but little noticed. Under these circumstances, Major Sturgis had about determined to cross his command through the valley (the recent northern camp of the enemy) eastward, and, if possible, make a junction with Siegel on or near the Fayetteville road. Before he had time to give the necessary orders, another attack from the enemy was announced by the volleys of musketry which were heard on our right. Major Sturgis directed his attention that way, and the enemy were again repulsed.

"Captain Totten then reported his cannon ammunition nearly gone. This decided the course to be pursued, and Major Sturgis at once sent the ambulances toward the city, and Lieutenant DuBois' battery back to the hill at the north end of the valley, to protect the retreat. Then, in good order, the remnant of the bravest body of soldiers in the United States commenced a retreat, even while they were victorious in battle."

Siegel was experiencing the fortunes of a reverse on the East. He had advanced so rapidly as to surprise the enemy, and, by capturing his pickets, was upon them like a whirlwind. They flew before him as he pressed his way toward the Fayetteville road, which he reached, and a fine position was secured on a hill. Having heard the firing suddenly cease in the direction of Lyon's forces, he supposed the Federal attack, like his own, to have been successful; and, that Lyon's troops were pursuing the enemy, he deemed conclusive from the large bodies of the rebels moving toward the South. He stated, in his report: "This was the state of affairs at half-past

eight o'clock, A. M., when it was reported that Lyon's men were coming up the road. Lieutenant Albert, of the Third, and Colonel Salomon, of the Fifth, notified their regiments not to fire on troops coming in that direction, whilst I cautioned the artillery in the same manner. Our troops, at this moment, expected with anxiety the approach of our friends, and were waving the flag raised as a signal to their comrades, when at once two batteries opened their fire against us—one in front, on the Fayetteville road, and the other upon the hill upon which we had supposed Lyon's forces were in pursuit of the enemy, whilst a strong column of infantry—supposed to be the Iowa regiment—advanced from the Fayetteville road, and attacked our right.

"It is impossible for me to describe the consternation and frightful confusion which was occasioned by this important event. The cry, 'They (Lyon's troops) are firing against us!' spread like wildfire through our ranks; the artillerymen, ordered to fire, and directed by myself, could hardly be brought forward to serve their pieces; the infantry would not load their arms until it was too late. The enemy arrived within ten paces of the muzzles of our cannon, killed the horses, turned the flanks of the infantry, and forced them to fly. The troops were throwing themselves into the bushes and by-roads, retreating as well as they could, followed and attacked incessantly by large bodies of Arkansas and Texas cavalry. In this retreat we lost five cannon (of which three were spiked,) and the colors of the Third—the color-bearer having been wounded and his substitute killed. The total loss of the two regiments, the artillery and the pioneers, in killed, wounded and missing, amounts to eight hundred and ninety-two men."

Siegel stated, as the chief cause of the repulse, that four hundred men of the three months troops, (Colonel Salomon's regiment,) whose term of enlistment had expired, were unwilling to go into the fight, and stampeded at the first opportunity. Their defection and insubordination lost all at the critical moment.

The affair was, notwithstanding these reverses, a drawn battle. The enemy, after their last repulse by Major Sturgis, retired in confusion and prepared to retreat, fearing an advance by our troops—as would have been the case had not the artillery ammunition have given out, as reported. The rebels set fire to and consumed a large train of their stores, munitions and camp equipment, fearing their capture by the Federals. This alone proves how nearly the battle was won on the right and front. Had Siegel appeared at that opportune moment the large army of the enemy (confessed to have been 23,000 strong) would have been overwhelmed with defeat by 5,500 Federal troops.

The Federal forces, under Major Sturgis, fell back, in good order, toward Springfield—the enemy not pursuing—another proof of their own repulse. After the arrival at Springfield it was determined to fall back upon Rolla, immediately, since it was evident the enemy would soon cut off retreat in that direction. Siegel took command of the general disposition for the retreat. He was called upon to exercise all his ingenuity to get out of the net now thrown around him by the strong columns of the rebels, who well knew every rood of soil in that section. Preparations were begun for the retreat on the night of the 14th. By day-break the Federal columns were on the march toward the Gasconade. A correspondent, on the evening of the 10th, wrote: "With a baggage train five miles long to protect, it will be singular indeed, if the enemy does not prove enterprising enough to cut off a portion of it, having such a heavy force of cavalry." But, the retreat was safely effected, and the vicinity of Rolla was reached Saturday, August 19th. There the three months men were disposed for disbandment, and the gallant Iowa First was sent forward immediately to St. Louis to be mustered out of service—their term having also expired.

The official reports of the Federal losses showed them to be as follows: killed, 223; wounded, 721; missing, 292. Of the latter 231 belonged to Siegel's brigade. Of the wounded 208 were of the First Missouri, 181 of the First Kansas and 138

of the First Iowa volunteers—proving how well these regiments fought.

This disaster was followed by an inroad of the enemy, as Lyon foresaw, which soon gave them possession of that portion of the State. It cost much blood and treasure, and many months of hard campaigning to dislodge them. Had Lyon been reenforced all would have been well. Even two or three fresh regiments of infantry and one of cavalry would have filled up the ranks of the retiring three months men, and have afforded forces enough to have kept the enemy at bay until Fremont could come on in force. The loss of Springfield inflicted untold suffering upon the Unionists of that section. It was a disaster for which the country did not cease to hold Fremont responsible, although the General urged the strong plea that his men were totally unfit for the field from want of arms, transportation, &c.

Price, immediately after the retreat, moved his entire forces into Springfield, from whence he issued the following proclamation to the People of Missouri :

“FELLOW CITIZENS: The army under my command has been organized under the Laws of the State for the protection of your homes and firesides, and for the maintenance of the rights, dignity, and honor of Missouri. It is kept in the field for these purposes alone, and to aid in accomplishing them our gallant Southern brethren have come into our State.

“We have just achieved a glorious victory over the foe, and scattered far and wide the appointed army which the usurper at Washington has been more than six months gathering for your subjugation and enslavement. This victory frees a large portion of the State from the power of the invaders, and restores it to the protection of its army. It consequently becomes my duty to assure you that it is my firm determination to protect every peaceable and law abiding citizen in the full enjoyment of all his rights, whatever may have been his sympathies in the present unhappy struggle, if he has not taken an active part in the cruel warfare which has been waged against the good people of this State by the ruthless enemies whom we have just defeated. I therefore invite all good citizens to return to their homes and the practice of their ordinary avocation, with the full assurance that they, their families, their homes, and their property shall be carefully protected.

“I at the same time warn all evil-disposed persons who may support

the usurpations of any one claiming to be provisional or temporary Governor of Missouri, or who shall in any other way give aid or comfort to the enemy, that they will be held as enemies and treated accordingly.

“(Signed)           STERLING PRICE,  
“Major General Commanding Missouri State Guard.”

This had the effect to throw into his ranks a large number of those people in the south-western portion of the State who awaited the result of this conflict before determining their allegiance. It also forced acquiescence from all settlers who did not flee with the Federal army; but even that acquiescence did not protect their farms from devastation by the hordes of veritable “cut-throats” of which the invading army was largely composed.

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## XX.

### THE SECOND DISASTER IN MISSOURI. THE SIEGE AND FALL OF LEXINGTON.

THE seventy-two hours defense of Lexington, by twenty-seven hundred and eighty troops under command of Colonel William Mulligan, was one of the most gallant affairs of the War. Learning that Price was pushing up in strong force toward Lexington, Colonel Mulligan started, September 1st, with his Irish (Chicago) brigade, from his camp near Jefferson city—determined to hold Lexington at all hazards. If Lexington was lost it would give the rebels command of the Missouri, cutting off communication with the army in Kansas and threatening Jefferson city. As foreseen by Lyon, the rebels had, after their victory near Springfield, overrun the entire western section of the State, and so rapid were their advance toward the North and East that by September 1st the line of

Missouri river was threatened by them. Fremont ordered Mulligan forward to Lexington. Colonel Marshall's cavalry (Illinois) was to join him, with Colonel White's Home Guards, while Colonel Peabody (Thirteenth Missouri) was to fall back upon Lexington from Warrensburg if pressed by the enemy. In the meantime, General Sturgis was to move down from Kansas city with his entire disposable force (1,500) to the reinforcement of Lexington, while General Lane was to press forward from Harrisonville and assail Price from that direction. These movements, it was thought by Fremont, would so employ the enemy as to keep him at bay until he (Fremont) could come forward with his own forces from St. Louis and vicinity.

Mulligan did his part. By a forced march of ten days his troops reached Lexington, having foraged by the way for rations. At Lexington he found Colonel Marshall with his cavalry and Colonel White's Home Guards—each command about five hundred strong. Colonel Peabody soon came in, pressed back by the enemy advancing upon Lexington from Warrensburg. The Federal troops had not long to wait, for, on the afternoon of September 11th, the rebels under Price in person appeared off the town. From Colonel Mulligan's own account of the affair,\* we may quote :

“ On the 10th of September, a letter arrived from Colonel Peabody, saying that he was retreating from Warrensburg, twenty-five miles distant, and that Price was pursuing him with ten thousand men. A few hours afterward, Colonel Peabody, with the Thirteenth Missouri, entered Lexington. We then had two thousand seven hundred and eighty men in garrison and forty rounds of cartridges. At noon of the 11th we commenced throwing up our first intrenchments. In six hours afterwards, the enemy opened their fire. Colonel Peabody was ordered out to meet them. The camp then presented a lively scene; officers were hurrying hither and thither, drawing the troops in line and giving orders, and the Commander was riding with his staff to the bridge to encourage his men and to plant his artillery. Two six-pounders were planted to oppose the enemy, and placed in charge of Captain Dan. Quirk, who remained at his post till day-break. It was a night of fear-

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\* From his Detroit speech, November 29th.

ful anxiety. None knew at what moment the enemy would be upon the little band, and the hours passed in silence and anxious waiting. So it continued until morning, when the Chaplain rushed into headquarters, saying that the enemy were pushing forward. Two companies of the Missouri Thirteenth were ordered out, and the Colonel, with the aid of his glass, saw General Price urging his men to the fight. They were met by Company K, of the Irish brigade, under Captain Quirk, who held them in check until Captain Dillon's company, of the Missouri Thirteenth, drove them back, and burned the bridge. That closed our work before breakfast. Immediately six companies of the Missouri Thirteenth and two companies of Illinois cavalry were despatched in search of the retreating enemy. They engaged them in a cornfield, fought with them gallantly, and harassed them to such an extent as to delay their progress, in order to give time for constructing intrenchments around the camp on College Hill. This had the desired effect, and we succeeded in throwing up earthworks three or four feet in height. This consumed the night, and was continued during the next day, the outposts still opposing the enemy, and keeping them back as far as possible. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th, the engagement opened with artillery. A volley of grapeshot was thrown among the officers, who stood in front of the breastworks. The guns within the intrenchments immediately replied with a vigor which converted the scene into one of the wildest description. The gunners were inexperienced, and the firing was bad. We had five six-pounders, and the musketry was firing at every angle. Those who were not shooting at the moon were shooting above it. The men were ordered to cease firing, and they were arranged in ranks, kneeling, the front rank shooting and the others loading. The artillery was served with more care, and within an hour a shot from one of our guns dismounted their largest piece, a twelve-pounder, and exploded a powder caisson. This achievement was received with shouts of exultation by the beleaguered garrison. The enemy retired a distance of three miles. At seven o'clock the engagement had ceased, and Lexington was ours again. Next morning General Parsons, with ten thousand men at his back, sent in a flag of truce to a little garrison of two thousand seven hundred men, asking permission to enter the town and bury his dead, claiming that when the noble Lyon went down, his corpse had fallen into his hands, and he had granted every privilege to the Federal officers sent after it. It was not necessary to adduce this as a reason why he should be permitted to perform an act which humanity would dictate. The request was willingly granted, and we cheerfully assisted in burying the fallen foe. On Friday the work of throwing up intrenchments went on. It rained all day, and the men stood knee deep in the mud, building them. Troops

were sent out for forage, and returned with large quantities of provisions and fodder. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, we stole seven days' provisions for two thousand seven hundred men. We had found no provisions at Lexington, and were compelled to get our rations as best we could. A quantity of powder was obtained, and then large cisterns were filled with water. The men made cartridges in the cellar of the college building, and cast one hundred and fifty rounds of shot for the guns, at the foundries of Lexington. During the little respite the evening gave us, we cast our shot, made our cartridges, and stole our own provisions. We had stacks of forage, plenty of hams, bacon, &c., and felt that good times were in store for us. All this time, our pickets were constantly engaged with the enemy, and we were well aware that ten thousand men were threatening us, and knew that the struggle was to be a desperate one. Earthworks had been raised breast-high, enclosing an area of fifteen to eighteen acres, and surrounded by a ditch. Outside of this was a circle of twenty-one mines, and still further down were pits to embarrass the progress of the enemy. During the night of the 17th, we were getting ready for the defense, and heard the sounds of preparation in the camp of the enemy for the attack on the morrow. Father Butler went around among the men and blessed them, and they reverently uncovered their heads and received his benediction. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the drums beat to arms, and the terrible struggle commenced. The enemy's force had been increased to twenty-eight thousand men and thirteen pieces of artillery. They came as one dark moving mass; men armed to the teeth as far as the eye could reach--men, men, men, were visible. They planted two batteries in front, one on the left, one on the right, and one in the rear, and opened with a terrible fire, which was answered with the utmost bravery and determination. Our spies had informed us that the rebels intended to make one grand rout, and bury us in the trenches of Lexington. The batteries opened at nine o'clock, and for three days they never ceased to pour deadly shot upon us. About noon the hospital was taken. It was situated on the left, outside of the intrenchments. I had taken for granted, never thought it necessary to build fortifications around the sick man's couch. I had thought that, among civilized nations, the soldier sickened and wounded in the service of his country, would, at least, be sacred. But I was inexperienced, and had yet to learn that such was not the case with the rebels. They besieged the hospital, took it, and from the balcony and roof their sharpshooters poured a deadly fire within our intrenchments. It contained our chaplain and surgeon, and one hundred and twenty wounded men. It could not be allowed to remain in the possession of the enemy. A company of the Missouri Thirteenth was ordered forward to retake

the hospital. They started on their errand, but stopped at the breast-works, 'going not out because it was bad to go out.' A company of the Missouri Fourteenth was sent forward, but it also shrank from the task, and refused to move outside the intrenchments. The Montgomery Guard, Captain Gleason, of the Irish brigade, were then brought out. The commander admonished them that the others had failed; and with a brief exhortation to uphold the name they bore, gave the word to 'charge.' The distance was eight hundred yards. They started out from the intrenchment, first quick, then double-quick, then on a run, then faster. The enemy poured a deadly shower of bullets upon them, but on they went, a wild line of steel, and what is better than steel, human will. They stormed up the slope to the hospital door, and with irresistible bravery drove the enemy before them, and hurled them far down the hill beyond. At the head of those brave fellows, pale as marble, but not pale from fear, stood the gallant officer, Captain Gleason. He said, 'Come on, my brave boys,' and in they rushed. But when their brave captain returned, it was with a shot through the cheek and another through the arm, and with but fifty of the eighty he had led forth. The hospital was in their possession. This charge was one of the most brilliant and reckless in all history, and to Captain Gleason belongs the glory. Each side felt, after this charge, that a clever thing had been done, and the fire of the enemy lagged. We were in a terrible situation. Towards night the fire increased, and in the evening word came from the rebels that if the garrison did not surrender before the next day, they would hoist the back flag at their cannon and give us no quarter. Word was sent back that 'when we asked for quarter it would be time to settle that.' It was a terrible thing to see those brave fellows mangled, and with no skillful hands to bind their gaping wounds. Our surgeon was held with the enemy, against all rules of war, and that, too, when we had released a surgeon of theirs on his mere pledge that he was such. Captain Moriarty went into the hospital, and, with nothing but a razor, acted the part of a surgeon. We could not be without a chaplain or surgeon any longer. There was in our ranks a Lieutenant Hickey, a rollicking, jolly fellow, who was despatched from the hospital with orders to procure the surgeon and chaplain at all hazards. Forty minutes later and the brave Lieutenant was borne by, severely wounded. As he was borne past I heard him exclaim, 'God have mercy on my little ones!' And God did hear his prayers, for the gay Lieutenant is up, as rollicking as ever, and is now forming his brigade to return to the field. On the morning of the 19th the firing was resumed and continued all day. We recovered our surgeon and chaplain. The day was signalized by a fierce bayonet charge upon a regiment of the enemy, which served to show them that

our men were not yet completely worried out. The officers had told them to hold out until the 19th, when they would certainly be reenforced. Through that day our little garrison stood with straining eyes, watching to see if some friendly flag was bearing aid to them—with straining ear, awaiting the sound of a friendly cannonade. But no reinforcements appeared, and, with the energy of despair, they determined to do their duty at all hazard. The 19th was a horrid day. Our water cisterns had been drained, and we dared not leave the crown of the hill, and make our intrenchments on the bank of the river, for the enemy could have planted his cannon on the hill and buried us. The day was burning hot, and the men bit their cartridges; their lips were parched and blistered. But not a word of murmuring. The night of the 19th two wells were ordered to be dug. We took a ravine, and expected to reach water in about thirty hours. During the night, I passed around the field, smoothed back the clotted hair, and by the light of the moon, shining through the trees, recognized here and there the countenances of my brave men who had fallen. Some were my favorites in days gone past, who had stood by me in these hours of terror, and had fallen on the hard fought field. Sadly we buried them in the trenches. The morning of the 20th broke, but no reenforcements appeared, and still the men fought on. The rebels had constructed movable breastworks of hemp bales, rolled them up the hill, and advanced their batteries in a manner to command the fortification. Heated shot were fired at them, but they had taken the precaution to soak the bales in the Missouri. The attack was urged with renewed vigor, and, during the forenoon, the outer breastworks were taken by a charge of the rebels in force. The whole line was broken, and the enemy rushed in upon us. Captain Fitzgerald, whom I had known in my younger days, and whom we had been accustomed to call by the familiar nickname, 'Saxy,' was then ordered to oppose his company to the assailants. As I gave the order, 'Saxy, go in,' the gallant Fitzgerald, at the head of company I, with a wild yell rushed in upon the enemy. The Commander sent for a company on which he could rely; the firing suddenly ceased, and when the smoke rose from the field, I observed the Michigan company, under their gallant young commander, Captain Patrick McDermott, charging the enemy and driving them back. Many of our good fellows were lying dead, our cartridges had failed, and it was evident that the fight would soon cease. It was now three o'clock, and all on a sudden an orderly came, saying that the enemy had sent a flag of truce. With the flag came the following note from General Price:

"Colonel—What has caused the cessation of the fight?"

"The Colonel returned it with the following reply written on the back:—

“ ‘General—I hardly know, unless you have surrendered.’

“ He took pains to assure me, however, that such was not the case. I learned soon after that the Home Guard had hoisted the white flag. The Lieutenant who had thus hoisted the flag was threatened with instant death unless he pulled it down. The men all said, ‘we have no cartridges, and a vast horde of the enemy is about us.’ They were told to go to the line and stand there, and use the charge at the muzzle of their guns or perish there. They grasped their weapons the fiercer, turned calmly about, and stood firmly at their posts. And there they stood without a murmur, praying as they never prayed before, that the rebel horde would show themselves at the earthworks. An officer remarked, ‘this is butchery.’ The conviction became general, and a council of war was held. And when, finally, the white flag was raised, Adjutant Cosgrove, of your city, shed bitter tears. The place was given up, upon what conditions, to this day I hardly know or care. The enemy came pouring in. One foppish officer, dressed in the gaudiest uniform of his rank, strutted up and down through the camp, stopped before our men, took out a pair of handcuffs, and holding them up, said, ‘Do you know what these are for?’ We were placed in file, and a figure on horseback, looking much like ‘Death on the pale horse,’ led us through the streets of Lexington. As we passed, the secession ladies of Lexington came from their houses, and from the fence tops jeered at us. We were then taken to a hotel with no rations and no proprietor. After we had boarded there for some time, we started with General Price, on the morning of the 30th, for ‘the land of Dixie.’ ”

This disaster intensely excited the country against the commanding General of the West. It was pronounced a “reckless sacrifice of men,” a “piece of bad generalship,” a “reckless disregard of circumstances;” the loss of Lyon and the retreat of his forces were recalled with much bitterness; and the call became loud for Fremont’s supercedure. But, it is certain that Fremont was unable to cope with all the embarrassing circumstances by which he was surrounded. He assumed command of the Department at a date when all other campaigns were already organized and in motion. He found few men, few arms, but little artillery, no transports awaiting him—all had to be created. The enemy, in the meanwhile, was in the field—armed and ready for an immediate attempt to “drive the invaders and the hireling Dutch beyond the Mississippi.” He fell upon Lyon and Siegel in overwhelming

force, and pressed the Federal lines back until Lexington was open before him. That Fremont, during all this advance, was alive to the peril, his almost reckless exertions to obtain arms, horses, artillery and transports, all attest; and, if he did not succeed in keeping Price out of Lexington, it is certain that he came so near accomplishing the circumvention and capture of the combined rebel forces, that the country has not hesitated to exonerate him from much, if not all, the blame at one time heaped upon him.\* His suspension from command at the very moment when he was about to meet his foe, and to realize the fruits of his unquestionably well-laid schemes, was one of those military errors which seem inseparable from every great war.

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## X XI.

### THE CHARGE OF THE THREE HUNDRED.

THE charge of Fremont's "Body Guard" under Major Zagonyi, and the "Prairie Scouts" of Major Frank Ward into Springfield, is conceded to have been one of the most brilliant feats of arms of modern warfare.

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\* The defense of Fremont made by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, through the columns of the South Bend (Indiana) *Register*, silenced cavil and excited sympathy for him even among those whose censures had been most severe. It was shown that, as rapidly as Fremont would fit his men for the field they were taken from him and sent to swell the ranks of the army of the Potomac—where the peril was regarded as more imminent than in Missouri. Five thousand men ready to support Mulligan were, at the very moment of their departure, counter-ordered to the East.

An interesting series of papers on "Fremont's Hundred Days in Missouri," will be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, February and March, 1862.

Charles Zagonyi was a Hungarian refugee who, like so many of his countrymen, had fled to this country after the suppression of the revolution in his native country by the iron hand of the Russian Czar. His daring character brought the young officer to the notice of the invincible General Bem, by whom he was placed in command of a troop of picked cavalry for extraordinary service. His story, after that hour, up to the date of his capture by the enemy, was one of unparalleled daring. His last act was to charge upon a heavy artillery force. Over one half of his men were killed and the rest made prisoners, but not until after the enemy had suffered terribly. He was then confined in an Austrian dungeon, and finally released, at the end of two years, to go into exile in America.

Fremont drew around him a large number of these refugees from European tyranny, and found in them men of great value, in all departments of the service. Zagonyi enlisted three hundred carefully chosen men who, as a "Body Guard," served as pioneers and scouts in Fremont's advance. The exploit at Springfield was only one of many similar services for which they were designated by Fremont; but, the suspension of his command in Missouri broke up the Guard and Zagonyi withdrew from the service until his leader should again be given a command.

The Guard was mounted, and was armed with German sabers and revolvers—the first company only having carbines. The horses were all bay in color, and were chosen with special reference to speed and endurance.

The expedition to Springfield was planned, as it afterwards appeared, upon false information. Instead of Springfield being held by a small force, it was in possession of twelve hundred infantry and four hundred cavalry. Major Frank White had been ordered by General Siegel to make a reconnoissance toward Springfield—the Union army then being at Camp Haskell, south of the Pomme de Terre River, thirty-four miles from Warsaw and fifty-one from Springfield. The Major had just come in with his dashing "Prairie Scouts," one hundred

and fifty-four strong, from their gallant dash into Lexington ; and the order to strike out for the reconnaissance found them jaded from over service. The Major, however, put out, and was far on his way when, on the 24th (of October) he was joined by Zagonyi, who assumed command of the expedition, by order of Fremont. Zagonyi had with him one half of his Guard, provided with only one ration. The march to Springfield was to be forced, in order that the enemy should be surprised and the place secured before rebel reenforcements could reach it. The combined Scouts and Guard marched all Thursday (October 24th) night ; briefly rested Friday morning, then pushed on and were before Springfield at three P. M. on the 25th—the fifty-one miles having been accomplished in eighteen hours.

Eight miles from Springfield five mounted rebels were caught ; a sixth escaped and gave the alarm to the forces in the town, whose strength, Zagonyi learned from a Union farmer, was fully two thousand strong. Nothing was left but a retreat or bold dash. Zagonyi did not hesitate. His men responded to his own spirit fully, and were eager for the adventure, let it result as it would. Major White was so ill from over work that, at Zagonyi's entreaty, he remained at a farm-house for a brief rest. The Union farmer offered to pilot the Body Guard around to the Mount Vernon approach on the West—thus hoping to effect a surprise in that direction, as the enemy was, doubtless, aligned to receive the assault on the Bolivar road, on the North. Of this detour White knew nothing, and after his rest he pushed on with his guard of five men and a Lieutenant, to overtake his troops. He travelled up to the very outskirts of the town, and yet did not come up to his men. Supposing them in possession of the place, he kept on and soon found himself in a rebel camp—a prisoner. He was immediately surrounded by a crew of savages, who at once resolved to have his life. Captain Wroton, a rebel officer, only saved the Federal officer and his men from murder by swearing to protect them with his life. The blood-thirsty

wretches were only kept at bay by the constant presence of Wroton.

We may quote the particulars of the charge as given by Major Dorsheimer in his most admirable papers on Fremont's Campaign, before referred to, in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

The foe were advised of the intended attack. When Major Wright was brought into their camp, they were preparing to defend their position. As appears from the confession of prisoners, they had twenty-two hundred men, of whom four hundred were cavalry, the rest being infantry, armed with shot guns, American rifles, and revolvers. Twelve hundred of their foot were posted along the edge of the wood upon the crest of the hill. The cavalry was stationed upon the extreme left, on top of a spur of the hill, and in front of a patch of timber. Sharpshooters were concealed behind the trees close to the fence along-side the lane, and a small number in some underbrush near the foot of the hill. Another detachment guarded their train, holding possession of the county fair-ground, which was surrounded by a high board-fence.

This position was unassailable by cavalry from the road, the only point of attack being down the lane on the right; and the enemy were so disposed as to command this approach perfectly. The lane was a blind one, being closed, after passing the brook, by fences and ploughed land; it was in fact a *cul-de-sac*. If the infantry should stand, nothing could save the rash assailants. There are horsemen sufficient to sweep the little band before them, as helplessly as the withered forest-leaves in the grasp of the autumn winds; there are deadly marksmen lying behind the trees upon the heights and lurking in the long grass upon the lowlands; while a long line of foot stand upon the summit of the slope, who, only stepping a few paces back into the forest, may defy the boldest riders. Yet, down this narrow lane, leading into the very jaws of death, came the three hundred.

On the prairie, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider. To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then, drawing up in front of his men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke—

"Fellow-soldiers, comrades, brothers! This is your first battle. For our three hundred, the enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back." He paused—no one was sick or tired. "We must not retreat. Our honor, the honor of our General and our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been

called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis ; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be—*‘The Union and Fremont !’* Draw saber ! By the right flank—quick trot—march !

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every lip, and with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept on in its deadly purpose. Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts, what visions of peaceful cottages nestling among the groves of Kentucky, or shining upon the banks of the Ohio and the Illinois—what sad recollections of tearful farewells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during those fearful moments of suspense ? No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clutching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clang of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each brave rider and each straining steed members of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

“ ‘T were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array.’

They pass the fair-ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half-way past the forest, when, sharp and loud, a volley of musketry bursts upon the head of the column ; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The farther corner of the wood is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The Rebels are not surprised. There to his left they stand crowning the height, foot and horse ready to engulf him, if he shall be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do—run the gauntlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge up the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his saber over his head, and shouting, “Forward ! follow me ! quick trot ! gallop !” he dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company, and most of the second follow. From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets ; the poor fellows clutch wildly at the air and fall from their saddles, and maddened horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked ; farther down the hill they fly, like wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out of the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looks around him, and to his horror sees that only

a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, "They do not come—we are lost!" and frantically waves his saber.

He has not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the Guard was not from hesitation. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood and saw the enemy's line, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the wood so dense that it could not be penetrated. Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi's saber, and at once gave the order, "Forward!" At the same time, Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Kentuckian, shouted, "Come on, boys! remember Old Kentucky!" and the third company of the Guard, fire on every side of them—from behind trees, from under the fences—with thundering strides and loud cheers, poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have lost seventy dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm, and lies upon the stones, his faithful charger standing motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; he kept his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them yet!"

The remnant of the Guard are now in the field under the hill, and from the shape of the ground the Rebel fire sweeps with the roar of a whirlwind over their heads. Here we will leave them for a moment, and trace the fortunes of the Prairie Scouts.

When Foley brought his troop to a halt, Captain Fairbanks, at the head of the first company of Scouts, was at the point where the first volley of musketry had been received. The narrow lane was crowded by a dense mass of struggling horses, and filled with the tumult of battle. Captain Fairbanks says, and he is corroborated by several of his men who were near, that at this moment an officer of the Guard rode up to him and said, "They are flying; take your men down that lane and cut off their retreat"—pointing to the lane at the left. Captain Fairbanks was not able to identify the person who gave this order. It certainly did not come from Zagonyi, who was several hundred yards farther on. Captain Fairbanks executed the order, followed by the second company of Prairie Scouts, under Captain Kelloc. When this movement was made, Captain Naughton, with the Third Irish dragoons, had not reached the corner of the lane. He came up at a gallop, and was about to follow Fairbanks, when he saw a Guardsman who pointed in the direction in which Zagonyi had gone. He took this for an order, and obeyed it. When he reached the gap in the fence, made by Foley, not seeing anything of the Guard, he supposed they had passed through at that place, and gallantly attempted to follow. Thirteen men fell in a few minutes. He was shot in the arm and dismounted. Lieutenant

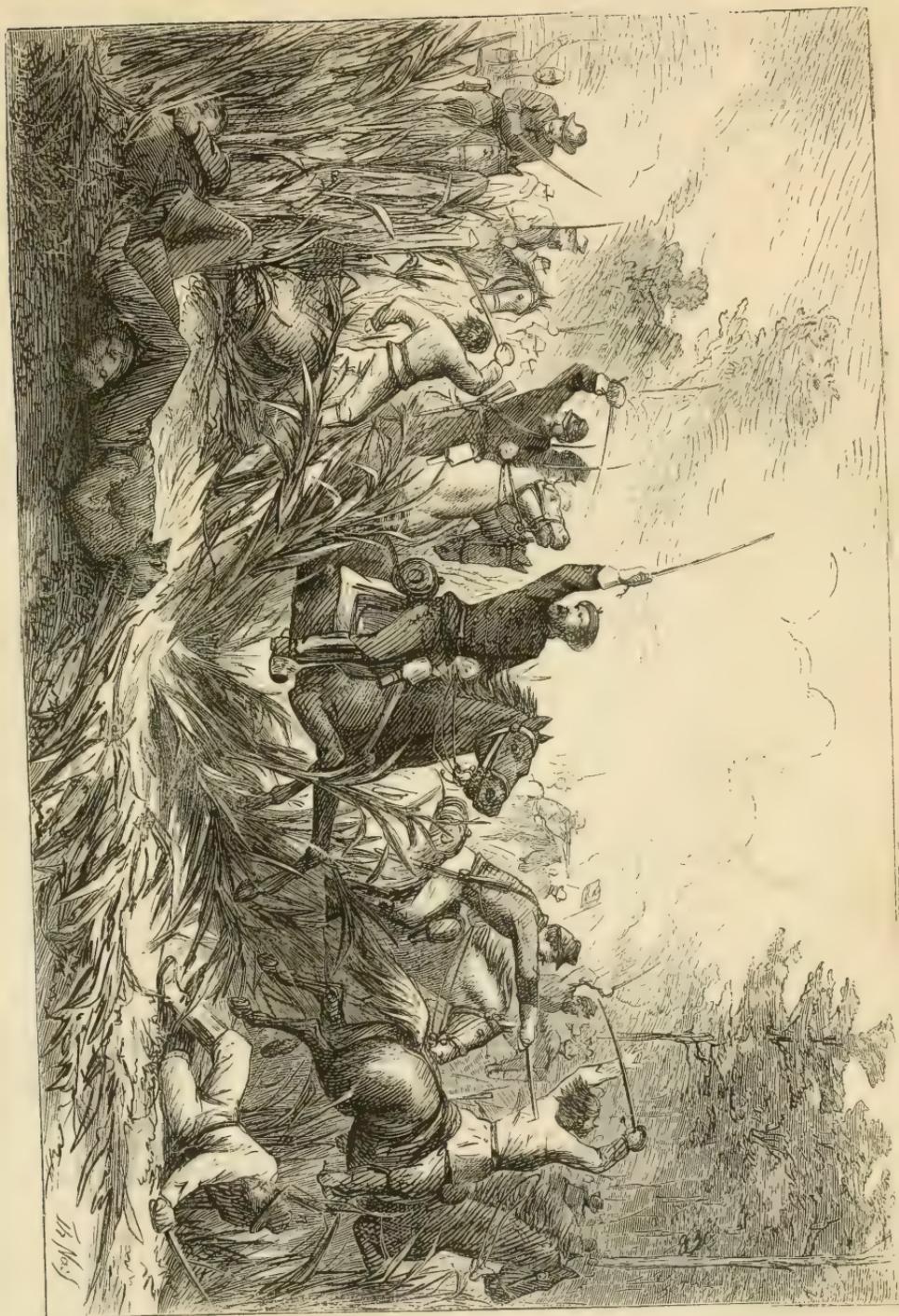
Connolly spurred into the underbrush and received two balls through the lungs and one in the left shoulder. The dragoons, at the outset not more than fifty strong, were broken, and, dispirited by the loss of their officers, retired. A sergeant rallied a few and brought them up to the gap again, and they were again driven back. Five of the boldest passed down the hill, joined Zagonyi, and were conspicuous for their valor during the rest of the day. Fairbanks and Kehoe, having gained the rear and left of the enemy's position, made two or three assaults upon detached parties of the foe, but did not join in the main attack.

I now return to the Guard. It is forming under the shelter of the hill. In front, with a gentle inclination, rises a grassy slope broken by occasional tree-stumps. A line of fire upon the summit marks the position of the rebel infantry, and nearer and on the top of a lower eminence to the right stand their horse. Up to this time no Guardsman has struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody lane. Their time has come. Lieutenant Maythenyi with thirty men is ordered to attack the cavalry. With sabres flashing over their heads, the little band of heroes spring towards their tremendous foe. Right upon the centre they charge. The dense mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole rebel squadron scatter in disgraceful flight through the corn-fields in the rear. The bays follow them sabring the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick among the uncut corn.

Zagonyi holds his main body until Maythenyi disappears in the cloud of rebel cavalry; then his voice rises through the air: "In open order —charge!" The line opens out to give play to their sword-arm. Steeds respond to the ardor of their riders, and quick as thought, with thrilling cheers, the noble hearts rush into the leaden torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows press through. Their fierce onset is not even checked. The foe do not wait for them—they waver, break and fly. The Guardsmen spur into the midst of the rout, and their fast-falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the boldest of the Southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from behind trees and thickets. Seven Guard horses fall upon a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught around the shoulders by a grape-vine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is cut down by his friends.

The rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the fair-ground, some hurry into the corn-fields, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the village. The Guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle rings his clarion voice—

CHARGE OF FREMONT'S BODY GUARD.





“Come on, Old Kentuck! I’m with you!” And the flash of his sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches a barn, a man steps from behind the door and lowers his rifle; but before it has reached a level, Zagonyi’s sabre-point descends upon his head, and his life-blood leaps to the very top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now raged through the village—in the public square, and along the streets. Up and down the Guards ride in squads of three or four, and wherever they see a group of the enemy, charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand. No one but has a share in the fray.

There was at least one soldier in the Southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charges alone upon a large body of the Guard. He passes through the line unscathed, killing one man. He wheels, charges back, and again breaks through, killing another man. A third time he rushes upon the Federal line, a score of sabre-points confront him, a cloud of bullets fly around him, but he pushes on until he reaches Zagonyi—he presses his pistol so close to the Major’s side, that he feels it and draws convulsively back, the bullet passes through the front of Zagonyi’s coat, who at the instant runs the daring rebel through the body; he falls, and the men, thinking their commander hurt, kill him with a dozen wounds.

“He was a brave man,” said Zagonyi afterwards, “and I did wish to make him prisoner.”

Meanwhile it has grown dark. The foe have left the village and the battle has ceased. The assembly is sounded, and the Guard gathers in the *Plaza*. Not more than eighty mounted men appear: the rest are killed, wounded, or unhorsed. At this time one of the most characteristic incidents of the affair took place.

Just before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but darted off with Lieutenant Maythenyi. A few moments afterwards he was observed in another part of the field vigorously pursuing the flying infantry. His active form was always seen in the thickest of the fight. When the line was formed in the *Plaza*, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him said: “In the midst of battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the Guard. I dismiss you.” The bugler showed his bugle to his indignant commander—the mouth-piece of the instrument was shot away. He said: “The mouth was shoot off. I could not bugle *viz mon bugle*, and so I bugle *viz mon pistol and sabre*.” It is unnecessary to add, the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

I must not forget to mention Sergeant Hunter, of the Kentucky company. His soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the Guard. He had served in the regular cavalry, and the Body

Guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill-master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was killed, he caught another from the rebels: the third horse taken by him in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The Sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those I shot," said he—"another may have hit them; but those I touched with my sabre I am sure of, because I felt them."

At the beginning of the charge, he came to the extreme right and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The Major, seeing him, said :

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left." "I kind o'wanted to be in the front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterwards.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds—none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot-holes.

It was now nine o'clock. The wounded had been carried to the hospital. The dismounted troopers were placed in charge of them—in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired before morning twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

Captain Fairbanks did not see his commander after leaving the column in the lane, at the commencement of the engagement. About dusk he repaired to the prairie, and remained there within a mile of the village until midnight, when he followed Zagonyi, rejoining him in the morning.

I will now return to Major White. During the conflict upon the hill, he was in the forest near the front of the rebel line. Here his horse was shot under him. Captain Wroton kept careful watch over him. When the flight began he hurried White away, and, accompanied by a squad of eleven men, took him ten miles into the country. They stopped at a farm-house for the night. White discovered that their host was a Union man. His parole having expired, he took advantage of the momentary absence of his captor to speak to the farmer, telling him who he was, and asking him to send for assistance. The countryman mount-

ed his son upon his swiftest horse, and sent him for succor. The party lay down by the fire, White being placed in the midst. The rebels were soon asleep, but there was no sleep for the Major. He listened anxiously for the footsteps of his rescuers. After long weary hours, he heard the tramp of horses. He arose, and walking on tiptoe, cautiously stepping over his sleeping guard, he reached the door and silently unfastened it. The Union men rushed into the room and took the astonished Wroton and his followers prisoners. At daybreak White rode into Springfield at the head of his captives and a motley band of Home Guard. He found the Federals still in possession of the place. As the officer of highest rank, he took command. His garrison consisted of twenty-four men. He stationed twenty-two of them as pickets in the outskirts of the village, and held the other two as a *reserve*. At noon the enemy sent a flag of truce, and asked permission to bury their dead. Major White received the flag with proper ceremony, but said that General Siegel was in command and the request would have to be referred to him. Siegel was then forty miles away. In a short time a written communication purporting to come from General Siegel, saying that the rebels might send a party under certain restrictions to bury their dead: White drew in some of his pickets, stationed them about the field, and under their surveillance the Southern dead were buried.

The loss of the enemy, as reported by some of their working party, was one hundred and sixteen killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hill-side, some of the foe had returned to the field, taken away their wounded, and robbed our dead. The loss of the Guard was fifty-three out of one hundred and forty-eight actually engaged, twelve men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train. The Prairie Scouts reported a loss of thirty one out of one hundred and thirty: half of these belonged to the Irish Dragoons. In a neighboring field an Irishman was found stark and stiff, still clinging to the hilt of his sword, which was thrust through the body of a rebel who lay beside him. Within a few feet a second rebel lay, shot through the head.

This was the first and the last exploit of the Guard. They returned, soon after, to St. Louis, along with Fremont. Their rations and forage were denied them and they were disbanded —ashamed of their soiled and ragged garments, and humiliated at their usage. Such are the fortunes of those at the mercy of opposing factions of the same service.

## XXII.

### BOMBARDMENT OF THE PORT ROYAL FORTS.

SEVENTY vessels sailed and steamed out of Hampton Roads, on the morning of Tuesday, October 29th, stretching out to sea, then heading for the South. It was a fleet of conquest, bearing one of the most superb armaments that ever floated in American waters. Frigates, sloops-of-war, and gunboats were mixed in with stately ocean steamers; while these had in tow nimerous small craft—all loaded to their fullest capacity with war *materiel*. Their destination was a mystery, even to those on board, except to those in whose hands the direction of that vast expedition was entrusted. The country speculated in vain as to whither it would move—Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Beaufort (S.C.) Bull's Bay—all being named as probable points of attack. This suspense was not cleared up until November 10th, when it became known, through rebel sources, that the Port Royal forts were ours.

The particulars of the bombardment of these forts are very interesting. It was one of the most imposing spectacles of the war—not so sublimely wild as the bombardment of the New Orleans forts, but very novel and magnificent as a naval demonstration.

The vessels of the squadron arrived off Kibben Head (Port Royal Harbor entrance) during the night of Sunday and the day of Monday, November 3d and 4th. The gunboats immediately commenced their soundings, to verify their old surveys of the channel. The rebel fleet, of five small vessels, under command of Commodore Tatnall, late of the United States Navy, put out from one of the estuaries, and engaged the

reconnoitering and surveying boats. After a sharp passage the rebels retired—evidently impressed with the smallness of his means to cope with such antagonists. The forts on Hilton Head and Bay Point kept silence, nor did any land batteries open, to betray their whereabouts to the fleet.

To draw their fire, and determine the order of attack, the gunboat *Mercury*, under Captain Gilman, chief of the Engineer Corps, was dispatched "along shore" to reconnoitre. Several of the vessels of war during the day dropt so far into the harbor, as to tempt the enemy to "show his teeth," which he did in a sharp manner, betraying a heavy battery on Hilton Head (afterwards discovered to be a well-appointed fort,) and two batteries on the opposite shores. The Union gunboats and the batteries kept up a fire for about two hours, when Commodore Dupont (in command of the Naval force of the expedition) signalled the boats out of the fight.

Wednesday morning was fixed upon as the moment for the reduction of the batteries; but, the flag-ship, *Wabash*, grounded on Fishing Rip shoal, and did not get off until too late for tide-flow, which her heavy draught required, in order safely to clear the bar and shoals.

Thursday (November 7th) was the momentous day. The morning was one of the most beautiful of Southern latitudes. A gentle breeze broke the clear water's face into ripples, as if the Naiades were smiling at the tragedy which portended. Butterflies fluttered through the air, and the songs of Southern birds broke the stillness with their waves of melody. The vessels of war reposed in quiet just beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, while beyond swung the transports at anchor, containing fifteen thousand troops, as an audience, to witness in safety the sublime combat of artillery.

At half past nine the vessels began to move into battle—in most novel and exciting disposition. The order as arranged was to sail in singly—the flag-ship *Wabash* first; each vessel to follow in its allotted succession. Passing slowly up stream, the starboard guns were to pour their fire into the two batteries (or forts) on the Bay Point side—passing down stream,

on the return, the battery (or fort) on Hilton Head, was to receive the fire. The vessels, thus sailing in an ellipse, passed in and out of range of the enemy's stationary guns, dealing, as they passed in close range, a fearful shower of shot and shell.

The first shot was fired by the Hilton Head fortification (Fort Walker,) as the *Wabash* steamed within range, at twenty-six minutes past nine, A. M. Three shots were thus fired. Then the Bay Point battery opened, when the *Wabash* responded with a terrific broadside. Her batteries consisted of twenty-six guns to the side, and a heavy pivot-gun fore and aft. These literally rained their iron shower on the lesser rebel fort. No attention was paid to Fort Walker. The flag-ship steamed slowly up stream, keeping the enemy under fire about twenty minutes, when she winded the line, turning southward, and, steaming down stream, gave Fort Walker her entire attention, passing within eight hundred yards of the Fort, which showed itself to be a very powerful work, mounting very heavy and superior guns, whose fire proved them to be not only improved ordnance, but well served.

The other vessels followed the same order of action. The *Susquehanna*, *Pawnee*, *Seminole*, *Bienville*, *Pocahontas*, *Mohican*, *Augusta*, and the gunboats *Ottawa*, *Seneca*, *Unadilla*, *Pembina*, and *Vandalia* joined in the fray, firing shell with great rapidity and precision, and making the battery vocal with their practice. The rebels fought their guns with a desperate coolness, and fired with a rapidity really surprising under the circumstances. In Fort Walker, against which the Federals directed their chief efforts—the Confederate gunners were stripped to the waist, and worked like furies. Their officer in command, Brigadier-General Drayton, was efficient, cool, and stubborn, but what could withstand that fearful hail?

Around the course the stately messengers of destruction moved, never faltering, never failing to come up to the work with exhaustless fury. The smaller gunboats obtained a position close into shore where the fort guns were enfiladed, while the *Bienville* sailed in, at the second round, close to the fort,

and gave her tremendous guns with such fearful effect that the enemy's best guns were soon silenced, but not until the vessel had been well spotted with the enemy's shot. The *Wabash* also came to a stand, at the third round, about six hundred yards from the fort. That moment decided the day. No human power could face such a death-storm, and the enemy suddenly fled, taking to the woods in the rear with such haste as allowed no time for any to gather up even the most prized of their goods.

The firing ceased at a few minutes past two P. M.—the battle having thus been waged with stubborn fierceness for over four hours. Discovering that the enemy had probably evacuated, Commander Rodgers—aid to Flag Officer Dupont—went ashore in the *Mercury* to find the enemy really gone. With his own hands he hauled down the rebel colors and flung the Stars and Stripes to the breeze. Then followed such a shout from the watching thousands as must have made appalling music for the Southern heart. Fort Walker had fallen and South Carolina was "invaded." The "dastard Yankee" had opened a way into her very vitals.

A reporter wrote, of the effects of the Federal bombardment :

"The effects of our fire were to be seen on every hand in the work. On the line along the front, three guns were dismounted by the enfilading fire of our ships. One carriage had been struck by a large shell and shivered to pieces, dismounting the heavy gun mounted upon it, and sending the splinters flying in all directions with terrific force. Between the gun and the foot of the parapet was a large pool of blood, mingled with brains, fragments of skull and pieces of flesh, evidently from the face, as portions of whiskers still clung to it. This shot must have done horrible execution, as other portions of human beings were found all about it. Another carriage to the right was broken to pieces, and the guns on the water fronts were rendered useless by the enfilading fire from the gunboats on the left flank. Their scorching fire of shell, which swept with resistless fury and deadly effect across this long water pond, where the enemy had placed their heaviest metal, *en barbette*, without taking the precaution to place traverses between the guns, did as much as anything to drive the rebels from their works, in the hurried manner I have before described. The works were ploughed

up by the shot and shell so badly as to make immediate repairs necessary.

"All the houses and many of the tents about the work were perforated and torn by flying shell, and hardly a light of glass could be found intact, in any building where a shell exploded. The trees in the vicinity of the object of our fire, showed marks of heavy visitations. Everything, indeed, bore the marks of ruin. No wonder, then, that the rebels beat a hasty retreat. I can, and do, cheerfully bear testimony to the gallant and courageous manner in which the rebels maintained their position under a hot fire, and fought at their guns when many would have fled."

Another correspondent wrote :

"The road the rebels took was strewn for miles with muskets, knapsacks, blankets, cartridge-boxes and other valuables that they had thrown away in their flight. They had retreated across the island to Seabrook, a distance of half a dozen miles, where they took boat for Savannah. Even the wharf at Seabrook was strewn with valuables, carried even so far and abandoned at the last moment. The troops who were in charge of this fort, and who certainly fought most gallantly, were the Twelfth regiment of South Carolina volunteers, under Colonel Jones, and the Ninth South Carolina volunteers, commanded by Colonel Haywood, and a battalion of German artillery, under Colonel Wagner. They had in the fort about 1,300 men in all—enough to serve all the guns in the most efficient manner. They had also a field battery with 500 troops stationed at a point a short distance above Hilton Head, where they anticipated our transports would undertake to send troops to attempt a flank movement for the assistance of the navy. On the opposite side of the river they had 400 men. It cannot be denied that the resistance was as gallant as the final panic was complete; but the hardest fighting on the rebel side was all done by the German artillery, they being the last to leave the fort, which they did not do until long after the greater part of the valiant Palmetto 'Chivalry' had taken to the woods to save their precious necks.

"They had spiked but one gun, a most valuable rifled cannon, which they temporarily disabled with a steel spike, which can with difficulty be extracted. The other guns were, most of them, columbiads of the very largest size, one hundred and thirty-pounders, and of the most admirable finish, being the finest and latest productions of the Tredegar Works, Richmond, and fully equal to any guns owned by the North. There were twenty-three of these guns in the fort.

"The fortification is of most admirable construction, evidently planned and built under the superintendence of a thoroughly able engineer,

and is one of the strongest works of the kind in the whole country. Our losses were: ten killed; twenty-five wounded."

As was anticipated, the fate of Fort Walker decided that of the opposite fortifications. The two batteries were that night abandoned without further struggle, and at daylight in the morning the Stars and Stripes floated over both the two points and St. Philip's Island. The works there were two well-constructed earth-works, the one on Bay Point mounting twenty-one heavy columbiads, and the other mounting four columbiads.

It was a noticeable fact, that the large store of powder found was of the best *English* make—that many of the projectiles were of *English* make—that several of the rifled guns were of *English* manufacture.

The abandoned fort and adjacent islands were immediately occupied by the troops on the transports. The islands and forts on the north side of the harbor were occupied Friday morning. In a few days Beaufort was a Federal city, and the Sea Islands around were soon sending their treasures of cotton once more to the "outer world."

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## XXIII.

### INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF THE PORT ROYAL FORTS.

GENERAL DRAYTON, the rebel officer in command at Fort Walker, was brother of Captain Drayton, in command of the *Pocahontas*, gunboat. The case certainly afforded a painful verification of the truth that, in the war, "brother was arrayed

against brother."\* Captain Steedman, of the *Bienville*, gunboat, was a South Carolinian. He fought his vessel with remarkable skill and fury, as did also Captain Drayton the *Pocahontas*.

After the ships had made one round, and sailed their fiery circle once, the order of battle was changed; certain ones of the gunboats dropped out of their assigned places, having discovered that they could take up a raking position which would enable them to remain stationary, and still keep up a rapid and galling fire on the fort. So, henceforth, the other attacking ships moved in a single line, the *Wabash* still leading.

Four of the gunboats ran into the bight of the river, to the north of the Fort, where they were enabled to keep up an enfilading fire, that completely raked the entire fortifications of Fort Walker, and distressed the enemy exceedingly. These gunboats were the *Ottawa*, *Curlew*, *Seneca*, and *Unadilla*. They were afterward joined by the *Pocahontas*.

Very many of the shot from the shore batteries were aimed high, especially at the *Bienville*, and other steamers having the walking-beam of the engine high above the deck, the object being to cripple the engine, and thus render the vessel unmanageable, so that she might drift on the shoals and become an easy prey. In these attempts they were not successful in a single instance, for not one of our ships, save the *Penguin*, which was immediately taken care of by one of our own boats, was injured in her steam works, so as to be disabled for a single instant.

The rebels regarded the destruction of the fleet as certain—their powerful guns being relied upon to sink any hull which should come in their way. In some of the letters found, half finished, in the officers' quarters, the utter destruction of the entire expedition was considered so positively assured, and their belief in the ability of their batteries to put an effectual quietus upon the pretensions of Lincoln's fleet was so perfect, that, in one or two of the documents, the writers lamented the

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\* Among other cases cited, is that of the sons of the venerable John J. Crittenden. One was a Major-General in the rebel service—the other was Brigadier-General in the Union army.

necessity they should be under of sending the ships to the bottom, when the Confederates were so much in need of ships. It was taken for granted that the tremendous execution to be done by their heavy guns, would perforate the hulls of our ships, and send them instantly to the bottom. Having this confident expectation, the rebels looked eagerly after every fire to see some of our ships go down. They especially concentrated their guns on the *Wabash*, and, as the prisoners afterward informed our men, were much surprised that she persisted in remaining afloat. When the ships had all passed their battery in safety for the first time, had "peppered them well," and had all escaped without apparent injury, the astonishment was great, and the universal impression began to prevail that there was some mistake.

For the second time the fleet came steaming down; for the second time the Federals poured in their terrible fire, dismantling guns, shattering buildings, and stretching in death numbers of men; and for the second time the fleet passed on in safety, showing not the slightest sign of any intention of going to the bottom.

By this time, a new element began to mingle with the feelings of the rebel garrison. With astonishment and wonder that they had not yet sunk any of the opposing vessels, began to mingle a large, a very large proportion, of doubt whether they *could* do it.

Without paying more attention to the barking of the battery at Fort Beauregard, on Pay Point, than to pitch them an occasional shot, merely to let them know they were not forgotten, for the third time the ships rounded their circular track, and came slowly down to pay their respects again. Again was the whole fire of the fort concentrated on the *Wabash*, and afterward, in turn, on each one of the vessels, as they passed, in a fiery procession, before the shore, delivering with the utmost coolness and the most exact precision, their murderous fire, running even nearer than before, firing more effectually than ever, yet again steaming away unharmed, and turning the point for still another round.

The utmost consternation now took full possession of the rebels, and, in an uncontrollable panic, they fled with precipitation. The panic at Bull Run was not more complete; indeed, not half so much so, for the rebels in their mortal terror ran for the woods without stopping for anything whatever. The left in their tents hundreds of dollars of money, gold watches, costly swords, and other valuables, showing that their fear was uncontrollable and complete.

The flight, observed first from the little gunboat *Mercury*, was communicated by her to the flag-ship, and then was immediately telegraphed to all the fleet.

When our men took possession on Bay Point, they discovered a characteristic trick of the enemy, which most luckily failed to succeed. The Secession flag was hauled partly down, and the halyards were connected with an ingenious percussion-cap apparatus, so arranged that the complete hauling down of the flag would explode the cap, which was intended to ignite a train of powder connected with the powder magazine. By some unforeseen accident, a quantity of sand was thrown over part of the train of powder, so that although the cap exploded and fired a part of the powder, and blew up a neighboring house, it did not communicate with the magazine, and little harm was done.

The *Wabash* fired, during the entire action, nine hundred shots, being all eight, nine, ten, and eleven-inch shells, with the exception of a few rifled-cannon projectiles of a new pattern, and which were used simply as a matter of experiment. The *Susquehanna* fired five hundred shots, the *Bienville* one hundred and eighty-five, and the average of the gunboats and the other smaller ships may probably be set down at one hundred and fifty each. There were, in all, sixteen vessels engaged on our side, and, probably, from all of them were fired not far from 3,500 shot and shell at the two forts, Walker and Beauregard, the four-gun battery, and Tatnall's, and the three steamers.

On almost every vessel, after the fight, the men were called aft and publicly thanked by their respective Captains. On the

*Bienville*, particular mention was made and special thanks returned, in presence of the ship's company, to William Henry Steele, a boy not fourteen years old, who conducted himself with distinguished bravery. He was powder-boy; and not only never flinched nor dodged a shot, but when two men were killed at his gun, he did not turn pale, nor cease, for an instant, his duties, but handed the cartridge he had in hand to the gunner, stepped carefully over the bodies, and hastened below for more ammunition.

Thomas Jackson, coxswain of the *Wabash*, was struck by a shot, which so nearly cut his leg off as to leave it hanging by a small portion of the muscle and skin. Partially rising and leaning painfully against a gun, Jackson glanced at his mangled limb, and, in an instant perceived its helpless condition. Feeling behind his back in his belt, where seamen always carry their knives, he drew his sheath-knife from its leathern scabbard, and deliberately began to saw away at his leg. He was borne below by his mates; and afterward asked continually how the fight was going, saying, "I hope we'll win it, I hope we'll win." In two hours he died; his last words being a wish for victory, and a word of thanks that he had been able to do something for the honor of the "dear old flag."

The *Wabash* was struck thirty-five times. One shot below the water-line started a bad leak. Another almost cut away the mainmast. Her rigging was badly cut up. Her handling was very effective. She was, at no time, in a position to be raked by the enemy's guns. She escaped with remarkable good fortune, considering that, as the flag-ship, she was the enemy's special target.

The *Bienville* was particularly exposed—having approached nearer the shore than any other vessel. But five shots struck her, and only one doing any serious injury. One columbiad solid shot struck her on the starboard bow, killing two and wounding three of her crew.

The *Penguin* was struck in her steam-chest, but no person was injured by the escaping steam. She was immediately towed out of action by the *Isaac Smith* tug-boat, which, though

not a fighter, was everywhere in the midst of shot and shell, ready for towing off any disabled ship.

The *Pawnee* was struck nine times. The *Mohican* also received a number of shots. These two were the most cut-up of any of the smaller vessels of the fleet. The *Ottawa*, *Seneca*, *Vandalia*, *Seminole*, *Susquehanna*, *Pocahontas*, and *Augusta*, all were several times hit, but none were disabled. This apparent lack of execution, when the shots so many times struck the vessels, arises from the fact that, either the rebels aimed high, for the purpose of breaking the walking-beams, and so crippling the engines of such of our vessels as could thus be disabled; or not deeming it possible that we would have the temerity to engage them at six hundred yards instead of two or three miles, the guns were all sighted for the longest range, and they consequently carried over, and clear of the hulls of our ships, and only cut the upper rigging.

The enemy left Fort Walker so hurriedly that their private effects, indeed, everything were wholly abandoned. The Federal troops found everything just as they left them. Dinner tables were set, and good food ready for the hungry fighters. The amount of stuff found was astonishing. All was taken possession of by our forces, and, with the exception of a few articles taken as mementoes of the occasion, everything was turned over to the proper officers. Quite a number of elegant swords and pistols, saddles, etc., were found, and distributed among the deserving.

The appearance of the old flag on the Game Cock State was hailed by enthusiastic cheers from the men of war, and caught up by the transports. Cheer after cheer went round the harbor, bands played patriotic tunes, and every one felt most gay and festive. The effect on the men when the flag waved aloft, was differently and curiously manifested. Some cheered lustily, while others were choked with their emotions. Some wept with joy, the tears rolling down their cheeks as large as peas, whilst others were much excited at once more seeing the colors of the Federal Union waving over South Carolina's traitorous soil.

## XXIV.

### THE FALL OF FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

THE sudden change of programme in the conduct of the war in the West during February was owing to the fine stage of water in the rivers and to the proven efficiency of the gun-boats. Anticipating an advance up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers the Confederates had erected two strong fortifications near the Tennessee line—Fort Henry on the Tennessee river and Fort Donelson, a powerful defense, on the Cumberland, near Dover. These structures were well constructed, mounted heavy and numerous guns, were well flanked by rifle pits, and, beside their regular garrison, had heavy supporting field forces constantly within reach. It was their powerful character which induced Grant to desist from his first essay up the Tennessee.

A movement against them, if successful, would at once force the rebel lines of defense far to the South, and render Bowling Green and Nashville an easy conquest. Whether to General Halleck, Commodore Foote, General Grant, or Mr. Lincoln belongs the credit of first conceiving the campaign, we do not know. That it was well planned and brilliantly executed, the history of the war proves.

An order (February 1st) promulgated by General Grant, placed his forces on a footing of active service. It was as follows :

“ HEAD-QUARTERS DISTRICT OF CAIRO, }  
CAIRO, Feb. 1st, 1862. }

“ For temporary government the forces of this military district will be divided and commanded as follows, to wit :

"The First brigade will consist of the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-seventh Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first regiments of Illinois Volunteers, Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries, and Stewart's, Dollin's, O'Harnet's, and Carmichael's cavalry. Colonel R. J. Oglesby, senior Colonel of the brigade, commanding.

"The Second brigade will consist of the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Illinois infantry, Fourth Illinois cavalry, Taylor's and McAllister's artillery. (The latter with four siege guns) Colonel W. H. L. Wallace commanding.

"The First and Second brigades will constitute the first division of the district of Cairo, and will be commanded by Brigadier General John A. McClernand.

"The Third brigade will consist of the Eighth Wisconsin, Forty-ninth Illinois, Twenty-fifth Indiana, four companies of artillery, and such troops as are yet to arrive, Brigadier General E. A. Paine commanding.

"The Fourth brigade will be composed of the Tenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, and Thirty-third Illinois and the Tenth Iowa infantry; Houtaling's battery of light artillery, four companies of the Seventh and two companies of the First Illinois cavalry; Colonel Morgan commanding.

"General E. A. Paine is assigned to the command at Cairo and Mound City, and Colonel Morgan to the command at Bird's Point. By order of

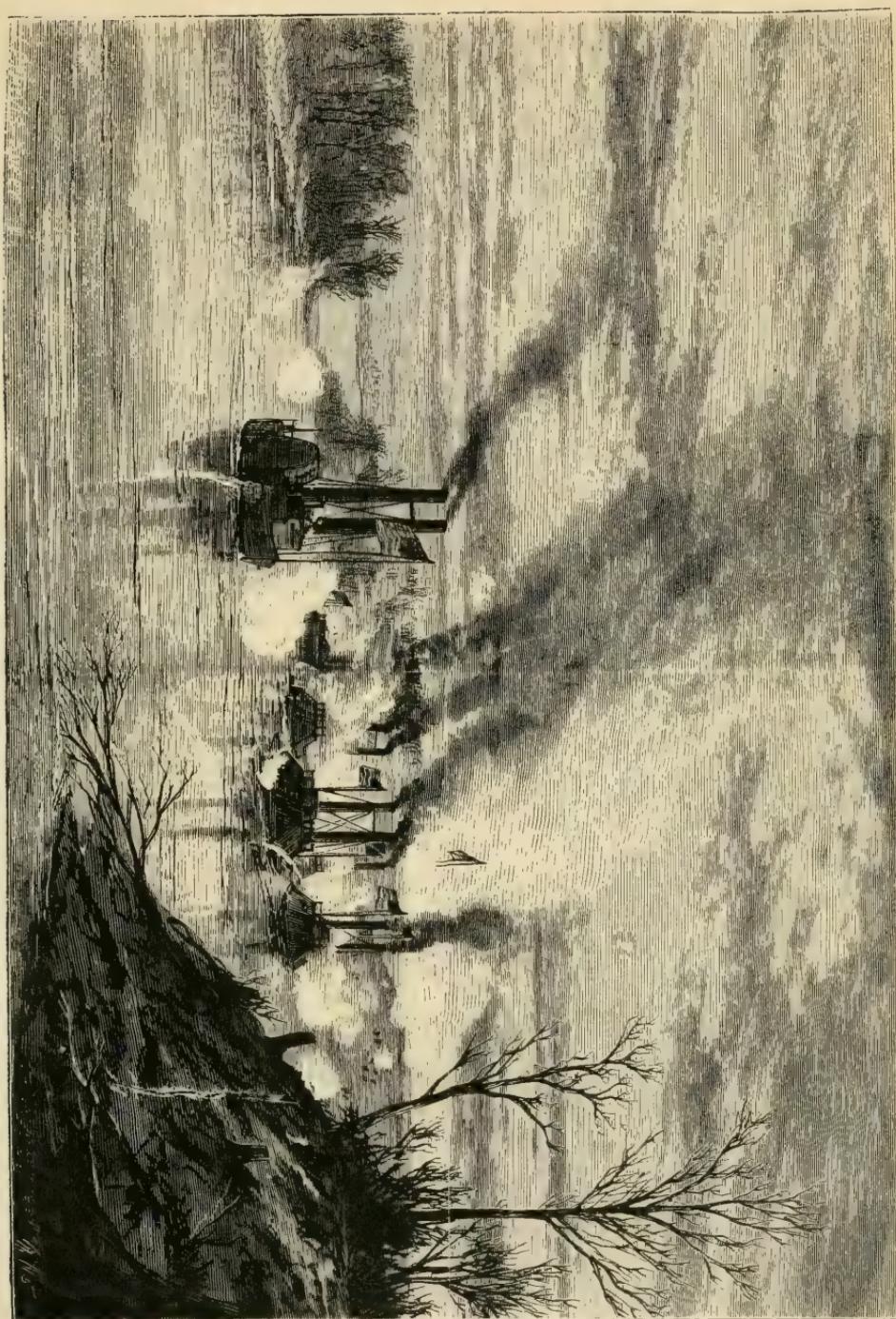
"U. S. GRANT, Brigadier General Commanding.

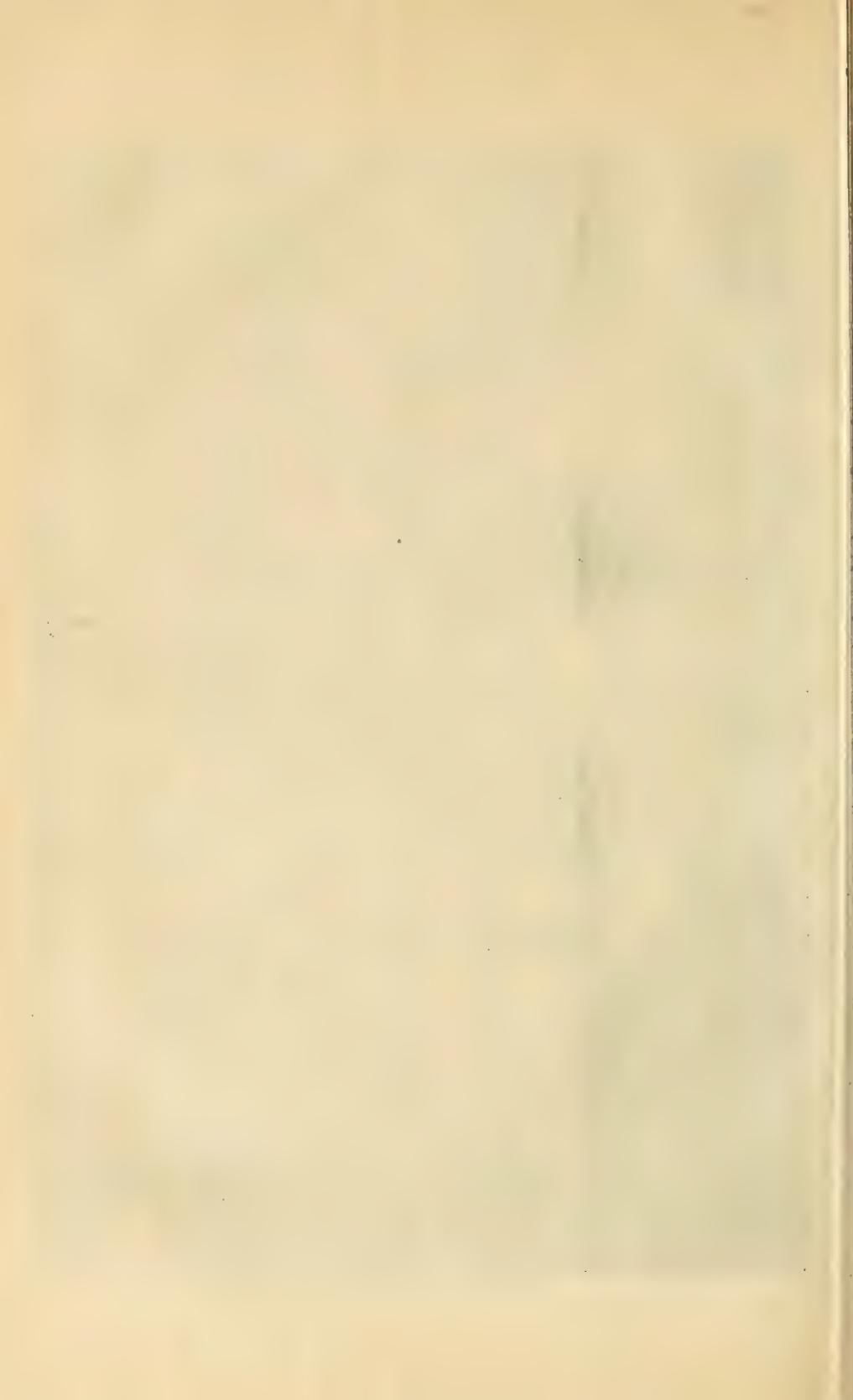
"JNO. A. RAWLINS, Assistant Adjutant-General."

The advance—McClernand's two brigades—from Cairo, commenced by transports, February 3d, passing directly up the Tennessee river, and disembarking on the 4th four miles north of Fort Henry. The iron-clad gunboats of Commodore Foote's fleet were already there. Upon the arrival of the troops three of the boats steamed up to reconnoiter and "feel of" the batteries. The enemy gave them a warm reception, fully showing his position and force. Reinforcements pressed up almost hourly from below, until Grant's force, by February 6th, was equal to any emergency. February 5th the General returned from the advance to Paducah to bring up General Smith's division, then at that point, 7000 strong. These all debarked at a favorable point, on the 6th, near the Fort.

But the activity of Foote anticipated the slower movements of the army. He steamed up, February 6th, passing around Painter's Creek Island—which lay over on the west side of the Tennessee, directly in front of Fort Henry. The enemy had neglected to obstruct that passage.

The boats emerged above the Fort, only one mile away, having the stream in their favor. The gunboat *Cincinnati*, (the "flag ship,") Commodore Foote on board, opened the fight,





slowly advancing directly down upon the fort, followed by the *St. Louis*, *Curondelet*, *Essex*, *Conestoga* and *Lexington*. The Fort replied with a furious and well served fire from heavy guns. The boats floated down until within three hundred yards of the enemy's embrasures, when headway was stopped and a close quarter action ordered. The fire was perfectly appalling for a few minutes succeeding, when at 1.40 the enemy's flag struck and the Fort was won. Its commander, General Lloyd Tilghman of Kentucky, (formerly of the United States Army,) surrendered unconditionally, with his staff and artillerists, (sixty.) The rebel infantry encamped near the Fort fled at the first fire, abandoning even their dinner—leaving Tilghman to do his work alone. The rebels also had three gunboats which fled hastily up the river. The Fort mounted seventeen guns—in most of them thirty-two and thirty-four-pounders rifled, and one, a superb ten-inch columbiad. The rebel loss was five killed and ten badly wounded. Why Tilghman surrendered, with only two guns disabled, our forces could not see. Commodore Foote received his sword, when General Tilghman said: "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer." Foote's notable reply was: "You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering; but you should have blown my boats out of the water before I would have surrendered to you!"

The *Cincinnati* was hit by thirty-one shots—some of them passing through her. The *Essex* was disabled by a heavy ball, which entered her side forward port, cut through the bulkhead and squarely through one of her boilers. The escaping steam scalded to death the two pilots in the house above and injured more or less all on board, including Commander Porter. His aid, S. B. Brittan, was killed at his side by a shot. The *Essex*, after the disaster, was allowed to float down stream beyond the range of the guns. Her loss was six killed, seventeen wounded, and five missing.

Grant's forces were in the Fort one half hour after its surrender. A delay of the attack by the gunboats until Grant could have invested the place, doubtless would have given

the Union army the entire force of rebel infantry which so hastily fled across to Fort Donelson.

This capture opened the way for an immediate descent on Fort Donelson. The pursuit of the retreating forces was rapid, and resulted in the capture of eight brass guns and thirty-three prisoners. Three gunboats pushed on up the river disabling the railway bridge across the Tennessee and Danville, and securing considerable quantity of commissary stores, wagons and army supplies found at the bridge. The entire property secured by the day's work was valued at about two hundred thousand dollars. The gunboats returned on the 10th, having succeeded in reconnoitering as far up as Florence, and in capturing and destroying a number of steamers used by the enemy as transports.

The rebels hastened to reenforce Fort Donelson. Generals Pillow, Floyd and Buckner were all there with their respective brigades, besides the regular garrison of the fortress, composed of artillerists from Columbus and the Mississippi river forts below. Outlying fortifications were thrown up, and rifle pits thrown out flank and rear. With this force and disposition it became evident that the reduction of the Fort would be a bloody affair, at best.

Commodore Foote with five boats started down the Tennessee immediately after the capture of Fort Henry, proceeding to Cairo to recruit and repair damages. On the night of February 11th he started for the Cumberland river.

The investment of Fort Donelson was complete by the 12th—McClerland's division having the Federal right wing and General Smith's the left, while Foote's gunboats commanded the river and assaulted the works from the front. The powerful river batteries were his chief point of attack. Six gunboats went into the fight February 14th before three P. M., the flag boat *St. Louis* leading. A severe contest followed of an hour and a half duration—the enemy using every possible exertion to overcome their water antagonists. They were so far successful as to shoot away the wheel of the *St. Louis* and the rudder of the *Louisville*, while all the boats were riddled

with shot. The *St. Louis* alone received fifty solid balls in and through her mail and upperworks. The firing of the vessels was fearfully destructive—much of the time some of the boats being within four hundred yards of the batteries. The enemy were completely driven from most of the guns, but three guns kept up the contest bravely so long as the iron-clads were within range. Fifty-four men were killed and wounded on the boats. The enemy's loss was not ascertained. The *Tyler* and *Conestoga* (not iron-clad) were disabled early in the fight.

Fort Donelson was thus described by one on the ground: "This Fort takes its name from the Andrew Jackson Donelson family of Tennessee. Its construction was commenced in May last. No better position for defense could have been selected at any point on the Cumberland as yet passed by us. It is on a fine slope a hundred and fifty feet high, in a very slight bend, on the right hand side of the Cumberland, one hundred and seven miles from the mouth of the river, and nearly two hundred from Cairo. It mounts sixteen guns. There are three batteries—the first about twenty feet above the water, consisting of six guns, thirty-two and sixty-four-pounders; the second about equal in strength, located about sixty feet above this; and the third on the summit of the hill, mounting four one hundred and twenty-eight-pounders. The trenches in the vicinity of each battery are unusually deep. The earth works are not less than six feet thick, braced by heavy logs. The rebel camp is behind the hill, and cannot be reached from the gunboats by shot or shell."

The gunboats having been disabled, General Grant resolved not to await their repair, and prepared at once to assault and reduce the rebel stronghold. His army was rapidly strengthened by five detachments from General Hunter's (Kansas) Department, and by all the available regiments of the Western States. The investment of the fort was completed by assigning the Federal center to General Lew Wallace's division.

The gunboats withdrew Friday afternoon, (14th.) That night was spent in getting the brigades in position. Early on

Saturday morning (15th) the enemy opened on the Federal right (McClernd's division) by a sharp fire on Colonel Lawler's Eighteenth Illinois regiment. All of Ogleby's brigade was quickly engaged. The brigades of Wallace and McArthur soon came into the fight, which, by ten o'clock, became very furious. General Wallace sent four regiments to McClernd's support, viz.: the Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Kentucky and Thirty-first Indiana, with the Forty-fourth Indiana as a reserve.

The troops on the right were disposed as follows: First, McArthur's brigade, consisting of the Ninth, Twelfth and Forty-first Illinois, having temporarily attached the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Illinois. Next came Ogleby's brigade, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Illinois, and Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries. Next, Colonel W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Illinois, and Taylor's and McAlister's batteries.

These three brigades composed McClernd's division, and bore the brunt of conflict. Upon that point the rebels pressed with the utmost tenacity, and the deeds of valor there performed by both parties form one of the most splendid, though bloody, records of the entire war. McClernd's men exhausted their ammunition entirely, and, finally, were called from the field to recuperate and obtain reenforcements. With this returning movement a counter movement was made by the charge of Smith's entire division upon the enemy's works. The charge was so furious as to bear all before it, and Smith's men occupied the entire works of the rebels on the left. Grant announced this to McClernd, ordering his advance. This was then made, in a brilliant manner, and the enemy was forced back within his works on the Federal right. Thus the Union army found themselves in a position to carry the enemy's main work by assault, on the morning of Sunday.

But, no such service was required of the elated and brave fellows whose achievements during the Saturday's contest covered them with glory. At a very early hour General Simon

Buckner, the senior rebel General in the fortification, sent out to obtain an armistice preliminary to arrangements of terms of honorable capitulation. Grant replied that nothing but unconditional and immediate surrender would answer—that he was prepared for the assault and should soon carry the works by the bayonet. Grumbling at the courtesy (!) shown him, Buckner unconditionally surrendered with his force of nearly 15,000 men.

Upon entering the premises it was found that Generals Pillow and Floyd, with their troops, had flown. During the night they had, at a council of war, declared their purpose to leave by the three steamers still at the landing above Dover. Pillow said he would not surrender—Floyd said it never *would* do for *him* to fall into Federal hands; and so Buckner, the unfortunate ex-chief of the Kentucky State Guard, was forced to do the deed—to give up his arms and submit to the tender mercies of the Government which he had betrayed. The flight of Floyd and Pillow was the theme of much amusing comment by the Northern forces. The escape of the great “chief of thieves” was certainly greatly deplored, for if any rebel among the conspirators deserved the halter more than another, that man was John B. Floyd, Mr. Buchanan’s Secretary of War.\*

The armament of the Fort and water batteries consisted of forty-four guns, most of them of superior make and heavy calibre. About 17,000 stand of small arms were taken, and an immense amount of stores—among which were twelve hundred boxes of beef, showing that the rebels had resolved to stand a siege before giving up. Floyd’s and Pillow’s men, in crossing the river, pitched all superfluous arms and baggage into the stream. A Louisiana cavalry company made its way, during the darkness, up the river, and thus escaped. Pillow and Floyd made direct for Clarksville.

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\* This surrender was the occasion of a pretty sharp correspondence among the Confederates; and Johnson had to “explain” to his government. Buckner felt that he was made the scape-goat for greater rogues than himself.

The correspondence between Buckner and Grant was rather humorous than otherwise. It read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, Feb. 16, 1862.

SIR: In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces, the appointment of Commissioners to argue upon terms of capitulation of the forces at this post under my command. In that view I suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER, Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

To Brigadier-General U. S. GRANT, commanding U. S. forces, near Fort Donelson.

HEADQUARTERS ON THE FIELD, FORT DONELSON, Feb. 16, '62.

To General S. B. BUCKNER—SIR: Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and the appointment of Commissioners to settle on the terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms, except unconditional and immediate surrender, can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, DOVER, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1862.

Brigadier-General U. S. GRANT, U. S. A.—SIR: The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.

I am, sir, your servant, S. B. BUCKNER, Brig. Gen. C. S. A.

“Ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose!” Injured gentleman! He doubtless expected to have General Grant give him a horse and escort to the nearest rebel stronghold—to have his men supplied with a half-eagle each and rations for three days, with sundry other comforts, to enable them to fight somewhere else! It took a good many reverses to teach the insolent, unprincipled and ungenerous men, who wore Confederate epaulettes, that the North and Northern soldiers were no longer their humble servants, but their superiors in good manners as well as in arms.

As was expected, these rapid strokes of the Union army astounded and disconcerted the enemy. His boasted strongholds at Bowling Green and Columbus were quickly abandoned; Clarksville was soon deserted, and Nashville temporarily occupied by the fast retreating rebels. But the operations of the gunboats on the Tennessee river promised to cut off retreat by the South, and Nashville was therefore soon given up without a struggle—the enemy falling back upon Murfreesboro', then upon Chattanooga, and finally upon Corinth, where Johnston and Beauregard determined to await the shock of the combined Federal armies, and thus decide the fate of the Mississippi Valley.

While all these splendid victories illuminated the *Western* sky, in the Eastern, where the vast "Army of the Potomac" bivouacked, there was nothing to arrest attention but a "change of base," whose story forms one of the most discouraging chapters of the war. It was not until *Western* men got command of that army that its record became one of glory. Then, indeed, it covered itself with honor!

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## XXV.

### THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

PRESSED out of Kentucky by the flank movements up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, the rebels fell back upon Clarksville, deserting their boasted stronghold at Bowling Green, and, soon after, their reputed "Gibraltar," at Columbus—all without a musket being fired against them. The fall of Donelson compelled Johnston to *recede* to Nashville; and, from thence, to the South, as rapidly as was consistent with the Southern idea of "retiring." Buell came down with his well-organized divisions, occupying Nashville, and preparing to

move from thence down upon the enemy, wherever he was to be found. Thomas' fine division was recalled from its work upon East Tennessee (alas for it!) and Mitchell was drawn from Bowling Green. Andrew Johnson was instated as Military Governor of Tennessee. Grant moved forward from Donelson direct to the South, by the Tennessee river, designing to strike into Northern Alabama and Mississippi, and break the railroad connections with Memphis and the East. This would flank and turn Memphis, compelling its evacuation, while the very centres of the Cotton States would be open to invasion.

In order to counteract this invasion, which promised to swoop up the Confederacy with a grand completeness, the rebels bent their whole energies to oppose the progress of the Federal army. General A. Sidney Johnston, as Commander-in-Chief, and Beauregard, as second in command, called to their aid the redoubtable General Bragg, with his well-drilled army, from Pensacola; Price and Van Dorn, with their wild brigades from Arkansas and Texas; Breckenridge, with his well-ordered brigades of recusant Tennesseans and Kentuckians; Pillow and Floyd with their forces of Mississippians and Virginians; Cheatham and the Reverend General Polk, with their well-drilled brigades from the line of the Mississippi. Hardee, Hindman, and others, were also detailed to the rebel lines, which were centered around Corinth, Mississippi. To fill up the ranks to a number equal to the work in hand of staying the Federal progress, a conscription was enforced, by which great numbers of those who had not borne arms against the Union, were forced into the service. Corinth was fortified. Memphis was strengthened by the strengthening of the defences above it. Every appearance seemed to indicate that the decisive struggle for the possession of the Mississippi Valley was at hand.

The Federal Government appreciating the greatness of the emergency, prepared for it by ordering Buell to join Grant at Savannah, thence to move direct against Corinth, while the indefatigable Mitchell "sky-rocketted" down upon Huntsville,

Decatur, etc., to cut off the railway and river communication with the East. Halleck was given the command in chief of the combined forces—thus to bring all the Federal military resources in the West to the work in hand.

It was not until late in March that Buell's divisions began to move out of Nashville toward Savannah and Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee river—there to join Grant's forces, already on the ground, for the advance against Corinth. Buell's forces consisted of the superbly-equipped divisions of Nelson, Thomas, Wood, McCook, Negeley and Crittenden—Mitchell going South toward Huntsville, by way of Murfreesboro' and Fayetteville. Grant's forces comprised the divisions of McCleernand, Lew Wallace, W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss, Hurlburt, and W. T. Sherman, with most ample equipments, artillery, etc. All of these forces were Western men—there being not a single regiment in that combined army from East of the Alleghanies.

To prevent the unity of the forces of Grant and Buell was the suddenly concceived design of Johnston. With the usual success, the rebel commander ascertained the plans and disposition of the Federals, and prepared to strike a blow at once on Grant's divisions, advanced to Pittsburgh Landing and located in a semi-circle around the landing, as a centre. If Grant could be beaten back before Buell could reinforce him, the rebels were sure of being able then to overmatch Buell; and, if he was forced back, the way was again opened to recover the ground lost in Tennessee and Kentucky. Immense forces, a steady hand, a daring will might accomplish all, and these Johnston had.

Grant, advancing his forces over the Tennessee, only awaited the coming up of Buell's divisions to assail the enemy intrenched at Corinth. Sherman's division had the extreme advance, left wing, supported by General Prentiss; McCleernand held the left centre; W. H. L. Wallace (commanding General Smith's forces) held the left right; Hurlburt's fine brigades formed the reserve; General Lew Wallace's division

was stationed at Crump's Landing, forming the Federal extreme right wing.

The skirmishes of Friday and Saturday (April 4th and 5th) chiefly with the enemy's cavalry, kept Sherman's men on the alert. Friday the Federal pickets were driven in on the main line of the division, with a loss of one Lieutenant and seven men, when Sherman ordered a charge. The rebel cavalry were, in turn, driven five miles, with no small loss. Saturday the rebels again made a bold push at the lines, in considerable force, and retired after a warm reception. These advances were but reconnoissances to test the Federal spirit and to locate his lines.

The pickets were again driven in at an early hour on the morning of Sunday (April 6th)—a day the rebels always seemed to choose for fight when the choice lay with them. Sherman immediately ordered his entire division to arms, as, also, did Prentiss his division—both commanders, it is ascertained, being suspicious of the impending attempt of the enemy, in force. The troops stood under arms for an hour, when, no heavy firing occurring, the General and his staff rode to the front. The enemy's sharpshooters picked off Sherman's orderly, standing near the General. This shot, and others which rapidly followed, came from a thicket lining a small stream, flowing north into the Tennessee. Along this stream Sherman's line was stretched. Sherman observed that, in the valley before him, the enemy was forming. He said, in his report:

"About eight A. M., I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front, in the woods beyond the small stream alluded to, and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp. All the regiments of my division were then in line of battle at their proper posts. I rode to Colonel Appler and ordered him to hold his ground at all hazards, as he held the left flank of our first line of battle, and I informed him that he had a good battery on his right and strong supports to his

rear. General McClemand had promptly and energetically responded to my request, and had sent me three regiments which were posted to protect Waterhouse's battery and the left flank of my line."

This shows that there was no surprise. McClemand was informed, as early as half-past six, of the enemy's presence, and had placed his troops in order of battle. The same with Prentiss and Hurlburt—both of whom were ready before the assault on Sherman's front.

It would be impossible, in the space of even a lengthy chapter, to detail the movements and events which followed on that most momentous day. A book alone would suffice to tell the story in detail.\* The first news dispatched of the battles which reached the North, gave a graphic, and, in the main, a correct description of the two days' struggle. It, we may quote :

" *PITTSBURG, via FORT HENRY, April 9th, 3:20 A. M.*

" One of the greatest and bloodiest battles of modern days has just closed, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy, who attacked us at daybreak, Sunday morning.

" The battle lasted without intermission during the entire day, and was again renewed on Monday morning, and continued undecided until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced their retreat, and are still flying toward Corinth, pursued by a large force of our cavalry.

" The slaughter on both sides is immense.

" The fight was brought on by a body of three hundred of the Twenty-fifth Missouri regiment, of General Prentiss' division, attacking the advance guard of the rebels, which were supposed to be the pickets of the enemy, in front of our camps. The rebels immediately advanced on General Prentiss' division on the left wing,† pouring volley after volley of musketry, and riddling our camps with grape, canister and shell. Our forces soon formed into line, and returned their fire vigo-

\* See "Pittsburgh Landing and the Investment of Corinth," in Beadle's series of "American Battles,"—where a 12mo. of 100 pages, is devoted to the subject.

† This account, in common with most all others made by newspaper reporters, was incorrect in the particulars of the enemy's first advance. The reader will find the correct statement of the first assault given in our own version above.

rously; but by the time we were prepared to receive them, they had turned their heaviest fire on the left center, Sherman's division, and drove our men back from their camps, and bringing up a fresh force, opened fire on our left wing, under General McClemand. This fire was returned with terrible effect and determined spirit by both infantry and artillery along the whole line, for a distance of over four miles.

"General Hurlburt's division was thrown forward to support the center, when a desperate conflict ensued. The rebels were driven back with terrible slaughter, but soon rallied and drove back our men in turn. From about nine o'clock, the time your correspondent arrived on the field, until night closed on the bloody scene, there was no determination of the result of the struggle. The rebel regiments exhibited remarkably good generalship. At times engaging the left with apparently their whole strength, they would suddenly open a terrible and destructive fire on the right or center. Even our heaviest and most destructive fire upon the enemy did not appear to discourage their solid columns. The fire of Major Taylor's Chicago artillery raked them down in scores, but the smoke would no sooner be dispersed than the breach would again be filled.

"The most desperate fighting took place late in the afternoon. The rebels knew that if they did not succeed in whipping us then, that their chances for success would be extremely doubtful, as a portion of General Buell's forces had by this time arrived on the opposite side of the river, and another portion was coming up the river from Savannah. They became aware that we were being reenforced, as they could see General Buell's troops from the river-bank, a short distance above us on the left, to which point they had forced their way.

"At five o'clock the rebels had forced our left wing back so as to occupy fully two-thirds of our camp, and were fighting their way forward with a desperate degree of confidence in their efforts to drive us into the river, and at the same time heavily engaged our right.

"Up to this time we had received no reenforcements. General Lew. Wallace failed to come to our support until the day was over, having taken the wrong road from Crump's Landing, and being without other transports than those used for Quartermasters' and Commissary stores, which were too heavily laden to ferry any considerable number of General Buell's forces across the river, those that were here having been sent to bring up the troops from Savannah. We were, therefore, contesting against fearful odds, our force not exceeding thirty-eight thousand men, while that of the enemy was upward of sixty thousand.

"Our condition at this moment was extremely critical. Large numbers of men panic-stricken, others worn out by hard fighting, with the average percentage of skulkers, had struggled toward the river, and could

not be rallied. General Grant and staff, who had been recklessly riding along the lines during the entire day, amid the unceasing storm of bullets, grape and shell, now rode from right to left, inciting the men to stand firm until our reenforcements could cross the river.

"Colonel Webster, Chief of staff, immediately got into position the heaviest pieces of artillery, pointing on the enemy's right, while a large number of the batteries were planted along the entire line, from the river-bank north-west to our extreme right, some two and a half miles distant. About an hour before dusk a general cannonading was opened upon the enemy from along our whole line, with a perpetual crack of musketry. Such a roar of artillery was never heard on this continent. For a short time the rebels replied with vigor and effect, but their return shots grew less frequent and destructive, while ours grew more rapid and more terrible.

"The gunboats *Lexington* and *Tyler*, which lay a short distance off, kept raining shell on the rebel hordes. This last effort was too much for the enemy, and, ere dusk had set in, the firing had nearly ceased, when night coming on all the combatants rested from their awful work of blood and carnage."

Then followed a list of the leading officers known to have been killed or wounded. It was meager, but gave names enough to plunge the country into mourning. Over Congress it threw a shadow which was betokened by the silence reigning in the halls after the news was received. That splendid army of the Union comprised some of the country's bravest spirits among its commanders, and all dreaded to read the lists which were hourly looked for after the receipt of the first news. The dispatch added: "There has never been a parallel to the gallantry and bearing of our officers, from the commanding General to the lowest officer. General Grant and staff were in the field, riding along the lines in the thickest of the enemy's fire during the entire two days of the battle, and all slept on the ground Sunday night, during a heavy rain. On several occasions General Grant got within range of the enemy's guns, and was discovered and fired upon. Lieutenant-Colonel McPherson had his horse shot from under him when alongside of General Grant. General Sherman had two horses killed under him, and General McClemand shared like dangers; also General Hurlburt, each of whom received bullet-

holes through their clothes. General Buell remained with his troops during the entire second day, and with General Crittenden and General Nelson, rode continually along the lines encouraging the men."

This refers specially to the first day's battle which closed, leaving the enemy in the camps held in the morning by the Federal troops. No wonder that Beauregard—Johnston being among the enemy's fearful list of slain—telegraphed a victory to the Confederate arms. To have given the Federal advance a staggering blow—to be permitted to feast his half-fed troops on Federal rations, and to rest their dirty limbs on Federal blankets, in Federal tents, was indeed a victory for them, even if the morrow should find them hurled back in confusion upon their intrenchments and reserves at Corinth.\*

The second day redeemed the disasters of the first. Buell's forces were marching in divisions, six miles apart. The advance (Nelson's brigades) reached Savannah on the 5th. There Buell arrived in person, on the evening of the same day. Crittenden's division came in during the evening. Hearing the terrific cannonading, Buell surmised its meaning and ordered forward Nelson's division at a quick march, without its train. Ammen's brigade arrived at the opportune moment, when Grant's forces were being slowly but surely pressed to the river's bank after their whole day's struggle. The fresh brigades immediately crossed and walked to the front. This arrival gave the wearied men fresh heart, and caused the enemy to fall back. The residue of Nelson's division came up and crossed the ferry early in the evening. Crittenden's division came on by steamers from Savannah. The batteries of Captains Mendenhall and Terrell, of the regular service, and Bartlett's Ohio battery, also came up. McCook's division, by a forced march, arrived at Savannah during the night of the 6th, and pushing on immediately, reached the Landing early on the morning of the 7th.

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\* As one of the "humors of the campaign," we may mention that the *Memphis Appeal* charged the Monday's defeat of the rebels to the *whiskey found, the night before, in the Federal tents!*

Buell's divisions, taking the Federal left wing, opened the day's work, soon after five o'clock, when Nelson's division moved forward upon the enemy's pickets, driving them in. The rebel artillery opened at six o'clock on Nelson's lines.

Grant gave the right Federal wing to General Lew Wallace's fine division of fresh men, which had arrived at eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday. Sherman's broken brigades again assumed the field, taking position next to Wallace. On the right the attack commenced early after daybreak, by Thompson's artillery, which opened on a rebel battery occupying a bluff to the front and right of Wallace's First brigade.

The battle soon became general. The enemy, during the night, had been reenforced to the utmost extent consistent with the safety of his defenses at Corinth, and was, therefore, prepared for a desperate conflict. It was evident, from his fighting that, if victory was won by the Union army, it must be at a fearful loss of life. But, the Federals—officers and men—were resolved upon victory even at a sacrifice of half their numbers, and they went into the fight with astonishing alacrity.

Wallace's position on the extreme right was one of great responsibility. But, he was the right man in the right place. He had for his coadjutor the really unconquerable Sherman, whose skeleton of a division was then as ready for the fray as if over one half of its numbers was not able to answer the roll call. Observing that his right was well protected by an impassable swamp formed by a creek, (Snake,) and discovering that the rebel left was open for a demonstration, Wallace determined to press it, if possible turn it. For that purpose, he stated in his report: "It became necessary for me to change front by a left half-wheel of the whole division. While the movement was in progress, across a road through the woods at the southern end of the field we were resting by, I discovered a heavy column of rebels going rapidly to reinforce their left, which was still retiring, covered by skirmishers, with whom mine were engaged. Thompson's battery was ordered up and shelled the passing column with excellent

effect, but while so engaged he was opened on by a full battery planted in the field just beyond the strip of woods on the right. He promptly turned his guns at the new enemy. A fine artillery duel ensued, very honorable to Thompson and his company. His ammunition giving out in the midst of it, I ordered him to retire, and Lieutenant Thurber to take his place. Thurber obeyed with such alacrity, that there was scarcely an intermission in the fire, which continued so long and with such warmth as to provoke the attempt on the part of the rebels to charge the position. Discovering the intention, the First brigade was brought across the field to occupy the strip of woods in front of Thurber. The cavalry made the first dash at the battery, but the skirmishers of the Ninth Missouri poured an unexpected fire into them, and they retired pell-mell. Next the infantry attempted a charge; the First brigade easily repelled them. All this time my whole division was under a furious cannonade, but being well masked behind the bluff, or resting in the hollows of the woods, the regiments suffered but little."

This affair only stayed the advance for a brief period. The cleared field in front was intersected by a willow-fringed stream. Over this the First and Second brigades now pressed. The skirmishers in action all the way cleared the rise, and grouped themselves behind the ground-swallows within seventy-five yards of the rebel lines. As the regiments approached them, suddenly a sheet of musketry blazed from the woods, and a battery opened upon them. About the same instant, the regiments supporting his left fell hastily back. To save his flank a halt was ordered. The wavering battalions soon recovered, when the two brigades pressed on with fixed bayonets. The rebels fell back into the woods, thus abandoning their first positions, which the Federals now held.

Fortune, however, wavered for a moment on the left of Wallace's well won position. Sherman advanced under cover of the three guns of the Chicago Light artillery, (Company A, Lieutenant P. P. Wood commanding,) until the line of McClellan's old camp was gained, on the Corinth road. There he

first met Buell's column of veterans—such troops as only a military commander of the truest instincts can produce. Their steadiness and precision inspired the new recruits of Sherman's brigades with great confidence and enthusiasm. Willich's famous regiment advanced upon the enemy lurking, in heavy force, in a thicket of water-oaks. The reception by the enemy compelled even the invincible Indiana Thirty-second to retire before it. The fire of musketry was perfectly astounding, and Colonel Willich came from the wood with sadly riddled ranks. It was evident that *there* was to be the great struggle of the day. Into the thicket, to support Buell's forces, Sherman now led his men. He says: "The enemy had one battery close to Shiloh, and another near the Hamburg road, both pouring grape and canister upon my column of troops that advanced upon the green point of water-oaks. Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beautifully, deployed and entered this dreaded wood. I ordered my Second brigade, then commanded by Colonel T. Kilby Smith, (Colonel Stuart being wounded,) to form on its right, and my Fourth brigade, Colonel Buckland, on its left, all to advance abreast, with the Kentucky brigade before mentioned, (Rosseau's.) I gave personal direction to the twenty-four-pounder guns, whose fire soon silenced the enemy's guns to the left, and at the Shiloh meeting House. Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it, and at four P. M. stood upon the ground of our original front line. The enemy was then in full retreat."

This states a splendid achievement in very modest terms. It was one of the most severe and hotly contested sections of the field, where Beauregard commanded in person and was supported by the divisions of Bragg, Polk and Breckenridge.

Thus far for the fortunes of the Federal right. The center, under McClernand's command, was engaged from the first moment with great obstinacy. Finding Buell gaining ground on the left, while the right was slowly advancing, the enemy threw his greatest strength in several assaults upon the center,

hoping to force it and thus retrieve the day. But McCler-  
nand's men were invincible. Hurlburt's somewhat thinned,  
but still resolute ranks moved up to his support, taking his  
left. There the obstinacy of the fight, at times, was not par-  
alleled on the field. The two contestants seemed equally  
resolved not to yield a rood of ground. One who was present,  
on this portion of the field, wrote :

"It now became evident that the rebels were avoiding the extreme  
of the left wing, and endeavoring to find some weak point in the lines  
by which to turn our force, and thus create an irrevocable confusion.  
It is wonderful with what perseverance and determination they adhered  
to this purpose. They left one point but to return to it immediately,  
and then as suddenly would, by some masterly stroke of generalship,  
direct a most vigorous assault upon some division where they fancied  
they would not be expected. The fire of our lines was steady as clock-  
work, and it soon became evident that the enemy almost considered the  
task they had undertaken a hopeless one. Notwithstanding the con-  
tinued rebuff of the rebels wherever they had made their assaults, up  
to two o'clock they had given no evidence of retiring from the field.  
Their firing had been as rapid and vigorous at times as during the  
most terrible hours of the previous day, yet not so well confined to one  
point of attack."

Hurlburt's forces, Second and Third brigades, were also  
doing great service in another part of the field, on the left,  
where, by their undaunted bravery, they contributed to the  
complete success of the day. Hurlburt thus chronicled the  
doings of his brigades :

"The Second brigade led the charge ordered by General Grant until  
recalled by Major-General Buell. The Third brigade was deeply and  
fiercely engaged on the right of General McClerland, successfully stop-  
ping a movement to flank his right, and holding their ground until  
the firing ceased. About one o'clock of that day, (Monday,) General  
McCook having closed up with General McClerland, and the enemy  
demonstrating in great force on the left, I went, by the request of General  
McClerland, to the rear of his line to bring up fresh troops, and  
was engaged in pressing them forward until the steady advance of  
General Buell on the extreme left, the firmness of the center, and the  
closing in from the right of Generals Sherman and Wallace determined  
the success of the day, when I called in my exhausted brigades, and led  
them to their camps. The ground was such on Sunday that I was un-  
able to use cavalry. Colonel Taylor's Fifth Ohio cavalry was drawn

up in order of battle until near one o'clock in the hope that some opening might offer for the use of this arm. None appearing, I ordered the command to be withdrawn from the reach of shot."

Wallace, after having forced the rebels back into their centre, pushed in upon them again by an oblique movement. This exposed his right flank, temporarily, when the Confederates suddenly threw their cavalry upon the right. The Twenty-third Indiana and one company of the First Nebraska, kept the enemy at bay until reserves came up, when a most obstinate conflict followed, and the rebels, bringing six or seven regiments immediately forward—their aim being to cut Wallace off from the army line, and thus "bag him," as Prentiss was bagged the day previous. As an evidence of fighting done there, we may recur to the words of the General :

" Pending this struggle, Colonel Thayer pushed on his command, and entered the woods, assaulting the enemy simultaneously with Colonel Smith. Here the Fifty-eighth Ohio and Twenty-third Indiana proved themselves fit comrades in battle with the noble Nebraska First. Here also the Seventy-sixth Ohio won a brilliant fame. The First Nebraska fired away its last cartridge in the action. At a word the Seventy-sixth Ohio rushed in and took its place. Off to the right, in the meanwhile, arose the music of the Twentieth and Seventy-eighth Ohio, fighting gallantly in support of Thurber, to whom the sound of rebel cannon seemed a challenge no sooner heard than accepted.

" From the time the wood was entered, forward was the only order. And step by step, from tree to tree, position to position, the rebel lines went back, never stopping again—infantry, horse and artillery, all went back. The firing was grand and terrible. Before us was the Crescent regiment of New Orleans; shelling us on the right was the Washington Artillery, of Manassas renown, whose last stand was in front of Colonel Whittlesey's command. To and fro, now in my front, then in Sherman's, rode General Beauregard, inciting his troops, and fighting for his fading *prestige* of invincibility. The desperation of the struggle may be easily imagined.

" While this was in progress, far along the lines to the left the contest was raging with equal obstinacy. As indicated by the sounds, however, the enemy seemed retiring everywhere. Cheer after cheer rung through the woods. Each man felt the day was ours.

" About four o'clock, the enemy to my front broke into rout, and ran through the camps occupied by General Sherman on Sunday morning. Their own camp had been established about two miles beyond. There,

without halting, they fired tents, stores, etc. Throwing out the wounded, they filled their wagons full of arms, (Springfield muskets and Enfield rifles,) ingloriously thrown away by some of our troops the day before, and hurried on. After following them until nearly nightfall, I brought my division back to Owl Creek, and bivouacked it."

Buell, with Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions, pressed into the enemy's right as obstinately as Wallace had pressed their extreme left. Buell thus briefly states the important services of his command :

"Ammen's brigade, which was on the left, advanced in good order upon the enemy's right, but was checked for some time by his endeavor to turn our left flank, and by his strong center attack in front. Captain Terrell, who, in the mean time, had taken an advanced position, was compelled to retire, leaving one caisson, of which every horse was killed or wounded. It was very soon recovered. Having been reenforced by a regiment from General Boyle's brigade, Nelson's division again moved forward, and forced the enemy to abandon entirely his position. This success flanked the enemy at his second and third batteries, from which he was soon driven, with the loss of several pieces of artillery by the concentrated fire of Terrell's and Mendenhall's batteries, and an attack from Crittenden's division in front. The enemy made a second stand some eight hundred yards in rear of this position, and opened fire with his artillery. Mendenhall's battery was thrown forward, silenced the battery, and it was captured by Crittenden's division, the enemy retreating from it. In the mean time, the division of General McCook on the right, which became engaged somewhat later in the morning than the division on the left, had made steady progress, until it drove the enemy's left from the hotly-contested field. The action was commenced in this division by General Rousseau's brigade, which drove the enemy in front of it from his first position, and captured a battery. The line of attack of this division caused a considerable widening of the space between it and Crittenden's right. It was also outflanked on its right by the line of the enemy, who made repeated strong attacks on its flanks, but was always gallantly repulsed. The enemy made his last decided stand in front of this division, in the woods beyond Sherman's camp."

Johnston having been killed, Beauregard was in chief command. Everywhere along his lines rode that leader, striving by appeal, command, exposure of his own person, to arrest the

tide of defeat, but to no purpose.\* The steady flank advances of the Federal wings—the solidity of their centre, rendered it necessary to “retire,” if he would not be cut off entirely from retreat. His baffled and somewhat dispirited brigades fell back slowly, gathering, in good order, in upon the Corinth road, which, in all the fortunes of the two day’s fight, had been carefully secured from any approach of the Unionists. The retreat has been described as a rout, but such it was not to any great degree. Some regiments threw away their arms, blankets, etc., from exhaustion, and a reckless disregard of orders; while the great numbers of killed, wounded and exhausted, so absorbed even the transport wagons, as to compel the enemy to leave behind much of his camp equipage and some of his guns.

The pursuit was feeble. The nature of the woods restrained the cavalry in their movements, and rendered them comparatively useless. Three thousand finely-mounted fellows had waited, for two days, an opportunity to ride into the conflict; and the order, late in the day of Monday, to pursue and harass the enemy, gave them but a brief service. The infantry pushed forward only for a mile or two. Colonel Wagner’s brigade of General Wood’s division, arrived late in the day, and was given the order to advance to the front for the pursuit; but Buell knew so little of the topography of the country that he considered it hazardous to penetrate too far into the enemy’s midst. This neglect to press the retreating foe gave

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\* To show what importance Johnston attached to the impending battle, we may quote from his address to his army, dated April 3d:

“SOLDIERS: I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country, with the resolution, discipline and valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living and dying for. You can but march to a decided victory over *agrarian mercenaries*, sent to subjugate you and to despoil you of your liberties, property and honor.

“Remember the precious stake involved! Remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters and your children on the result! Remember the fair, broad, abounding lands, the happy homes that will be desolated by your defeat! The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you!” etc., etc.

them the poor consolation of pronouncing their effort to stay the Federal advance a success, and thereupon a victory. The press of the South quite generally heralded it as a great triumph for the Confederates! They needed some crumb of comfort to console them for the loss of Island No. 10, which General Pope's masterly strategy and Commodore Foote's "irrepressible" guns gave to the Federal arms, with all its garrison, armaments, stores, etc., on the morning of the 8th of April.

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## XXVI.

### INCIDENTS OF THE PITTSBURGH LANDING BATTLE.

THE field was strewn with the wounded and the dead. No time offered for the wounded to be cared for by their fellows, though, on the second day, as the Unionists advanced, the surgeons came on and did their duty manfully and well. Friend and foe were treated alike. Captain Jackson, of General Grant's staff, wrote: "The field presented a sorry spectacle. It extended over a distance of five miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in width. This space was fought over twice, in regular battle-array, and many times in the fluctuating fortunes of the different portions of the two armies. It was covered with dead and wounded. Where the artillery had taken effect, men lay in heaps, covering rods of ground, mingled in wild masses of mangled horses, broken gun-carriages and all the dread *debris* of a battle-field. Where our men had made their desperate charges, the bodies lay in rows as they had received the bayonet, constituting, at particular points,

parapets of flesh and blood, over which a battle might have been fought, as over a breast-work. Not a tree or a sapling in that whole space which was not pierced through and through with cannon-shot and musket-balls, and, if we may believe the accounts, there was scarcely a rod of ground on the five miles which did not have a dead or wounded man upon it."

The struggle was of that character which made men forgetful of self. Every man seemed infused with only one thought, to kill as many as possible. One who was on the ground wrote of this obstinacy of both parties :

"On Sunday, especially, several portions of the ground were fought over three and four times, and the two lines swayed backward and forward, like advancing and retreating waves. In repeated instances, rebel and Union soldiers, protected by the trees, were within thirty feet of each other. The rebels derisively shouted 'Bull Run,' and our men returned the taunt by crying 'Donelson.' Many of the camps, as they were lost and won, lost again, and retaken, received showers of balls. At the close of the fight, General McCleernand's tent contained twenty-seven bullet-holes, and his Adjutant's thirty-two. Chairs, tables, mess-pans, camp-kettles, and other articles of camp furniture were riddled. In the Adjutant's tent, when our forces recaptured it, the body of a rebel was found in a sitting position. He had evidently stopped for a moment's rest, when a ball struck and killed him. In one tree I have counted sixty bullet-holes. Another tree, not more than eighteen inches in diameter, which was in front of General Lew Wallace's division, bears the mark of more than ninety balls, within ten feet of the ground. On Sunday, Company A, of the Forty-ninth Illinois, lost from one volley twenty-nine men, including three officers; and, on Monday morning, the company appeared on the ground commanded by a Second Sergeant. General McCleernand's Third Brigade, which was led by Colonel Raith, until he was mortally wounded, changed commanders three times during the battle. On Monday morning, one of General Hurlburt's regiments (the Third Iowa) was commanded by a First Lieutenant, and others were in command of Captains."

Such statements would be discredited were they not confirmed by those of other writers who have visited the field. They serve to prove how appalling must have been the slaughter, and yet out of the awful picture how the one great fact stands forth in a halo of glory—that of the courage of the Northern men! Such courage has its elements of sublimity

which would immortalize any other people. But of Americans *it is expected*, and therefore, will not especially be noted by writers on the war. The correspondent above referred to says of the personal bearing and hair-breadth escapes of some of the commanders :

" General Grant is an illustration of the fortune through which some men, in the thickest showers of bullets, always escape. He has participated in two skirmishes and fourteen pitched battles, and is universally pronounced, by those who have seen him on the field, daring even to rashness ; but he has never received a scratch. At four o'clock on Sunday evening, he was sitting upon his horse, just in the rear of our line of batteries, when Captain Carson, the scout who had reported to him a moment before, had fallen back, and was holding his horse by the bridle, about seven feet behind him—a six-pound shot, which flew very near General Grant, carried away all Carson's head, except a portion of the chin, passed just behind Lieutenant Graves, volunteer aid to General Wilson, tearing away the cantle of his saddle, cutting his clothing but not injuring him, and then took off the legs of a soldier in one of General Nelson's regiments, which were just ascending the bluff.

" About the same hour, further up to the right, General Sherman, who had been standing for a moment, while Major Hammond, his chief of staff, was holding his bridle, remounted. By the prancing of his horse, as he mounted, General Sherman's reins were thrown over his neck, and he was leaning forward in the saddle, with his head lowered, while Major Hammond was bringing them back over his head, when a rifle-ball struck the line in Major Hammond's hand, severing it within two inches of his fingers, and passing through the top and back of General Sherman's hat. Had he been sitting upright it would have struck his head. At another time a ball struck General Sherman on the shoulder, but his metallic shoulder-strap warded it off. With a third he was less fortunate, for it passed through his hand ; but now he has nearly recovered from the wound. General Sherman had three horses shot under him, two with three balls each, and the last with two. It is the universal testimony that he maneuvered his troops admirably, and that he is the hero of the battle. His nomination to a Major-Generalship is a deserved tribute to one of the best officers in our service.

" General Hurlburt had a six-pound shot pass between his horse's head and his arm ; a bullet passed through his horse's mane, and one of his horses was killed under him. Lieutenants Dorchester and Long, of his staff, each had several bullets and pieces of shell strike their clothing. Lieutenant Tesilian, of General McClelland's staff, had his cloth-

ing perforated by five balls, without receiving a wound. Major Hammond, of General Sherman's staff, had his cap cut by two bullets, and his boots by two, and two horses shot under him, but he escaped uninjured. A private in the Seventeenth Illinois had two of his front teeth knocked out by a bullet, which, though it entered his mouth, did him no further injury. A rifle-ball struck the temple of another private, near his right ear, passed through his head, and came out near the left ear; but he is recovering. Lieutenant Charles Provost, of the First Nebraska, received a bullet in the clasp of his sword-belt, and was afterward knocked down by the windage of a cannon-ball, but was not injured."

Of Buell's conduct, one of his men wrote in these enthusiastic terms: "I wish you could have seen the gallantry, the bravery, the dauntless daring, the coolness of General Buell. He seemed to be omnipresent. If ever man was qualified to command an army, it is he. He is a great, a *very* great General, and has proved himself so; not only in organizing and disciplining an army, but in handling it. General Buell had his horse shot under him. Captain Wright, his Aid, had the visor of his cap touched by a ball."

The fighting of not only regiments, but of individuals, afforded so many instances of remarkable courage, devotion and endurance, as to make the record one of extraordinary though painful interest. "Each man fought," said one of the newspaper correspondents from the bloody field, "as if success or defeat depended on his own right arm; and charge after charge was made upon the rebels to regain the ground we had lost. They stood firm as a rock; and though our artillery often swept down their ranks and left fearful gaps in their columns, they manifested no trepidation, nor did they waver for a moment. The living supplied the place of the dead. The musket that had fallen from a lifeless hand was seized at once, and the horrid strife swept on as before. The force of the enemy appeared increasing, and where the greatest havoc was made, there the strongest opposition was shown. Hand-to-hand contests were innumerable. Every struggle was for life. Quarter was asked on neither side, and the ground drank up the blood of hundreds of brave fellows every hour. Men lost

their semblance of humanity, and the spirit of the demon shone in their faces. There was but one desire, and that was to destroy. There was little shouting. The warriors were too much in earnest. They set their teeth firm, and strained every nerve to its utmost tension. Death lost all its terrors, and men seemed to feed upon the sight of blood."

Of such ghastly features is the "grim front of war;" only the reality is more painful, more horrible than words can express. Men to contemplate it with serenity must be demons indeed, or else they must be mastered by emotions higher and nobler than love of life or self—the love of a cause which Heaven consecrates.

One of General Buell's manœuvres, characteristic of his off-hand and reliable way of meeting exigencies, is happily illustrated in the following :

"They were advancing in great force to turn our left and capture our transports and supplies, when Buell, becoming aware of their intentions, made preparations to receive them. About half a mile above the Landing are two large ridges running back from the river. The ridge next to the Landing is the highest. Buell placed a battery on each of the ridges, and between them he placed a brigade of infantry. The troops were ordered to lie down. He then ordered the lower battery to fire on the enemy and make a show of retreating in confusion, so to draw the rebels on. On came the rebels pell-mell, yelling at the top of their voices, 'Bull Run! Bull Run!' thinking to frighten us. As soon as the rebels came in range, the lower battery, agreeably to orders, opened fire, retreated, and took a position in the rear of the upper battery. The rebels, seeing our men retreating, charged up the hill and took possession of the battery. The rebels, in the mean time, were not aware of our troops being in the hollow below them. At this moment the signal was sounded, and the whole brigade rose to their feet and poured a deadly fire of rifle-balls into the ranks of the rebels, cutting them down by scores. At this favorable moment, also, the upper battery poured in a perfect storm of grape and canister shot. The rebels reeled and staggered like drunken men, and at last broke and fled in every direction, leaving the ground strewed with dead and dying."

The losses of the Union forces in the two days struggle have been set down at 13,508, distributed as follows:

## GRANT'S ARMY.

DIVISIONS.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
1—General McCleernand,	251	1,351	236	1,848
2—General W. H. L. Wallace,	228	1,033	1,163	2,424
3—General Lew Wallace,	43	257	5	305
4—General Hurlburt,	313	1,449	223	1,985
5—General Sherman,	318	1,275	441	2,034
6—General Prentiss,	196	562	1,802	2,760
 Total,	 1,349	 5,927	 3,870	 11,356

## BUELL'S ARMY.

2—General McCook,	95	793	8	896
4—General Nelson,	90	591	58	739
5—General Crittenden,	80	410	27	617
 Total,	 265	 1,794	 93	 2,152
 Grand Total,	 1,614	 7,721	 3,963	 13,508

That of the enemy in killed and wounded was much greater than the Union loss. Of the rebel losses no authentic data probably ever will be furnished. The Sunday's fight they could report upon and not upon that of Monday, where they were compelled to leave their dead upon the field, from which they were driven. After Monday's fight, General McCleernand's division buried the remains of six hundred and thirty-eight rebels left upon the field, General Sherman's, six hundred, General Nelson's, two hundred and sixty-three, and Colonel's Thayer's brigade of General Lew Wallace's division, one hundred and twenty-three. These were the only commands from which returns were received; but the most of the other divisions and brigades buried a proportionate number. The rebels must have lost four thousand killed, by the most moderate estimate.

## XXVII.

### BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, AND THE FALL OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE conflict with the forts guarding the approach to New Orleans, added to the lustre of American arms, and afforded another demonstration of the immense superiority of fleets over land defenses. The first official announcement from the scene of the contest was as follows :

" To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

" I have the honor to announce that, in the providence of God, which smiles upon a just cause, the squadron under flag-officer Farragut, has been vouchsafed a glorious victory and triumph in the capture of the city of New Orleans, Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Livingston and Pike, the batteries above and below New Orleans, as well as the total destruction of the enemy's gunboats, steam rams, floating batteries (iron-clad,) fire-rafts, and obstructions, booms and chains. The enemy, with their own hands, destroyed from eight to ten millions of cotton and shipping. Our loss is thirty-six killed and one hundred and twenty-three wounded. The enemy lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred, besides several hundred prisoners. The way is clear, and the rebel defenses destroyed from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and, probably, to Memphis. Our flag waves triumphantly over them all. I am bearer of dispatches.

(Signed)

" THEODORUS BAILEY."

This most important announcement was dated at Fortress Monroe, May 8th, 1862. It filled the hearts of loyalists with rejoicing and sent dismay into the hearts of the revolutionists. It was just cause for rejoicing, opening, as it virtually did, the Mississippi river to commerce, and depriving the rebels of their most important metropolis. Recognizing its importance, the Confederates had so fortified the approaches as to deem the city safe, and they looked forward to the Federal struggle with

their forts and obstructions, with a satisfaction not at all repressed. The New Orleans papers were defiant and derisive until the sudden knowledge (April 26th) that the Federal gun-boats were approaching the city, when dismay sent the over-confident and boastful press into the most painful condition of wounded pride.

The story of the struggle by which the Union forces under General Butler were placed in possession of the capital, forms one of the most novel and deeply interesting chapters of the war. We will recur to it with as much brevity as is consistent with completeness."

The success of the expeditions against Hatteras, Port Royal and the North Carolina coast inspired the Navy Department with new zeal in the prosecution of its plans for the reduction of New Orleans. It secretly organized an immense fleet of gunboats, mortars and transports, giving the fleet command to Commodore D. G. Farragut, and the mortar flotilla to Captain D. D. Porter; while an expeditionary corps of land forces was placed under command of Major-General B. F. Butler. The destination of the fleet and flotilla was kept a secret for some time, though by March 20th it became generally understood that New Orleans was its point of combined operations. Butler's forces centered at Ship Island early in March. Brigadier-General Phelps assuming command, awaiting the superior officer's arrival. The fleet arrived at Ship Island late in March; the bomb flotilla and transports rapidly followed, bearing an armament of mortars, the strength of which exceeded that brought to bear upon Sebastopol.

This concentration at once threatened Mobile and New Orleans. The rebels immediately deserted Pensacola, which they had fortified with so much labor and cost—the land forces under Bragg hastening to reinforce Johnston and Beauregard at Corinth, and the artillerists from the forts going to strengthen the garrisons in the forts guarding Mobile and New Orleans. The forts, Navy-yard, dry dock, store houses, barracks and marine hospital at Pensacola were abandoned, April 6-9th. On the night of the latter day they were fired by the

coast guard and consumed. This left no "enemy in the rear" to attend to, and all attention was directed to the work in hand against the forts commanding the approaches to New Orleans.

The fleet and flotilla gathered, during the middle of April, in the Mississippi River, ten miles below Fort Jackson. The novel expedient was then resorted to of painting the vessels with *mud*—the more effectually to hide them from the enemy's sight. The masts were afterwards rigged out with bushes and ever-greens, thus quite successfully *masking* their proportions. It was only by the smoke of the Federal guns that their location could be marked by the enemy. Under the leafy covert of the river banks the mortar-boats fought, when the bombardment finally opened, in comparative security, sending their fearful thirteen-inch shells into the Fort (Jackson) with precision, without offering any target for a return fire. The mud-paint and bush-masque were a "Yankee trick," for which the rebels were not prepared.

The bomb flotilla was prepared for the bombardment by the 17th. The rebels sent fire rafts, in large numbers, down the river, hoping to destroy some of the Union boats, but they were uniformly *suppressed* by a ball or two from one of the rifled guns. "The mortar fleet sent the first missile howling over the water," wrote a correspondent, "towards Fort Jackson at precisely half-past nine on the morning of Friday, April 18th. It is called Good Friday in the calendar of the Church, although anything but a good day for the rebels. Our schooners lay partly hidden from the enemy behind the trees and under the brushwood of a dense swamp which stretches along the right bank of the river. With a curious display of ingenuity, they baffled the eyes of the enemy still further by dressing up their masts and rigging with the branches of green withes and leaves, which so confounded them with the woods that at a distance they could scarcely be distinguished. The rebel gunners learned only from the wreaths of smoke which curled above the seeming forest the temporary position of their assailants. This will be pronounced a Yankee trick,

doubtless, by our secession critics and their sympathetic friends abroad, or else, that it was borrowed from Macbeth's enemies, when 'Birnam wood did come to Dunsinane.'

"The distance of the foremost vessel from the Fort was three thousand three hundred and forty yards, and the three divisions of which the fleet was composed engaged in the fire alternately, each division firing for four hours and then resting for eight. The rate of fire generally observed was, one shell from each mortar of the division every ten minutes. As Fort Jackson replied with considerable rapidity and vigor, you may conceive the noise of the thunder, which was continued for six days and five nights.

"Fortunately, our schooners were mostly out of the range of Fort Jackson, and only within range of Fort Philip; but, even from the latter, nothing but rifled guns and mortars were at all dangerous. Fortunately again, the enemy had few of these customers to send us, and we fought comparatively secure. Many of our vessels were struck, in the course of the long engagement, but only one of them was severely injured, and only two of their men severely wounded."

The firing of the bomb and gunboats having apparently done but indifferent service in disabling the forts, Commodore Farragut determined to "run their fire" and make for the city without waiting for the reduction of the formidable defenses. All night long of the 23d the vessels of the squadron were arranging for the perilous attempt, and were on the way by three A. M. Captain Porter, in his report, said :

"We commenced the bombardment of Fort Jackson on the 18th, and continued it without intermission until the squadron made preparations to move. The squadron was formed in three lines to pass the forts. Captain Bailey's division composed of the following vessels, leading to the attack on Fort St. Philip, viz.: *Cuyuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kinco and Wissahicon*. Flag Officer Farragut leading the following (second line): *Hartford, Brooklyn and Richmond*; and Commander Bell leading the third divi-

sion composed of the following vessels: *Sciota*, *Iroquois*, *Pinola*, *Winona*, *Itasca* and *Kennebec*.

"The steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla were to enfilade the water battery commanding the approaches; mortar steamers *Harriet Lane*, *Westfield*, *Owasco*, *Clifton* and *Suanee*, and the *Jackson* towing the *Portsmouth*. The vessels of the squadron were rather late in getting weigh and into line; and did not get fairly started until 3:30 A. M. The unusual bustle apprised the garrison that something was going on.

"In an hour and ten minutes after the vessels had weighed anchor, they had passed the forts, under a most terrific fire, which they returned with interest. The mortar fleet rained down shells upon Fort Jackson to try and keep the men from the guns, while the steamers of the mortar fleet poured in shrapnel upon the water battery commanding the approach at a short distance, keeping them comparatively quiet. When the last vessel could be seen, amid the fire and smoke, to pass the battery, signal was made to the mortars to cease firing, and the flotilla steamers were directed to retire from a contest that would soon become unequal."

This alludes only incidentally to that extraordinary "running the muck." From a *resume* of the eventful passage, we may quote: "Just before dawn the squadron was discovered approaching by the enemy. The fury with which it was attacked is proved by the tremendous exertions our vessels were compelled to make in order to carry through their purpose. At first the rebel fleet endeavored only to check their progress, while the two forts poured incessant volleys upon them; but presently the action became closer and more involved, and mainly confined to the river. Hollins' 'ram,' the *Manassas*, although it afterward turned out a helpless and feeble fabric, served the rebels well for a time. It not only engaged Commodore Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, but also succeeded in forcing a fire raft upon her, from which she narrowly escaped destruction. 'I thought it was all up with us,' said the Commodore in a letter describing the event to

Captain Porter. The flames were, however, extinguished in time to save the ship, and the 'ram' betook itself to other errands of destruction. The floating battery *Louisiana*, which lay moored not far from Fort Jackson, also occasioned great inconvenience. Its firing was well directed, and its metallic sides were found to be quite impenetrable. Other 'rams' emulated the *Manassas*, and attacked our gunboats with considerable effect. The *Varuna*, gallantly commanded by Captain Boggs, was broken in pieces by their repeated onsets, but before her own destruction she made her name memorable by disabling and destroying no less than six of the rebel craft. Five of these were set in flames by the *Varuna*'s shell and run ashore, and another was shattered and forced to surrender. The intrepid tenacity of the *Varuna*'s officers and crew is best illustrated by the fact that her last broadside, which beat in the sides of the ram *Morgan*, was fired while the gun-carriages on her upper deck were already settling in the water. During this time our other gunboats were not idle. Nine of them, together with the sloops-of-war, fought their way up the river, and gradually widened the space between themselves and the forts. A few were beaten back, having received injuries to their machinery which rendered them incapable of proceeding. The *Itasca*, for example, is said to have received thirteen shots under her water line, beside having her boiler destroyed. But a sufficient number passed to secure the success of the expedition. Even at the last moment, the rebels maintained the struggle. Some of their steamers, which had been spared on condition of surrendering, broke away and renewed the fight at other points. Finally, the 'ram' *Manassas*, after the engagement had virtually ended, and when the Union squadron was seeking an anchorage, hustled up after them, and fired a shot or two at the *Richmond*. The *Mississippi* turned swiftly to resent the insult, when, as if fearful of the consequences of its temerity, the 'ram' immediately ran ashore, was deserted, and was forthwith pounded to fragments by three heavy broadsides from its pursuer.

"The conflict was a short one, lasting only an hour and a

half at the most. By half-past five in the morning our success had been achieved, and the destiny of New Orleans decided. It was a result which the rebels never had anticipated, and which could never have been obtained except by the most devoted and unshrinking bravery. The consternation of the people of New Orleans was all the greater for the confidence they had cherished. After this decisive action only the merest show of resistance was offered at the fortifications intended for the immediate protection of the city. The fleet lay before New Orleans on the morning of the 25th. The inhabitants seemed possessed with a frenzy of rage and apprehension. They were destroying all accessible property, the rebel General Lovell having set the example by burning his own goods. The officer sent on shore by Commodore Farragut was received by the people, whom their Mayor afterward characterized as 'gallant and sensitive to all that can affect their dignity and self-respect,' with brutal and ferocious demonstration of insult. In spite of this and similar actions, the dignity of our own mission was sustained, and the quiet occupation of the city by our forces was duly carried into effect."

Farragut announced his success in the following rather laconic epistle to the commander of the flotilla :

"DEAR PORTER: We had a rough time of it, as Boggs will tell you, but, thank God, the number of killed and wounded was very small, considering. This ship had two killed and eight wounded. We destroyed the ram in a single combat between her and the old *Mississippi*, but the ram backed out when she saw the *Mississippi* coming at him so rampantly, and he dodged her and ran on shore, wherupon Smith put two or three broadsides through him and knocked him all to pieces. The ram pushed a fire-raft on to me, and in trying to avoid it I ran the ship on shore. He again pushed the fire-raft on me, and got the ship on fire all along one side. I thought it was all up with us, but we put it out and got off again, proceeding up the river, fighting our way. We have destroyed all but two of the gunboats, and these will have to surrender with the forts. I intend to follow up my success and push for New Orleans and then come down and attend to the forts, so you hold them *in statu quo* until I come back. I think if you send a flag of truce and demand their surrender they will yield, for their intercourse with the city is cut off. We have cut the wires above the Quarantine and are now going ahead. I took three hundred or four hundred prisoners at

Quarantine. They surrendered and I paroled them not to take up arms again. I could not stop to take care of them. If the General will come up to the bayou and land a few men or as many as he pleases, he will find two of our gunboats there to protect him from the gunboats that are at the forts. I wish to get to the English Turn, where they say they have not placed a battery yet, but have two above, nearer New Orleans."

The forts followed the fate of the city. A demand was made by Captain Porter for their surrender, immediately after the passage up of Commodore Farragut's squadron; but, the commanding officer, Colonel Higgins, refused to give up, particularly as he regarded himself able to hold the position for a time longer against Porter's bombs. Porter preferred to await the coming up of Butler's forces from the land side, to invest and carry the works by storm. Aware of this approach of the land forces, the commanding officer in the main fortress, together with General J. R. Duncan, commanding the coast defenses, and W. B. Renshaw, commanding the rebel "navy," accepted the terms of capitulation extended by Captain Porter.

The forts, after capitulation, were turned over to General Phelps. Porter said of their condition: "Fort Jackson is a perfect ruin. I am told that over one thousand eight hundred shells fell in and burst over the centre of the fort. The practice was beautiful. The next fort we go at we will settle sooner, as this has been hard to get at. The naval officers sunk one gunboat while the capitulation was going on, but I have one of the others, a steamer, at work, and hope soon to have the other."

## XXVIII.

### INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, AND THE FALL OF NEW ORLEANS.

BEFORE our bombardment of the forts began, the commanders of the British and French men-of-war lying in the river expressed a desire to visit the enemy, of course to examine his preparations. The Commodore readily granted their request. When they returned, they assured him that it was of no use for him to attempt the capture of New Orleans in that direction; it could not be done with wooden vessels. The brave old tar replied: "I was sent here to make the attempt. You may be right, but I came here to take New Orleans—to pass the forts—and *I shall try it on!*"

Of the fire-rafts sent down on the 18th and 19th, to destroy our fleet, a reporter present at the scene, wrote: "Our men had an opportunity to test, in a practical manner, their means for destroying fire-rafts, and they proved to be an admirable success. A turgid column of black smoke, arising from resinous wood, was seen approaching us from the vicinity of the forts. Signal lights were made, the varied colors of which produced a beautiful effect upon the foliage of the river bank, and rendered the darkness intenser by contrast when they disappeared. Instantly a hundred boats shot out towards the raft, which now was blazing fiercely, and casting a wide zone of light upon the water. Two or three of the gunboats then got under way and steamed boldly toward the unknown thing of terror. One of them, the *Westfield*, Captain Renshaw, gallantly opens her steam valves, and dashes furiously upon it, making the sparks fly and timbers crash with the force of her

blow. Then a stream of water from her hose plays upon the blazing mass. Now the small boats lay alongside, coming up helter-skelter, and actively employing their men. We see everything distinctly in the broad glare—men, oars, boats, buckets, and ropes. The scene looks phantom-like, supernatural; intensely interesting, extremely exciting, inextricably confused. But, finally, the object is nobly accomplished. The raft, yet fiercely burning, is taken out of range of the anchored vessels and towed ashore, where it is slowly consumed. As the boats return they are cheered by the fleet, and the scene changes to one of darkness and repose, broken occasionally by the gruff hail of a seaman when a boat, sent on business from one vessel to another, passes through the fleet. We have a contempt for fire-rafts. They have proved, like many other things, to be 'weak inventions of the enemy.'"

Fort Jackson, as stated by Captain Porter, was greatly shattered by the appalling fire of the flotilla and fleet. The drawbridges were completely destroyed; the cisterns were demolished; the casemates and passages were filled with water, the levee having been cut away. The platforms for tents were destroyed by the fire of shells. All the casemates are cracked from end to end, and in some places the roofs are completely broken, and frequently masses of brick have been dislodged. Four guns were dismounted, and eleven carriages and traverses injured. The outer works of the fort are cracked from top to bottom, in several places admitting daylight freely. It is computed that 3,339 shells were thrown into the ditches and overflowed parts of the fort; 1,080 shells exploded in the air over the fort; 1,113 mortar-shells were counted on the sloping ground of the fort and levee, and eighty-seven round shot. Altogether 7,500 shells were fired. One shell passed through the roof of the water battery magazine, but did not explode. On the parapet were fourteen new graves.

Porter, when told, at the conference on board the *Harriet Lane*, that the rebel "gentlemen of the navy" had fired and let loose the iron battery, signalled to his captains to look out for their ships, and then quietly went on with the conference,

telling the rebel colonel who was on board with him, that "we could stand the fire and blow-up, if he could." That speech has the true ring of the old "Essex" Porter, who fought one of the most desperate battles known to history, and whose spirit is evidently alive in this descendant of his.

During the conflict the much heard of ram *Manassas*—with which Commodore Hollins achieved his sole exploit by running into the *Brooklyn* when she ventured into the river in the fall of 1861—again made its appearance, but only to its own dire destruction. It was so well "peppered" that it came drifting helplessly down stream on fire and in a sinking condition. Whether her crew remained on board, to be roasted or parboiled according to their place in the ship, or whether they escaped, is not known. Commodore Porter, who had an eye for a joke, did his best to preserve that specimen joke of the rebels; he clapped a hawser round it and tried to tow it to the bank, but the ridiculous affair gave a puff, blew a few harmless flakes of flame into the eyes of the laughing tars who were endeavoring to surround it, and sunk.

Among other things destroyed by the rebels at New Orleans, was their monster and really formidable floating battery—the *Mississippi*—upon which the Southern people had founded high hopes of success to their cause. She had been seven months in course of construction, employing five hundred men the whole time, and would have been finished in three weeks. Her length was two hundred and seventy feet, her depth sixty, and her armament was to have been twenty rifled guns. The frame of the hull was made of Georgia pine, nine inches thick. Over the wood were placed three plates of rolled iron, making the thickness of the armor alone four inches and a half. She was 5,000 tons burden, and her motive power consisted of three propellers, which were calculated to give her a speed of eleven knots an hour. Two millions of dollars are said to have been expended in building her. Some of the prisoners, taken in the gunboats, stated that she was intended to break up the blockade and then cruise in the Gulf and near Havana for prizes.

A pleasing incident occurred when the Federal frigate *Mississippi* struck the levee shore at "Algiers" in her effort to swing around. A large and boisterous crowd collected, and sought to provoke the officers and men by their remarks. The Captain, to drown their noise, called the band and bade them strike up *Hail Columbia*. Involuntarily, as it were, the rabble ceased howling, and instinctively some of the old men in the throng raised their hats in acknowledgment of the strains which from their youth had inspired them.

Two Irishmen came alongside Captain Woodworth's vessel on her way up stream, with milk and eggs to sell. The Captain, to enjoy a joke, offered to pay them for what was purchased in Confederate scrip. "Be gorra!" said Pat, "I thought yez was gintlemen, and paid for what yez wanted. Divil a bit of money have I seen for a year, and Confederate scrip has brought the wife and children to starvation almost." He was paid in the coin of Uncle Sam, when he broke out: "Hurrah for the ould flag! They wanted to make me fight against it, but I never have fought and I never will fit for 'em." And he turned the money in his hand, examining it curiously, as a child might a newly-acquired toy.

A correspondent wrote of the appearance of the city: "I was impressed with the remarkably desolate appearance of the city. All the warehouses were shut, and there was not a vessel, save those of the squadron, to be seen anywhere. As soon as the fleet, in its victorious advance, swept away the defenses at La Chalmette, a few miles below, and appeared before the city, the deluded people burned all the shipping, and quantities of sugar, tobacco and cotton. The work of destruction was complete. More than forty vessels—steamers, schooners, ships—and immense piles of cotton, were fired at the same time, and the levee was a line of flame. The scene is described as being terrible. The mob took advantage of the occasion to plunder, and a panic of the wildest description raged. I saw the effects of this wanton sacrifice of property in the half-burned and submerged hulls of several vessels, and

the charred planks of the wharves on both sides of the river. Several heaps of cotton were still ablaze."

The mob was only learned to cease its violence and taunts by the strong hand of Butler's soldiers. A day or two after the United States flag was hoisted over the public buildings, some persons assembled before the Mint, and tore the colors from the staff, trampling upon them. The *Pensacola*, then lying opposite, discharged a round of grape into the crowd, killing one man and dispersing the others. When Butler assumed martial control over affairs the fellow who tore the flag down (one Mumford) was taken, tried and hung in sight of a vast assembly, while his sentence was placarded over the city. That summary disposition of one incorrigible traitor had the capital effect to render treason much less popular. The women of the city—including its leading "ladies"—were, however, so malignant, and impudent in their malignancy, as to omit no occasion to bestow upon the Federal officers and soldiers alike their utmost scorn by words and acts. Oaths, imprecations, indecent epithets and spitting in faces were everywhere meted out to the quiet and gentlemanly fellows who were distributed over the city as a guard. Butler finally put a stop to this feminine and disgraceful state of affairs by ordering the enforcement of a local law which assumed all females to be "women of the town" who were guilty of public indecorum: all such were to be consigned to the calaboose. There was very little female treason visible after that order. It was that order which so horrified Johnny Bull as to compel a leading faction in Parliament to demand English "interference" in our affairs, to put a stop to such outrages upon helpless women!

There were found, safely stored in the Custom House, at least \$50,000 worth of bells of all descriptions, from the ponderous cathedral bell to the smallest size of hand-bells. These had been contributed in response to the proclamation of Beauregard for gun metal, and were to have been worked up in the Algiers foundries. The "patriotic" churches, planters and

schools which had contributed these bells to "the cause" must have relished the joke exceedingly when they were made to chime melodiously for a Yankee victory. Unlike Tennyson's poetical bells, they rang in the Old and rang out the New order of things.

Commodore Farragut's politeness was of a nature to excite a smile for its significance. April 26th he dispatched to "His Honor, the Mayor of New Orleans," the following polite *request* :

"Your Honor will please give directions that no flag but that of the United States will be permitted to fly in the presence of this fleet, so long as it has the power to prevent it; and as all displays of that kind may be the cause of bloodshed, I have to request that you will give this communication as wide a circulation as possible."

This so injured the feelings of the Mayor that "His Honor" immediately made it the subject of a special message to the City Council. Faragut's politeness evidently was of the overpowering kind.

The day previous (April 25th) the Commodore dispatched Captain Bailey to the Mayor to demand the unconditional surrender of the city—the hauling down of the Louisiana flag from the City Hall and of the Confederate flag from the Custom House, Post-office and Mint—to require the raising of the United States flag on all these places. The Mayor called in General Lovell, commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, for the defense of the city. As stated by "His Honor," in his message to the Common Council, immediately convened: "General Lovell refused to surrender the city or his forces, or any portion of them; but accompanied his refusal with the statement that he should evacuate the city, withdraw his troops, and then leave the city authorities to act as they might deem proper." Whereupon the Mayor confessed that he was placed in a pretty predicament: as a *civil* magistrate how could he surrender the city to a hostile force? He asked the Council's advice, and, in the end, addressed a very impudent note to the considerate Commodore, stating that brute force had power to do as it pleased, and might come and take the city.

This answer, so characteristic of the insolence and vanity which had precipitated the revolution, among its paragraphs contained the following pathetic reminder of the remarkably susceptible and refined nature of that "gallant people":

"SIR: You have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword, and I doubt not that they sprung from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspired them. You have a gallant people to administrate during your occupancy of this city—a people sensitive to all that can, in the least, affect their dignity and self-respect. Pray, sir, do not fail to regard their susceptibilities. The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with. You may trust their honor, though you might not count on their submission to unmerited wrong."

Butler found it necessary, ere he had been in the city a week, to enforce an old local statute against "women of the town," in order to learn the wives and daughters of that "gallant and susceptible people" how to behave themselves in public. In private they never were, up to the day of the Confederacy's collapse, anything less than malignant, gross and treacherous enemies of peace and law. The man who had a proper conception of the true character of Monroe's constituency, male and female, was Benjamin F. Butler, who, by the decrees of a propitious fate, was their ruler long enough to teach them the difference between Northern civilization and Southern substitutes for it.

The ships were so disposed in the river to cover as many of the public buildings with their guns as possible. The Mint and Custom-House—both built by and belonging to the United States Government—were thus saved from sack and destruction. Lovell, on the coming up of Farragut's ships, had fired the long line of ships, steamers, schooners and flat-boats lying idle along the levee, as well as the vast stores of cotton, tobacco and sugar stacked on the quay and stored in the warehouses, and their total destruction followed. The loss was immense. It was a terrible holocaust to the grim god of insurrection. The chagrined rebel, ere his troops had

retired from the city which he had failed to defend, doubtless would seek to destroy all the Government buildings. These, therefore, were the special objects of the Commodore's care. At six A. M. on the 27th, Captain Morris, whose ship commanded the building, proceeded, by Farragut's order, to raise the American flag on the Mint—the first planted on the restored property. At ten, two officers, with a marine guard, went on shore to unfold the flag from the Custom-House; but the mob showed such signs of mischief that, by the intercession of the Mayor and Common Council, Farragut was induced to forego his order for the moment.

During the celebration of divine services on the fleet, on the 26th, the flag already raised on the Mint was torn down by a gambler named Mumford, and dragged through the streets amid great rejoicing. The *Pensacola* promptly fired into the mob with a howitzer, killing one man and wounding several. Over this "inhuman outrage" the press of the South became much excited. The editors forgot all about the East Tennessee Unionists then hanging by scores from roadside trees, because they would persist in fleeing from their homes to the mountains to avoid conscription into the rebel ranks. When, a few weeks after, the blackleg who committed the outrage was hung, by Butler, for the crime, the "martyrdom" was commemorated by the most terrible imprecations of the Southern press, while the Confederate Executive made it the subject of a special communication to his Congress, and that Congress consummated the gambler's immortality by embalming his virtues and nobility of character in a special resolution.

Butler's troops came up the river by transports, and began to land May 1st—the first detachment marching to the Custom-House to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Butler himself made quarters at the St. Charles Hotel, which he ordered to be reopened for his own and officers' entertainment. His reign then commenced.

## XXIX.

### BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE AND INCIDENTS.

THIS battle, away off in the wild country of Northern Arkansas, was an affair reflecting great honor upon the Union arms. Major-General Samuel R. Curtis was placed, by Halleck, in command of an army composed of four divisions—all Western troops, with a large sprinkling of foreigners. Their work was to drive the rebel horde out of South-eastern Missouri, and thus relieve the State of Price and McCulloch's "cut-throats"—which their troops truly were. A more depraved set of men never trained under any standard. They had carried fire and sword through that section of Missouri, and Curtis was ordered not only to drive them from the State, but to pursue them into Arkansas, and break up, if possible, their organization. March 1st found the Federal divisions disposed as follows: Sigel near Bentonville, Davis at Sugar Creek and Carr at Cross Hollows, while Curtis, with Asboth's division, was in position on the main road from Fayetteville to Springfield at its Sugar Creek crossing—all within easy supporting distance of each other.

On the 5th of March Curtis learned that the combined forces of the enemy, under general command of Earl Van Dorn, were moving upon him, from the direction of Boston Mountains—south of Fayetteville. Their march had been rapid, for, by surprise, the Confederates hoped to out-maneuvre and crush the Federal "invaders." Van Dorn's command consisted of Price's Missourians, about 9000 strong; Ben McCulloch's army, about 13,000; Pike's savages, red and white, about 7000; and "irregulars" about 5000. The rebels, knowing every foot of ground well, strove to get upon

the Federal rear, unperceived, and succeeded. In the persons of Price's "body guard," composed of two regiments and a battalion—the best men in the command—the enemy made their first appearance on the morning of the 6th, falling upon Sigel's rear guard, as it covered his movement from Bentonville to join Curtis at Pea Ridge. This guard, composed of the Thirty-sixth Illinois and a portion of the Second Missouri—in all about 750 men—the rebels pressed so heavily as to render a fighting retreat necessary—to which the admirable soldier was not averse. It was a fine piece of diversion and steady fighting. Said an officer of the regular service :

" Commencing on the morning of the 6th of March by the attack of the combined Confederate forces upon General Sigel's division, then stationed at Bentonville, General Sigel sending his train ahead, and reserving one battery, with between 800 and 1000 men, commenced one of those masterly retreats which have already rendered his name famous. Planting a portion of his guns, with his infantry to sustain them, he would pour the grape and shell into their advancing squadrons, until, quailing before the murderous fire, they would break in confusion. Before they could re-form, Sigel would limber up and fall back behind another portion of his battery, planted at another turn in the road. Here the same scene would be gone through with, and so on continuously for ten miles. What made this march a more difficult achievement was the condition of the roads, which were in many places very narrow and badly cut up. This brought General Sigel's division to the west end of Pea Ridge, where he formed a junction with Generals Davis' and Carr's divisions. Night coming on, strong pickets were placed, the teams corralled and the soldiers lay upon their arms.

" During this day General Curtis was diligently preparing earth-work defenses, cutting timber, etc., to check the progress of the enemy along the Fayetteville road, where they were confidently expected by him. During the day and night of the 6th, Van Dorn moved his entire forces around the west side of our army, General Price occupying the Fayetteville road, north of General Curtis' camp, while McCulloch and McIntosh lay north of General Sigel. The Confederate forces fronting south, Price's forces formed their left wing. The distance of the main bodies of the two wings of each army apart was near three miles, thus forming, in fact, four distinct armies. Van Dorn and Price being opposed to General Curtis, who

had with him Generals Davis', Carr's and Asboth's divisions, while McCulloch and McIntosh were opposed to Sigel, who had but one division—that of General Osterhaus. General Curtis was compelled to make a change of front. In doing this, he withdrew all his forces from the south range of hills, except a few companies to guard the Fayetteville road, and placed them almost two miles north, their front resting on the brow of a range of hills fronting to the north.

"On the 7th the battle commenced on the right of our column, and raged furiously during the entire day, Colonel Carr's division bearing the brunt of it on our side. The Confederates, owing to their immensely superior numbers, the numerous and deep ravines, and the thick brush which covered the hills, succeeded in driving our right wing from the ground occupied in the morning. The loss here was severe on both sides, the short range at which the fighting was done giving the rebel shot-guns, which were loaded with from fifteen to twenty buckshot each, a great advantage over our more deadly but single balls. The Confederate forces camped on the battle-ground, while our right wing fell back about from one-half mile to a mile. The entire fighting-ground occupied by this portion of the armies did not exceed three-fourths of a mile in diameter. The fighting on the left wing this day proceeded with various changes, and occupied a far greater field, extending over a space of from one and a half to two miles. McCulloch commenced moving his forces to the south and east, evidently intending to form a junction with Van Dorn and Price, and by so doing surround our entire army on three sides, at the same time cut off totally all hope of retreat of our forces. General Sigel, detecting this movement, sent forward three pieces of flying artillery, with a supporting force of cavalry, to take a commanding position, and delay their movements until the infantry could be brought up into proper position for an attack.

"These pieces had hardly obtained their position and opened fire, when an overwhelming force of the enemy's cavalry came down upon them like a whirlwind, driving our cavalry, scattering them, and capturing the artillery and setting it on fire. This onslaught, which was made in the most handsome style, allowed their infantry to reach unmolested the cover of a dense wood. West of this wood was a large open field. Here, and in the surrounding wood, a protracted struggle ensued between McCulloch and Osterhaus. General Davis was ordered up to Colonel Osterhaus' assistance, and our forces, thus strengthened, finally routed and drove the enemy in all directions. McCulloch, McIntosh, and a number of the Confederate officers were killed.

"Thus, while the Confederate forces had been successful on our right, we had equally been successful on our left. The *morale*, how-

ever, was in our favor—the discipline of our troops enabling our defeated wing to remain compactly together, while their defeated right, owing to their lack of discipline and loss of commanding officers, was very much disorganized.

“ During the night of the 7th both armies lay upon their arms. The Confederates, however, managed to form a junction of all their forces upon the ground held by their left wing, which was naturally a position of great strength.

“ The morning of the 8th was one of the deepest anxiety on the part of our army. The Confederate forces held the only road for our retreat. Both armies had drawn their lines close. The woods and hills literally swarmed with foes. The prisoners we had taken assured us that the Confederates were perfectly sanguine of capturing our entire force, together with all our supplies. They outnumbered us three to one; besides, our men were much exhausted with two days’ fighting and the loss of sleep—the nights being too cold to sleep without fire, and our proximity to the enemy and position not allowing us to build fires along our advance lines. Near a thousand of our men were dead or wounded. Both parties were eager for the fray; one, stimulated by an apparent certainty of success and hopes of plunder; the other, determined to conquer or die.

“ The rising sun was saluted with the smoke and roar of cannon. Colonel Carr’s division was strengthened by a large part of Colonel Davis’ division—thus enabling our right wing *barely* to maintain its position. General Sigel having learned the exact position of the enemy’s batteries, commenced to form his line of battle by changing his front so as to face the right flank of the enemy’s position. Probably no movement during the war has shown more skill in the disposition of forces, or caused as great destruction to the party attacked, with so little loss to the attacking party. He first ordered the Twenty-fifth Illinois, under the command of Colonel Coler, to take a position along a fence, in open view of the enemy’s batteries, which at once opened fire upon them. Immediately a battery of six of our guns (several of them twelve-pounders, rifled) were thrown into line one hundred paces in the rear of our advanced infantry, on a rise of ground. The Twelfth Missouri then wheeled into line, with the Twenty-fifth Illinois on their left, and another battery of guns was similarly disposed a short distance behind them. Then another regiment and another battery wheeled into position, until thirty pieces of artillery, each about fifteen or twenty paces from the other, were in a continuous line, with infantry lying down in front. Each piece opened fire as it came in position. The fire of the entire line was directed so as to silence battery after battery of the enemy.

"Such a terrible fire no human courage could stand. The crowded ranks of the enemy were decimated, their horses shot at their guns, large trees literally demolished; but the rebels stood bravely at their post. For two hours and ten minutes did Sigel's iron hail fall, thick as autumn leaves, furious as the avalanche, deadly as the simoom. One by one the rebel pieces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry; onward came Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of theirs could face that iron hail, or dare to venture on that compact line of bayonets. They turned and fled. Again Sigel advanced his line, making another partial change of front. Then came the order to charge the enemy in the woods, and those brave boys who had lain for hours with the hail and shot of the enemy falling upon them, and the cannon of Sigel playing over them, rose up and dressed their ranks as if it were but an evening parade, and as the 'forward' was given, the Twenty-fifth Illinois moved in compact line, supported on the left by the Twelfth Missouri, acting as skirmishers, and on the right by the Twenty-second Indiana. As they passed into the dense brush they were met by a terrible volley. This was answered by one as terrible and far more deadly. Volley answered volley; yet on and on went that line of determined men. Steadily they pushed the rebel force until they gained more open ground. Here the Confederate forces broke in confusion and fled, the day was ours, and the battle of Pea Ridge was added to the already long list of triumphs clustering around the old starry flag."

The enemy was not only beaten in fair, stubborn fight, but was out-generalled completely; and the movement first made by Van Dorn—to get on Curtis' left and rear—proved his own destruction. Said Curtis, in his official report: "In the evening (of the 7th), the fire having entirely ceased on the centre, and there having been none on the left, I re-enforced the right by a portion of the Second Division, under General Asboth. - Before the day closed I was convinced that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right. I therefore commenced another change of front, forward, so as to face the enemy, where he had deployed on my right flank, in strong position. The change had been only partially effected, but was fully in progress, when, at sunrise on the 8th, my right and centre renewed the firing, which was immediately answered by the enemy, with renewed energy, all along the whole extent of the line. My left, under Sigel,

moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily toward the head of the Hollows. I immediately ordered the centre and right wing forward, the right turning the left of the enemy and cross-firing on his centre. This final position enclosed the enemy in the arc of a circle. A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, but rather safely, through a deep and impassable defile of cross timber."

This desperate two days' contest illustrated the fighting qualities of both armies. It was fought, on the Federal side, by men largely composed of volunteers, on their first campaign, who thus, by their valor, endurance and good discipline, shamed that gigantic army which lay idly disciplining on the hills around Washington. Sigel afterwards (March 15th) addressed his soldiers in a strain of compliment and enthusiasm for work *done* which should be read at the same time with McClellan's address to his army, March 14th, after their "balance" to Centreville and back. We must quote from the German's tribute :

"After so many hardships and sufferings of this war in the West, a great and decisive victory has, for the first time, been attained, and the army of the enemy overwhelmed and perfectly routed. The rebellious flag of the Confederate States lies in the dust, and the same men who had organized armed rebellion at Camp Jackson, Maysville and Fayetteville—who have fought against us at Boonsville, Carthage and Wilson's Creek, at Lexington and Milford—have paid the penalty of their seditious work with their lives, or are seeking refuge behind the Boston Mountains and the shore of the Arkansas river. \* \* \*

"You have done your duty, and you can justly claim your share in the common glory of the victory. But let us not be partial, unjust or haughty. Let us not forget that alone we were too weak to perform the great work before us. Let us acknowledge the great services done by all the brave soldiers of the Third and Fourth Divisions, and always keep in mind that 'united we stand, divided we fall.' Let us hold out and push the work through—not by mere words and great clamor, but by good marches, by hardships and fatigues, by strict discipline and effective battles.

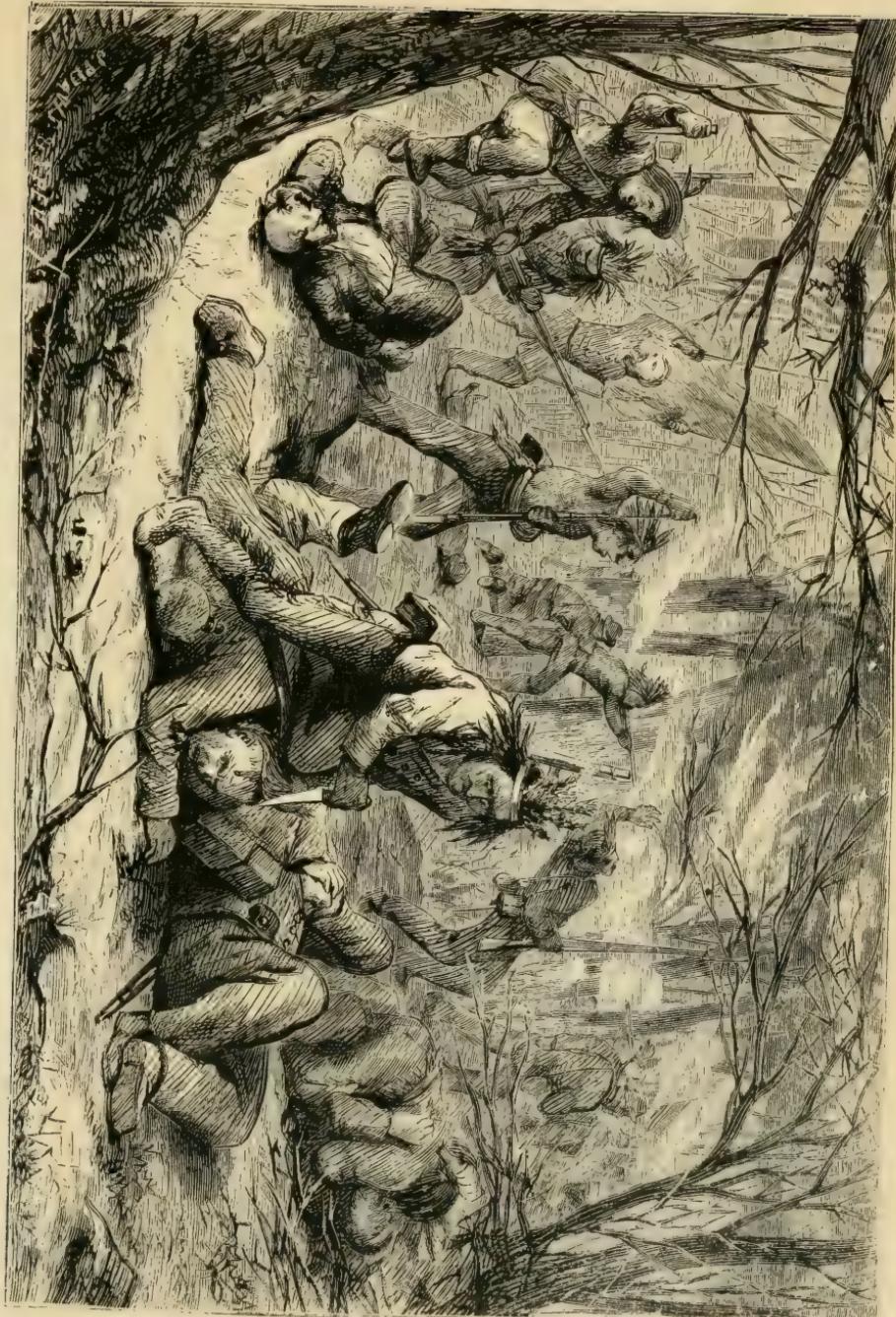
“Columbus has fallen—Memphis will follow; and if you do in

future as you have done in these past days of trial, the time will soon come when you will pitch your tents on the beautiful shores of the Arkansas river, and there meet our iron-clad propellers at Little Rock and Fort Smith. Therefore, keep alert, my friends, and look forward with confidence."

The Federal losses, as returned and reported to St. Louis, March 20th, were: Killed, 203; wounded, 973; missing, 176. It was discovered, in going over the battle-field, that Pike's Indians had *scalped* and otherwise mutilated a number of the dead. Indeed, the savages—they were *Christianized* Choctaws, Chicksaws and Creeks—did not stay their bloody knives over rebel skulls, for several of their own troops were found with their hair "lifted;" and their Poet-General was only too glad to get rid of the two thousand "braves" whom his eloquence and promise of spoils had enlisted in the Confederate service. The Confederates retreated to Boston Mountains, whence they had come, then fell back upon Van Buren, ere long to be transferred to the army of General Albert S. Johnston and Peter T. G. Beauregard in Northern Mississippi, to assist in staying the victorious arms under Grant, which threatened to isolate the country west of the Mississippi, and thus sever the Confederacy completely in twain. Congress thanked Curtis (March 14th) and his command for their services in the campaign, which had resulted so auspiciously. Had that blow been preceded by a decisive victory at Manassas, it must have ended the rebellion—succeeded as it was by the fall of New Orleans and the great victories at Pittsburg Landing and Corinth, which left no rebel army in that quarter capable of coping with the Union arms. In the want of success by the Army of the Potomac is the secret of the prolongation of the war through three years more of suffering and blood—the armies in the West did their duty, faithfully and well.

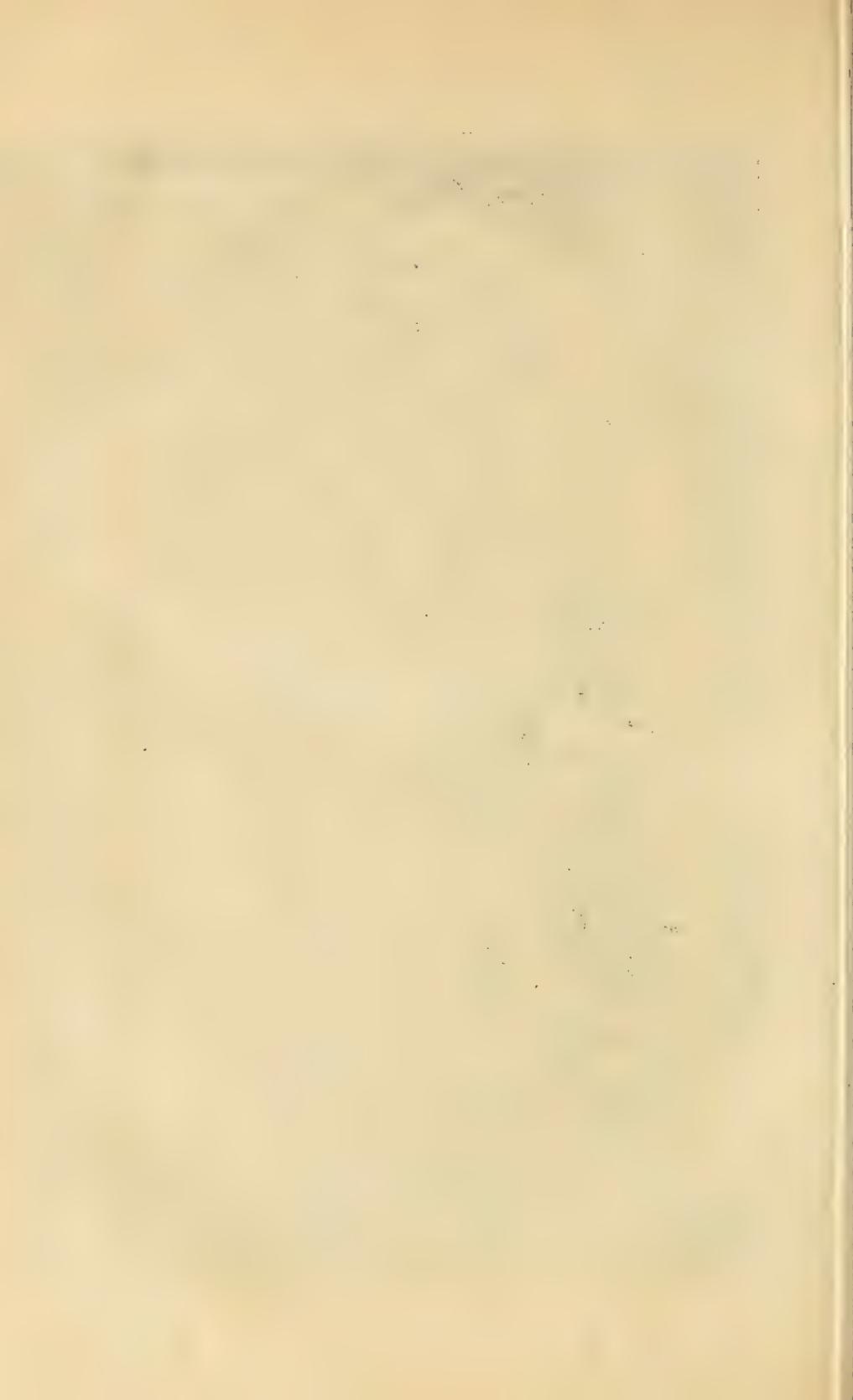
Among the numerous incidents of this memorable three days' battle-field, as related by correspondents on the ground, we may repeat the following:

"The bursting of shells had set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the woods were burning in every direction. Efforts were made



PIKE'S INDIANS AT THE BATTLE OF PEW RIDGE.

(See page 294.)



to remove the wounded before the flames should reach them, and nearly all were taken to places of safety. Several were afterwards found in secluded spots, some of them still alive, but horribly burned and blackened by the conflagration.

"The rebels, in nearly every instance, removed the shoes from the dead and mortally wounded both of their own army and ours. Of all the corpses I saw I do not think one-twentieth had been left with their shoes untouched. In some cases pantaloons were taken, and occasionally an over-coat or a blouse was missing.

"A large number of the killed among the rebels were shot through the head, while the majority of our dead were shot through the breast. The rebels, whenever it was possible, fired from cover; and as often as a head appeared from behind a tree or bush, it became a mark for our men. The Union troops generally stood in ranks, and, except when skirmishing, made no use of objects of protection."

No battle-field of the war presented more instances of individual courage and personal achievements. One we may transcribe, as illustrative of the ferocious spirit which animated both parties:

"While the fight was raging about Miser's farm-house on the ridge on Friday morning, a soldier belonging to the Twenty-fifth Missouri and a member of a Mississippi company became separated from their commands, and found each other climbing the same fence. The rebel had one of those long knives made of a file, which the South had so extensively paraded, but so rarely used, and the Missourian had one also, having picked it up on the field. The rebel challenged his enemy to a fair, open combat with the knife, intending to bully him, no doubt, and the challenge was promptly accepted. The two removed their coats, rolled up their sleeves and began. The Mississippian had more skill, but his opponent more strength, and consequently the latter could not strike his enemy, while he received several cuts on the head and breast. The blood began trickling rapidly down the Unionist's face, and running into his eyes, almost blinded him. The Union man became desperate, for he saw the Secessionist was unhurt. He made a feint; the rebel leaned forward to arrest the blow, but employing too much energy, he could not recover himself at once. The Missourian perceived his advantage, and knew he could not lose it. In five seconds more it would be too late. His enemy glared at him like a wild beast; was on the eve of striking again. Another feint, another dodge on the rebel's part, and then the heavy blade of the Missourian hurtled through the air, and fell with tremendous force upon the Mississippian's neck. The blood spurted from the

throat, and the head fell over, almost entirely severed from the body. Ghastly sight—too ghastly even for the doer of the deed! He fainted at the spectacle, weakened by the loss of his own blood, and was soon after butchered by a Seminole who saw him sink to the earth."

And another case, in which the hated Indians were the sufferers, also affords a similar instance of the animus which inspired the Western men in their contest with their ferocious enemy: "One of the Ninth Missouri was so enraged on the second day, seeing his brother, a member of the same regiment, horribly butchered and scalped, that he swore vengeance against the Indians, and for the remainder of the day devoted his attention entirely to them, concealing himself behind trees and fighting in their fashion. An excellent marksman, he would often creep along the ground to obtain a better range, and then woe to the savage who exposed any part of his body. Though ever following the wily foe, and though fired upon again and again, he received not a scratch, and on his return to camp, after night-fall, bore with him nine scalps of aboriginal warriors, slain by his own hand to avenge his brother's death."

Such incidents, though painful to contemplate, were inevitable, from the very nature of the case. An enemy who could bring on the field several thousand Indians, to butcher and scalp the wounded, could not expect to be treated with the usage of Christian warfare; and we are rather surprised that the feeling of retaliation did not go further than to be revenged on the field of battle. No instance occurred, we believe, of retaliation after the conflict was over and the victory won. What would have been the result if the enemy had triumphed may be surmised from what did take place on the nights of the first and second day, when the Union wounded were stripped, whenever found, and scalped when discovered by the Indians.

## XXX.

### THE BATTLE OF THE IRON-CLADS.

A NEW era in modern warfare was initiated when the celebrated *Merrimac* and *Monitor* closed in conflict, and, after a four hours' fight, with guns of heavy calibre, drew off comparatively uninjured. It was a proof of the resistant power of an iron mail and of the ability to adapt it to vessels of war. This demonstrated fact quite revolutionized the theory and art of naval batteries; and, as such, the contest of the two vessels named excited the most profound interest in Europe, as well as in our midst.

The honor of constructing the first operating iron-clad belongs to the Confederates, for even before the *Merrimac* was in service, in her new estate, the rebels had constructed and brought into use iron steam batteries and a "ram" at New Orleans and on the Mississippi river. It is true that the flotilla ordered by Fremont, in the fall of 1861, contemplated steamers with iron plated upper works; and that Foote's flotilla, operating at Forts Henry and Donelson, early in February, 1862, embraced several boats thickly plated above water line; but, no thoroughly impregnable craft was afloat until the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* experiments--the latter growing out of the former, as a naval necessity or counterpoise.

At the special session of the Federal Congress, July, 1861, the Secretary of the Navy called especial attention to the subject of iron-clad vessels, and \$1,500,000 was appropriated for the experiment, as it was then regarded. In answer to the Department's advertisement for proposals, August 6th, 1861, seventeen propositions were filed--of which the examining board selected three for a test--among them the plan

of Captain John Ericsson, of New York—the well-known inventor of the screw or propeller engine, the caloric engine, etc., etc. As soon as the necessary papers could be drawn out and signed, the Ericsson iron steam battery was contracted for (October 4th, 1861). This vessel was launched January 30th, and ordered to be completed with all possible haste, "as the *Merrimac* is nearly ready at Norfolk, and we wish to send her there," telegraphed the Secretary of the Navy to the *Monitor's* constructors.

This *Merrimac* was the United States steam frigate of the same name, which at the general destruction of the Gosport Navy Yard, April 20th, 1861, was fired and sunk, but not destroyed. She was a magnificent craft—probably one of the finest naval structures afloat—whose needless abandonment had been a source of mortification to the U. S. navy. The frigate was injured in her upper works by the incendiary fire, but her hull was well preserved; and the rebel Government, at the suggestion of eminent mechanics, determined to raise and use the wreck as the substructure for a naval iron shot proof steam battery. June 10th, the Confederate War Department directed Lieutenant John M. Brooke to prepare specifications for "an iron-clad war vessel," and that officer soon submitted his plans—having previously canvassed the subject and brought it to the attention of the rebel Government. His general designs were approved, and from them sprung the "monster" which, on March 8th, moved unscathed around Hampton Roads under fire of the heaviest guns, carrying destruction before her, invulnerable in her iron armor and irresistible in her powers for harm. March 9th witnessed her discomfiture, however, by a craft a pigmy in size but as resistless as a thunderbolt. The Federal Navy Department had not been unwatchful of the rebel experiment, but had so anticipated its results as to produce a work more full of novelty and more effective as an agent of defense or of attack.

This vessel, rechristened by the Confederate Navy Department the *Virginia*, after having been announced for several

weeks as ready, finally made her advent, on the morning of March 8th, in the Hampton Roads waters, accompanied by two armed steamers as tenders—the two steamers also being stolen property. Having hove in sight the *Merrimac* at once made for the old wooden frigate *Congress*, and the sloop-of-war *Cumberland*, which, for weeks, had been lying off the mouth of Elizabeth river, awaiting the appearance of the “new fangled concern,” on which they might try the power of their heavy guns. The *Cumberland* rode at anchor, off Newport News, about three hundred yards from shore, and the *Congress*, also at anchor, lay about two hundred yards to the south. The first-named, having a very heavy armament of 9 and 10-inch Dahlgren guns and a crew of about 450 men, was the most formidable antagonist; at her the *Merrimac* drove, bearing down past the *Congress*, giving her a broadside as she passed, in reply to the frigate’s own guns, which opened when the “crocodile” came within range. The broadside showed the *Merrimac*’s armament to be heavy, and the range being short, the shot did great damage. Direct upon the *Cumberland*—which her commander, Lieutenant Geo. M. Morris, had warped so as to use her broadside guns—the iron-clad bore, the rain of shot and shell from the frigate’s heavy pieces dropping from her ribbed roof like pebbles. One bow gun from the *Merrimac* answered, the solid shot tearing through the frigate’s bulwarks and killing five men. Six or eight broadsides the old war-ship put into her antagonist with little effect, when the crisis came. At full speed the *Merrimac*’s “ram” struck the frigate under the bluff of the port bow, starboard of the main chains, opening a hole below water line, about four feet in diameter, while the upper works were crushed by the iron-clad’s stem. This shock was quickly followed by the enemy’s bow and quarter guns, which added to the first consternation by a most appalling slaughter on the thickly-manned decks of the ship. Ten men at one gun were torn in pieces, and the dead and dying strewed the whole upper floor. Yet, not a moment did the sloop’s guns intermit their almost harmless thunder;

amid the shrieks of horror below decks and pain above, the shouts of command, and the rush of waters into the mortal wound in the hull, the men fought on, with not a thought of surrender. Slowly the *Merrimac* drew off, still deliberately delivering her terrible fire, making the bloody boards more ensanguined at every discharge. It was a hideous Golgotha of human sacrifice, which the soul shudders to contemplate. The flow of water into the hold put the ship's bows down. In five minutes' time it was up to the sick bay on the berth deck. There lay those too ill to help themselves, and the wounded and dying first brought in from above—all to see the waters coming up slowly around them, and to count the minutes of their doom. It soon came. With a slight stagger the vessel settled; the water had filled all below the gun deck, and the hundred sufferers were at peace. Still, the roar and din of battle went on above. Gun answered gun in rapid succession, only to add to the horror of that carnival of slaughter. There was no yield to the frenzied crew, who saw death before them and under them without a thought of it. At half-past three, with a heavy lurch to port, the noble old ship went down, head first, the after guns firing a salute, as they disappeared beneath the waves, to the stars and stripes which disappeared with them. All the dead and wounded went down; and of those still at work upon the decks less than half were rescued by the small boats which at once put off from shore. Of the four hundred and fifty, not one-third lived to know that the story of their glory was repeated by every loyal tongue in the land.

The *Congress*, meanwhile, was kept in range both by the *Merrimac's* guns and by those of her steam tenders, the *Jamestown* and *Patrick Henry*, and suffered to some extent, but kept her guns in play. But, perceiving the result to the sloop-of-war, the frigate made for shallow water, by the aid of the little gunboat *Zouave*, and grounded within easy reach of the *Merrimac's* guns. As a consequence the decks were raked fore and aft by the latter, while one of the steam tenders

kept up a sharp fire on the frigate's starboard quarter. Every piece was finally disabled; the ship being on fire, and Lieutenant Commanding Joseph B. Smith, killed, Lieutenant Pendergast, second in command, hauled down the flag to save further slaughter. The ship at once was boarded by an officer from the *Merrimac*, but, his tug being fired upon by rifles on the shore, after receiving Pendergast's sword, he returned to the iron-clad, and she again opened her guns, with solid shot and shell, upon the helpless frigate, at the same time shelling the shore from whence the rifle-shots had come. After a few shots, she steamed away to close in with the steam frigate *Minnesota*, which, in running up to share in the conflict, had grounded three miles away, and about seven miles above Fortress Monroe. The fear of also touching bottom doubtless kept the *Merrimac* from the contemplated rush. She fired at a distance with but slight effect—only one shot perforating the frigate's bows. The *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown*, however, taking position on the *Minnesota's* port bow and stern, did considerable damage with their rifled pieces, but were soon driven off by the Union tars' fine gunnery, not before doing much damage, killing six and wounding nineteen of the crew. About seven o'clock, satisfied with her day's work, the iron enemy drew off to recuperate for her morrow's task, which now seemed to be to clear Hampton Roads of every craft afloat. Then she could steam away up the Potomac to carry destruction even up to the Federal capital.

There were heavy hearts in and around the Roads that night. Not a person, from Flag Officer Marston down, who did not realize their utter helplessness before the invulnerable power of that single craft. Daylight would, doubtless, witness the destruction of the noble *Minnesota*; then the frigates *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* must follow her fate or run away—a contingency none deemed possible, for all had determined to fight their ships to the death. Even Lieutenant Pendergast was blamed for hauling down his flag—so fiery was the spirit which animated all hearts.

The *Congress* burned fiercely after her abandonment, and blew up with a terrific explosion about midnight, the shot and shell from her still loaded guns flying in every direction as one after another exploded. One shell struck a sloop lying at Newport News, and blew her up. The loss on the *Congress* was about one hundred and fifty—one third of her entire crew.

Now happened one of those happy surprises which men are wont to pronounce "Providences." When all minds were fullest of apprehension, and it seemed as if the National Navy was to be vanquished by a single adversary, a queer craft appeared in the offing—something like a smoke-house on a raft, which steamed in at a good rate, and soon announced herself as the Ericsson battery—the *Monitor*—ready for service. It was an opportune arrival—one which saved not only the national honor, but a destruction which must have proved incalculable if not counteracted—"neutralized," as General McClellan had it. By Flag Officer Marston's order, Lieutenant John L. Worden, in command, took his strange craft up alongside the *Minnesota*, where she lay, a most welcome friend, though untried.

Early on Sunday morning the *Merrimac* again made her appearance, from behind Sewall's Point. The *Minnesota* was still hard aground. The iron-clad steamed past, by the farther channel, ran down near to the Rip-Raps, then turned up and steered for the steam frigate, whose heavy stern guns gave her a salute. Then the *Monitor*—the "cheese-box," as the tars called the naval curiosity—ran down to meet the coming terror. It was the old story of David and Goliath, only somewhat metamorphosed and modernized. The rebel giant saw her new antagonist and flung a shot at her in derision, advising the nondescript craft to get out of the way. The *Monitor* only answered by placing herself between the *Merrimac* and the frigate. On the rebel iron-clad came, when the "cheese-box" announced her quality by a single shot from one of her two turret 11-inch rifled guns, throwing a solid cast iron ball weighing one hundred and seventy-five

pounds. This tremendous projectile striking the water near the Confederate, at once caused her to turn in earnest upon the little antagonist. The two batteries neared each other, and soon were shrouded in the smoke of one of the most remarkable of all modern naval contests. The *Merrimac*, with her broadsides thundered away at the single turret, which kept its two guns constantly trained on the enemy; but, that revolving cupola was as impregnable as Iron Mountain. Around and around the rebel did Worden work his battery, seeking to pierce port-holes, to strike the propeller or rudder, to penetrate beneath the water line of the *Merrimac*, firing with great deliberation. The enemy could not cope with this alert and nimble adversary, and essayed to run the little craft down, but only once succeeded in striking her mailed decks. The *Monitor* was not to be rode down, nor to be perforated, nor to be driven off; but, not to be thwarted of his prey, the noble *Minnesota*, the Confederate captain strove to pass the Federal champion, and turned his guns upon the frigate. Captain Van Brunt was not idle nor did he cease his blows. He at once opened all his broadside guns and a 10-inch pivot—a broadside which, he said, "would have blown out of water any timber built ship in the world." The iron-clad was not injured, but sent, in return, a shell from her rifled bow gun, which crashed through the *Minnesota* with fearful havoc, setting the ship on fire, which, however, was soon extinguished. A second shot pierced the gunboat *Dragon*, lying at the frigate's side, and exploding her boiler. Van Brunt said:

"I had concentrated upon her an incessant fire from my gun deck, spar deck and forecastle pivot guns, and was informed by my marine officer, who was stationed on the poop, that at least fifty solid shot struck her on her slanting side without producing any apparent effect. By the time she had fired her third shell the little *Monitor* had come down upon her, placing herself between us, and compelled her to change her position, in doing which she grounded, and again I poured into her all the guns which could be brought to bear upon her. As soon as she got off she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the *Merrimac* turned around and

ran full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious; but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the *Merrimac*, which surely must have damaged her, for some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the *Monitor*, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition or sustained some injury. Soon after the *Merrimac* and the two other steamers headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition. I was hard and immovably aground, and they could take position under my stern and rake me. I had expended most of my solid shot, and my ship was badly crippled and my officers and men were worn out with fatigue; but, even in this extreme dilemma, I determined never to give up the ship to the rebels; and, after consulting my officers, I ordered every preparation to be made to destroy the ship after all hope was gone to save her. On ascending the poop deck I observed that the enemy's vessels had changed their course and were heading for Craney Island. Then I determined to lighten the ship by throwing overboard my 8-inch guns, hoisting out provisions, starting water, etc."

Van Brunt was mistaken in assuming that the *Monitor* hauled off first. She so crippled her enemy as to compel the *Merrimac* to make for Sewall's Point, pursued by the "cheese-box;" but, as the orders were to act solely on the defensive, she soon withdrew, seeing that the battle was won. The rebel iron-clad was taken in tow by two tugs, and that was her last appearance, save in the distance, under protection of the heavy guns of the shore batteries.

Worden was injured by the last broadside which Captain Jones sent against the turret and pilot-house—in the latter of which the *Monitor* commander stood, directing the evolutions of his vessel and ordering the gunners in the turret, with which he held communication by speaking tubes. Looking through the lattice of his house at the moment a heavy shot struck it squarely, his eyes were filled with the fine dust of iron, and the concussion knocked him senseless. But the fight was over; and when his consciousness returned soon after, finding the guns silent, he asked: "Have I saved the frigate?" "Aye, and whipped the *Merrimac*!" "Then I care not what becomes of me." His eyes never recovered

from that awful concussion, which filled them with the impalpable dust of iron. But, the *Merrimac* was "neutralized," and he was content, having done his duty, and given to the world the first practical demonstration of the resistant powers of an iron-clad. Thereafter the navies of Europe were to be revolutionized. Out of that successful trial grew the fleet of Monitors and iron-clads which soon rendered the American navy the most powerful in the world—more powerful, at one time, than the navies of France and England combined; and from that moment may we clearly date a growing respect for us, as a power, never before felt by European monarchs.

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## XX XI.

### THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN AND THE SEVEN DAYS' CONTEST.

THE story of McClellan's "Peninsula Campaign" and "Siege of Richmond" forms one of the most stirring and mortifying chapters of the whole history of the war—stirring from the nature of the movement and the grand proportions of the armies engaged; and mortifying in the result. But, without here entering upon the question of the merits and demerits of the movement by way of Yorktown and the Chickahominy, we may find in some of the events of the field commanded by McClellan, matter enough for a most interesting chapter of incidents and anecdotes.

The siege of Yorktown was inaugurated after the repulse of McClellan's advance, at the Warwick river defenses, April 5th, 6th. The enemy's force behind the defenses, and in Yorktown, then was, according to Magruder's official report, eleven thousand. McClellan's strength on the ground was fifty-five thousand—soon increased to eighty-five thousand;

but, no *dash* was thought of, and the "siege" was inaugurated by sending to Washington for heavy siege ordnance and ordering out the "spade brigades." For twenty odd days the army dug in the mire of the Warwick river-bogs and on May 2d had gained positions from which to bombard Yorktown. All these three weeks of exhausting labor in the trenches by the Federal army were accompanied by daily adventures of sharpshooters and scouts—some of which read like romance. Each party vied with the other in daring and watchfulness, and many a noble fellow was sacrificed in the effort to maintain his flag's honor. At length the siege guns were ready to open fire. Sixty odd heavy pieces were in position, whose concentric fire would have destroyed, in six hours, a defense many times stronger than Yorktown possessed. So the enemy knew. Davis and Johnston and the rebel Secretary of War were on the ground; and, when the last hour came, they ordered the stronghold's evacuation. On the morning of May 4th, when the great guns were to open, it was discovered that the defenses were tenantless—the enemy gone! Yorktown was won, but Richmond was lost, for the three weeks spent by the Army of the Potomac in the swamps, digging for victory, was used by the enemy to gather at their endangered capital forces sufficient for its proper fortification and protection. The stay at Yorktown was the prime error which lost the invading army the campaign. Had McClellan left Yorktown by passing to its left up the James, or to its right up Mobjack bay, he must have been in Richmond by the middle of April, since no force of the enemy *then* there, could have repelled his victorious march. This prime error would have caused his suspension from command, in the French, English, Austrian or Russian service; but the *political* influences at Washington, which bore on the President, were so strong and so dangerous by threatening disorder if McClellan was removed, that he was permitted to push on after the enemy.

The pursuit was too slow for injury to the retiring foe. Stoneman's cavalry alone dashed out up the Peninsula, on

the 4th, to find Longstreet's grand division ready, at Williamsburg, to retard McClellan's advance. The terrific battle of Williamsburg followed, on the 5th, when parts of the two corps of Sumner and Heintzelman fought all day—each corps “on its own hook,” and without concert or co-operation. By occupying a hastily constructed line of earthworks, Longstreet made an obstinate defense. Hooker's division of Heintzelman's command sustained a tremendous loss, and was only saved from total discomfiture, by the arrival of Kearney's division during the afternoon of the 5th. As Williamsburg is only about twelve miles from Warwick river, where the bulk of McClellan's forces were massed, this delay to march to the front illustrates the exceedingly *loose* manner in which the entire campaign was conducted. There was no unity, no *solidarite*, in the movement of the army during the entire period of McClellan's command, and its fortunes suffered accordingly.

In the advance upon Williamsburg, Hooker's division took the left approach, by the Lee's Mill road. The corps of Sumner took the direct front approach on the Yorktown road. Hooker got into position early on the morning of the 5th. On his front was the mud fort, Magruder, mounting six guns—the right of the rebel line of defenses, which, by redoubts and rifle-pits, stretched away across the narrow neck of land to Queen's creek. By staying McClellan's march one day, at that point, the enemy could effect their safe retreat, and secure the safety of their trains; hence the obstinacy of Longstreet's resistance, and his attempt to turn the Federal right held by Hooker.

Hooker opened the battle at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock A. M., on the 5th, by an advance out of the woods, to the left of Fort Magruder, which he proposed, first to silence then to assault. At first all promised well, for his artillery did good service, but, it soon became evident that he had a powerful enemy on his front. The Confederates, by 10 o'clock, took the offensive, and pressed the division's left, to turn it. Heintzelman having gone to Sumner's headquarters for conference and co-ope-

ration, left Hooker to manage affairs, which the division commander did not fail to do with an activity which at once characterized him as a man of remarkable parts. On his front, between his men and the fort, was a space of five hundred feet, covered with an abattis of felled timber. To the edge of this Webber's battery was planted, and over this battery the battle raged with unmitigated fury for six long hours. Said a correspondent: "The battle raged with desperate courage on the edge of the woods, in front of the abattis, in the infernal abattis itself, *and through it*, up to the rifle-pits, and beyond them, and finally, with triumph, into one of the forts. The only ground on which we could use artillery was a small angle of the corn-field, where the road debouches upon the plain, and which our infantry had cleaned of the rebels to admit of our gunners wading with their pieces into position. No sooner were these unlimbered, than men and horses began to fall—the recoil of the guns soon buried them almost to the hubs in the soft earth—down went more men and more horses—the enemy made a dash at the batteries, and they were lost."

Hearing this heavy fire Heintzelman made his way back to his command, to find the condition of things very threatening. Having failed to induce Sumner to a co-operative movement by conjoining him and assisting in the assault, the corps commander started messengers back to hasten forward Kearney's division. As hour after hour passed and no help came, it seemed to Heintzelman as if he indeed was to be left to his fate. Only a mile to the right was Smith's division—all unemployed, save Hancock's brigade, which had taken possession of one of the enemy's empty redoubts. Early in the afternoon, Hooker was doomed to see his ammunition expended, and regiment after regiment become comparatively helpless before the tenacious pressure of Longstreet's veterans. Two New Jersey regiments—Seventh and Eighth—discouraged and exhausted, sought to leave the front, and for a moment a disintegration of the lines threatened. Through the menacing attitude of Averill's Third

Pennsylvania cavalry they were brought to a halt and reformed, to face that terrible fire to which they could not reply. But, they could not stand the ordeal; and, again breaking, they began to fill the woods. Heintzelman, having dispatched most of his staff as successive and hasty messengers for help, called for an escort from Averill's troopers and attempted to stay the defection. Assisted by the bayonets of a Massachusetts regiment, he was successful in regathering his men. His efforts to hold his line were such as to re-inspire his disheartened force, while Hooker, growing more unflinching with the crisis, seemed, by his bearing and words, to fill the air with messengers of death which his empty muskets and lost artillery failed to evoke.

Yet no help! Where were the tardy brigades? Where the impetuous Kearney, who ever found all races too slow when they led to battle? Through and through the woods flew the hail of the enemy's musketry—the fierce rush of their cannon-shot and shell. It was a bloody sacrifice of human life to tarry there longer—why, then, wait? "Shall we retire?" said Heintzelman to Hooker. "*No sir!*" was the response; "if we must fall, let those responsible for it be made to answer: *we* can not leave this post." "Just my view," said the corps commander, as he turned away, instinctively looking to the rear, from whence the expected aid was to come.

It came! First, a faint huzza far in the rear—heard above the rattle of musketry and the booming of hostile guns. Then it came nearer—the shouts of a brigade. Heintzelman, waving his wounded arm above his head, answered with a wild shout of welcome. "Here, musicians, where are you? Gather them quick!" he shouted; and then, as they came forward—the scattered members of several bands—he cried: "Give us *Yankee Doodle*, boys!" and the woods echoed with the glad strain as the brigade of Berry, of Kearney's division, came tramping into the circle of fire. It was a moment of intense joy; and the music of the band, the din of conflict, were drowned in the huzzas which leaped from every

man's lips. "On to the front, Berry!" thundered Heintzelman—not the old man eloquent, but the old man invincible; and, without a moment's delay, led by Hooker, the brigade, which had outstripped its companions in the excessively fatiguing march through mud and rain, advanced to the edge of the wood, taking up a line half a mile in length. Its fire for half an hour was almost continuous. The rebels in the felled timber withdrew before it, and sought the cover of the earthworks beyond. "Now for the charge, boys!" and the Fifth Michigan, supported by the Thirty-seventh New York, rushing over the cumbered plain, carried the line of rifle-pits and one of the redoubts on their front at the bayonet's point. Again and again the Confederates tried to regain their lost position, but in vain. There were sixty-three rebel dead counted in that battery after the assault.

Berry was soon followed by Kearney with the brigades of Jameson and Birney—the rest of his division. At four o'clock, literally blackened with mud and steaming with the still falling rain, they came up and went into the fight, giving relief to Hooker's exhausted, decimated regiments. Darkness saw the enemy completely driven to the cover of his entrenchments, and the two divisions lit their fires in the woods, to gather strength for the morrow's work.

The fight on Sumner's front was of a somewhat desultory nature. In the conference of the morning Heintzelman had suggested the occupation of the redoubt discovered by Stoneman's cavalry in their reconnoissance to have been unoccupied. This was done—Hancock's brigade of Smith's division, moving cautiously over a dam into the position indicated. It was found vacated, as also was the redoubt adjoining, which Hancock at once occupied. Only the enemy's weakness could have induced him to leave these important works without proper garrisons. Hancock sent for re-enforcements to press his advantage against a third work, which would have enabled him to take in reverse the division then pressing Hooker so furiously. Here was the second mistake of the day. Twice Sumner ordered Smith forward with the rest

of his division to achieve the important conquests so evidently opened to them; but twice he changed his mind, "fearing to weaken his centre," as the General-in-Chief said. Instead of an advance, Sumner ordered Hancock to abandon his second work and retire to the first. The enemy, meanwhile, having discovered his presence and their loss, began to move on his front. As his rear and right flank were exposed, the Brigade General found his situation one of hazard to his command. He fell back with safety, after some manœuvring, upon his first position, which he resolved to hold. The rebels evidently had resolved to drive him out of the work. Seeing this eagerness of his adversary, Hancock feigned to withdraw, and brought the Confederates out of their rifle-pits to the assault. That was the propitious moment. Halting and closing ranks, the Federal regiments rapidly delivered several volleys; then, led by the General in person, they rushed, with bayonet set, upon the surprised foe, dispersing them in disorder, killing, wounding and capturing over five hundred of the discomfited Confederates. This happy *ruse* gave him undisturbed possession of the work.

McClellan having remained in Yorktown to organize for the general advance, and to push on the divisions assigned to the advance by way of West Point, was not advised of the state of affairs in the front until one P. M. (Monday), when he at once arranged to ride to the scene of conflict. He arrived on the ground about half-past four. Seeing what every brigade commander had seen—the singular want of co-operation between the two corps—he ordered Sumner's centre to advance to the edge of the wood, toward Heintzelman's position, while Smith's remaining brigade, with Naglee's regiments, were ordered to support Hancock—both orders which should have been issued four hours earlier. The attempt to communicate and connect with Heintzelman was frustrated by the marshy nature of the ground beyond the woods in which Sumner's forces were gathered. The assistance to Hancock came too late, for he had met and repulsed the enemy on his front. The General said: "Night put an end

to the operations here, and all the troops who had been engaged in this contest slept on the muddy field, without shelter, and many without food." That such men should have spent a second night in that pitiable plight, without food, is not to the credit of those whose duty it was to see them fed. It was, we believe, ever the fate of McClellan's army to suffer from short rations upon all occasions of unusual activity and exposure.

Preparations made for the morrow's work were rendered needless, for, having accomplished the design of holding the Federal advance in check, Johnston withdrew his entire command from the Williamsburg defenses, and, by a night-march, passed them up and over the Chickahominy in safety. Colonel Averill, with a strong cavalry force, pursued as soon as the retreat was discovered, on Tuesday morning, but, the condition of the roads rendered it impossible to overtake the rebel rear. He picked up large numbers of exhausted Confederates, some guns abandoned in the omnipresent mud, and returned to Williamsburg.

All the severely wounded, about one thousand, the enemy left behind, to McClellan's provident care. The sixteen rebel surgeons left with them were treated with every consideration. The Federal losses were severe. McClellan reported them as: killed, 456; wounded, 1400; missing, 372; total, 2228. But the exposure and privations of the men placed great numbers on hospital list. Had it not been for the determined resolution and provident care of that Soldier's Best Friend—the United States Sanitary Commission—the sufferings of wounded and sick must have been incalculable. During the entire Peninsula campaign that Commission acted a part whose beneficence only the thousands of relieved sufferers can realize. The sick list, growing out of the severe labor in the trenches before Yorktown, and the exposure on the Williamsburg march and battles, placed over eight thousand men under the physicians' hands. The prospects, therefore, of a campaign during the summer months, in the miasmatic regions of the Chickahominy, cer-

tainly were encouraging for the enemy ; and, it may here be said, the continual additions to McClellan's force during the months of May and June, scarcely sufficed to cover the depletion of the ranks by sickness alone. The appalling list of dead which would attach to any complete report of that fatal experiment in the Chickahominy swamps, would show as many victims to fever as to the bullet.

The advance from Williamsburg was the second grand error of the campaign. Instead of pursuing the road along the James river and depending on his ability to hold it, the General-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac chose the route of the Chickahominy, making his depot of supplies at White House, on the Pamunkey, from whence ran a railroad to the rebel capital. This choice again threw him in the swamps, where fever was king, and compelled the occupancy of a line *over seven miles in length*. He reached Bottom's bridge on the 21st, and threw over the river a section of his forces, consisting of Heintzelman's and Keyes' two corps, who were ordered to take position—the first named at a point called Fair Oaks, and the second named at the Seven Pines, on the direct road to Richmond. These two positions, about two miles apart, were the same distance in advance of the Chickahominy. Advancing to the points indicated, they proceeded to throw up earth-works and to prepare for holding the ground. Strangely enough, no enemy seriously disputed this occupancy. Heavy reinforcements were massing in Richmond, however—if a few days could be granted to the rebel leaders to get them on the field. These few days were given; for, instead of passing the Chickahominy in force, the corps of Sumner, Franklin and Porter, with Stoneman's cavalry, all went into position on the north side of the stream, which McClellan then proceeded to bridge in numerous places, as preparatory to a grand advance—on some future day! Did madness possess the man thus to give the enemy time to gather his hosts, to strengthen his defenses, to centralize his strength upon that one point?

Taking advantage of heavy floods, which swept away the

bridges, the Confederates fell upon Casey's division, holding the advance at Fair Oaks, and a savage battle was there fought, May 31st, by which Casey was dreadfully "punished," and his brigades almost cut in pieces. Late in the afternoon Sumner's corps succeeded in crossing by the only bridge remaining, and thus saved an overwhelming disaster, by well repulsing the enemy. The battle raged along the entire line from Heintzelman's left to Keyes' right, and night found the fortunes of the field restored. The battle was resumed June 1st, at daybreak. No more re-enforcements could cross to Sumner's aid, for the swollen stream was impassable, yet the three corps fought all day, unaided. The rebels were handsomely defeated, and retreated, at length, in much disorder. Hooker and Kearney plead to be permitted to march into Richmond—as it was afterwards discovered they could have done; but were restrained, and ordered to entrench more strongly. Thus the third grand error of the campaign was made.

For *three weeks* the Federal army then lay in those dreadful miasmatic regions, awaiting the rebuilding of the bridges; and when, at length they were all done, it was discovered that the enemy was ready for the fight in an unexpected manner. Suddenly marching in *from the north*, from his splendid dash up the Shenandoah Valley, the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson presented himself at Hanover Court House, in his march upon McClellan's depot of supplies at White House, on the Pamunkey. At the same time it was discovered that Lee was crossing his forces over the Chickahominy above New Bridge, and moving down upon Fitz John Porter's position. All was now confusion and alarm. The "on to Richmond" progress was arrested in a twinkling; for, with his depot of supplies gone, a *retreat* to the James river was his only salvation.

The "Seven Days' Contest" commenced with the battle of Mechanicsville, Thursday, June 26th, when McCall's division fought all the afternoon to hold the line of Beaver Dam creek. The enemy was badly handled and the line

held. During the night it was abandoned, however; and uniting with Fitz John Porter's corps, on Gaines' Hill, the two commands prepared to hold that position. No re-enforcements were permitted from the other corps; and Porter, on Friday, June 27th, fought *alone* the terrible battle of Gaines' Hill. The divisions of McCall, Wessell and Sykes, bore the brunt of battle all day, with a tenacity and devotion truly admirable. Not until almost exhausted, late in the afternoon, did any show signs of disorganization. No assistance came from the vast bodies reposing in peace in their camps over the river, until late in the evening, when, perceiving the imminence of Porter's utter defeat, the brigades of Meagher and French, of Richardson's division, 3d Corps, were dispatched to the scene of conflict, and, by their sudden rush, at 5 p. m., into the conflict, stayed the rebel advance. Having been previously (at 3 p. m.) joined by Slocum's division, of the 6th Corps, the Federal army gathered its widely scattered forces, regained some of its abandoned property, and, under cover of the night, withdrew over the river. The march to the James was even then initiated. Of this memorable "change of base"—the retreat from before Richmond to the protection of the gunboats on the James river—we have, in the N. Y. *Times* correspondence, a graphic, and, in the main, correct account. Writing from the ground, under date of June 30th, he said:

Events of the gravest character have transpired within the last five days, touching the condition and prospects of the army on the Peninsula. Acting under the necessity which the Commanding General has long foreseen, the widely-extended lines of the army, with its miles of well-constructed defenses, stretching almost from the James river on the left, to, and beyond the Chickahominy on the right, have been abandoned, and the army before Richmond has fallen back to a more practicable line of defense and attack, upon the James river. Hither the grand army, with its immense artillery and wagon train; its Commissary and Quartermaster's stores; its ammunition; its cattle-drove, of 2540 head; in fact, its entire *materiel*, horse, foot and dragoons, bag and baggage, have been transferred. This manœuvre, however—one of the most difficult and dangerous for a commander to execute in the face of the enemy—has been accomplished safely, though under

circumstances of difficulty and trial which would have taxed the genius of a Napoleon. The army has been engaged in constant conflict with the enemy for six days, during which their highest energies have been taxed to the uttermost. We have had no moment of repose —no opportunity scarcely to properly care for the wounded and to bury the dead. The enemy have closely watched every movement, and, with an army more than double that of our own, have had the ability to constantly launch fresh troops upon our rear, an advantage which they have been quick to discover, and remorseless in improving. Their perfect knowledge of the roads, paths and bridges, and the topography of the country, which has taken us time to learn, has placed an immense advantage in their hands. Heaven grant that here, under the shadow of these hills, and with the co-operation of the gunboats, our overtaxed soldiers and officers may have that brief repose which is so essential to them, and to the existence of the army itself.

The interruption of all communication with the Government, has, no doubt, convulsed the country with anxiety and alarm. A knowledge of the facts, however, will relieve this feeling, while any effort to conceal the truth will not only be fruitless, but will leave the public to imagine a thousand evils which do not exist.

Beginning with the fight at Mechanicsville on Thursday, our advance forces, while steadily falling back, have had a continuous running fight.

On Friday one of the severest battles which was ever fought on this continent occurred on the right of the Chickahominy, near Gaines' Hill. On Saturday, after our forces had retired in good order across the creek and destroyed the bridges, we were attacked in front of our encampments, but General Smith repulsed the enemy, leaving the ground strewn with his dead.

On Saturday morning, the arrangements having been completed, the wagon train was started on its way to James river, and was followed on Sunday morning by the artillery and Commissary train.

Meantime the enemy, getting scent of our movement, strongly reconnoitered our front, and finding that several of our positions had been abandoned, pushed in and attacked us vigorously. Generals Hooker and Richardson drove them back, and General Meagher's brigade, always on hand at the right time, charged, and captured two of their guns. The rebels paid a dear price for the information which they obtained. The chief struggle was near Savage's station,

Anticipating a movement on our right flank, the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy was destroyed on Saturday morning. The rebels, supposing we had fallen back on the White House, sent a large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery in that direction, but, after a

long, rapid and weary march, discovered they had gone on a wild goose chase in the wrong direction. They only found a small force of our infantry and cavalry scattered down to guard the rear, who fell back and escaped from White House Landing. The rest was one of those "howling wildernesses" which the rebels intend to leave for us. All the quartermaster and commissary stores had been removed two days before, and the rubbish burned.

General McClellan and staff left the headquarters at Savage's station at daylight on Sunday morning, with a body guard of the Fourth United States cavalry, and halted some five miles out, after crossing the White Oak creek.

There were, on Saturday, about one thousand of the wounded and sick, chiefly accumulated from the battle of Friday, many of whom it was found impossible to remove, owing to the nature and severity of their wounds, and as a matter of humanity, as well as of necessity, they were left behind. A great many, however, who could walk, slowly followed in the track of the army, and the ambulances brought away a great many others.

General Hooker's division broke camp in the entrenchments at three o'clock Sunday morning, and General Sickles' and Grover's brigades proceeded to the outposts to relieve General Patterson's New Jersey brigade. A five o'clock A. M. the three brigades fell back to the second line of redoubts, where they formed a line of battle with Richardson's and Kearney's divisions, and remained until eight o'clock P. M. On discovering that General Hooker had fallen back, the enemy advanced his scouts with two field-pieces, and opened a brisk fire upon his rear, along the line of the railroad. General Meagher's brigade made a movement on both the enemy's flanks, while the Eighty-eighth New York charged in front, and captured two of their guns. The enemy then fell back under cover of the wood. None were killed in Hooker's division. In the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania three were wounded; the First Massachusetts lost two prisoners. One man lost both legs by a shell. Kearney's and Richardson's divisions were the last off the field.

On the approach of the rebel force to the Savage's station, where the hospital was established, a white flag was sent out, and it was met by a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Confederates, who gave assurance that the hospital should be respected. There was no firing purposely, in that direction, and, if an occasional shell exploded near the house, it is believed to have been accidental.

About one hundred and twenty rebel prisoners, who were captured on Friday, accompanied us under guard. On Sunday forenoon an advance body of our cavalry, who were reconnoitering in front,

discovered a body of rebel cavalry near a small church, and, after a sharp engagement, put them to flight, killing a considerable number of horses, and capturing some twenty-five prisoners, who were added to the group already in hand.

Sedgwick's division left the front at daylight, and were engaged by the enemy half way to Savage's station, which they reached at five P. M. Here the enemy's infantry, with a battery, came out of the woods on the right, and attacked them.

The First Maine were advanced on the left, with a line of skirmishers in front. They had twelve wounded, three mortally, viz; Smith, Wren and Taylor. C. W. Haskell, Company C, was slightly wounded in the hand by a shell.

Sedgwick's division crossed the creek at White Oak swamp, about four o'clock A. M., Monday. His rear was not annoyed during the night.

Keyes' and Porter's divisions had already preceded us on the march, and had reached a position on the James river, near Turkey island, which is about ten or twelve miles above City Point.

The Engineer brigade of General Woodbury preceded the army, constructed corduroy roads where they were necessary. At the Four-mile creek, a bridge was built across the run. At the White Oak swamp creek two bridges were also constructed by the same valuable corps. One for the passage of the main army train, and the other to accommodate General Heintzelman's division, who, with Hooker and Richardson, covered the retreat.

As the army resumed its march on Monday morning, information was received through General Richardson, that the enemy were pursuing, and orders were given to destroy the bridges.

The Engineer Corps was detailed for this duty, and also to defend the approach to the place. A wide space of trees had been felled across the creek, and the brigade was deployed as skirmishers at the right and left of the passage. Ayers' battery of six guns was also left to hold the position, and was stationed on the hill overlooking the swamp.

The retreat was conducted in the most perfect order. There was no trepidation or haste; no smashing up of wagons by careless or fast driving, and not a single accident of any consequence is believed to have occurred. A drove of 2500 fat cattle, under the charge of Colonel Clark, Chief Commissary, and Captain E. M. Buchanan, Commissary of Subsistence on General McClellan's staff, were successfully driven along. They had been brought up from the White House, and narrowly escaped stampeding by the rebels.

The country through which we passed contained some of the finest

farming lands I had seen in Virginia. Broad farms, with well-grown crops of oats and wheat, were passed along the roads, in which the horses and cattle found abundant forage. The forage of the army had all been consumed the day before, thus relieving the train of an immense burden. Instead of the expected swamps and impassable roads, we found well-traveled country roads in excellent condition, along which the immense artillery and wagon train passed with the greatest ease. After approaching within about five miles of the river, the train was divided, part being sent by each of three roads which converged near the landing. An occasional halt was ordered, to enable the advance to examine the roads and woods in front for a concealed force or masked batteries, but nothing of the kind interrupted our progress. A teamster or some mischievous person would occasionally report that we were attacked in front, which would produce a temporary scare, but, beyond this, nothing delayed the movement. The soldiers regarded it as the carrying out of part of a necessary plan—the only dissatisfaction expressed being at the leaving behind of so many of the sick and wounded.

Plenty of provisions and medicines were left for them, however, and if they are permitted to use them, their situation for some time to come will be much better there than with the army, in the midst of conflict and alarm.

At Savage's station the Government had made arrangements for the sick and wounded as they were brought from the field. It was under the care of Dr. John Swinburne. Dr. Brunot, of Pittsburgh, Penn., arrived on Monday with a corps of surgeons and nurses. How many of these remained with the patients I am not able to state. There is a report that a large part of them ran away when the army left. It was certainly a severe test of their philanthropy to be left in rebel hands. The demand for nursing and surgical attendance was so great that large numbers were obliged to wait for long hours before their cases could be reached. The worst cases were attended to first, but there was and have been a great many who never received attentions at all. The entire area in the back and on both sides of the house was covered with the wounded, and there were also some twenty large tents pitched in the garden at the east of the house, filled with sick and wounded. The stores for Mrs. Harris, the benevolent lady, who, assisted by Mrs. Sampson, are devoting themselves to the sick, were delayed at White House, and if they reached Savage's at all, it is doubtful whether the good things were not appropriated by the rebels as soon as they got possession of the place.

Many poor fellows who were scarcely able to drag themselves along, clung to the skirts of their comrades, or hobbled on crutches,

apparently dreading more than death itself, falling into the hands of the rebels. Many became so exhausted that they fell by the way-side, and could only be roused and helped forward by the greatest exertions.

When an aid of General McClellan rode back and reported that the way was all open to James river, a thrill of relief ran through the whole line, and the sight of the green fields skirting its banks was indeed an oasis in the terrible desert of suspense and apprehension through which they had passed. The teams were now put upon a lively trot, in order to relieve the pressure upon that portion still in the rear.

General McClellan and staff rode ahead and took possession of the old estate known as Malvern Hill, owned by B. F. Dew, one mile back from Turkey Island bend. It is a large old-fashioned estate, originally built by the French, and has near it, in front, an old earth-work constructed by General Washington during the revolutionary war. It has a spacious yard shaded by venerable elms and other trees. A fine view of the river can be had from this elevated position. General McClellan expressed the opinion that, with a brief time to prepare, the position could be held against any force the enemy can bring against us.

Exhausted by long watching and fatigue, and covered thickly with the dust of the road over which we had passed, many of the officers threw themselves upon the shady and grassy lawn to rest. The soldiers also attracted by the shady trees, surrounded the house, or bivouacked in the fields near by.

General McClellan immediately addressed himself to the task of preparing dispatches for the Government.

At two o'clock P. M. firing was heard in the direction of White Oak swamp, where it was supposed Ayres was holding in check the rebel force who were attempting to cross. This continued for nearly two hours, when sudden and heavy firing began further to the left, in the direction of Charles City Cross Roads. At this point an immense body of fresh troops, with artillery and cavalry, had made their appearance direct from Richmond, and were engaging our batteries still left to guard the road.

Orders were sent immediately to put the troops in line of battle; and Generals Porter's and Keyes' commands were soon on the way up the hill, returning from their comfortable encampment beyond Malvern Hill. By half-past four P. M., the road was thronged with these troops, with artillery and cavalry, hastening to resist the advance of the enemy.

The firing now became more and more rapid, and was evidently

approaching our line. The roar of cannon was incessant, and the dust of the contest swept upward and whirled in eddying clouds above the forest trees, which concealed friend and foe from view.

Members of the staff and messengers hurriedly mounted and rode to and fro with important orders to the commanding officers. The wagons were drawn up on the right of the field as a kind of temporary breastwork, and the troops were disposed in line of battle at the westward, from which direction the enemy were advancing.

The firing now became incessant, the explosion of shells constant and most terrific from both lines, and the roar of musketry, mingled with the shouts and cheers of the contending forces. If we could have seen them and estimated their strength or number it would have been some relief, but they were advancing, apparently, to within less than a mile of our position, under cover of woods. It was very evident that our men were being driven in, and that, too, by an overwhelming force. At this juncture two of our gunboats, the *Galena* and *Aroostook* moved forward some half a mile and opened fire upon the left with their 54-pounders, the shells exploding in the edge of the woods along the line of hills where it was supposed the enemy would attempt to turn our left. No doubt these terrific missiles had an excellent effect in deterring them from this enterprise and in retarding their advance. In so long a range there was danger that some of our own men might be hit, and a signal station was established on the top of an old house overlooking the field, and also commanding a view of the river. The firing from the *Galena* was directed in front by these signals. The *Jacob Bell* and also the *Aroostook* fired several shells during the last part of the battle.

During the evening, and while the fight was going on, crowds of dusty men rushed down to the river, and plunged in to bathe. Considering the circumstances of the army, this was hardly the time to adjust one's toilet.

Meantime the contest raged with terrible fury along our whole front and right. Exploding shells filled the air, and rifled shot screamed overhead. So thick was the cloud of dust enveloping the field, it was impossible, except from the sound, to determine which way the tide of battle ebbed or flowed. The gunboats kept up a discharge of their heavy shells upon the enemy's position. Provost-Marshal Porter meantime took charge of the disabled and sick soldiers and conducted them to the rear. A large number of stragglers filled the road, who seemed to have business in an opposite direction from that in which the enemy was coming.

The Prince De Joinville, with the Duke De Chartres and the Count De Paris, took charge of dispatches for the Government, and General

McClellan accompanied them as far as the gunboat *Jacob Bell*, on board of which he bade them a final adieu toward evening. The crew manned the rigging, and cheered as the General returned to headquarters.

The day's contest wound up by a diminuendo of musketry, and by dark all firing, except an occasional shot, had ceased. It was too late to obtain any list of killed and wounded, or in fact to learn definitely the result of the fight. The *Jacob Bell* went down to City Point ordering up the *Southfield*, and all the other vessels lying below.

It should be borne in mind that the wide bottoms along the river separate the gunboats in many places, some two miles from the forces operating on the hills. The gunboats *Galena*, *Maratanza*, *Aroostook*, *Maraska* and *Port Royal* are near by, and ought to be able to render valuable assistance to the army until it can be placed in position to operate. The indications are that the enemy will continue to harass our position, and give our troops no rest, day or night, until they have been dislodged or compelled to embark. Should affairs reach the latter crisis, where are the transports to receive such an army on board, with its immense *materiel* of war? There are scarcely vessels enough now in the James River to take on board the wounded and sick, to say nothing of the army.

The *Jacob Bell* having returned from City Point, was dispatched, about ten o'clock p. m., to Fortress Monroe with the Prince De Joinville and companions, who, it was understood, carried dispatches to the War Department.

When the steamer left, all was quiet along the river, and it was supposed that our forces were holding their position at Malvern Hill.

The results of this contest are not known. The fight was a most determined one on both sides.

Transports and steamers were proceeding up the river; among them the *Wilson Small*, of the Sanitary Commission. All their vessels will be needed to remove the sick and wounded. Early arrangements will no doubt be made by the Government for the recovery of the wounded from Savage's station and from the battle field of Gaines' Hill.

Thus ended in disaster the first great campaign against the rebel capital. For a few days the Army of the Potomac tarried at Harrison's Landing, but was then withdrawn to cover Washington, against which the Confederates precipitated their best force, during August. The struggle with their advance, maintained by Pope, with his little Army of Virginia, forms one of the most exciting chapters of the war.

## XXII.

### POPE'S CAMPAIGN TO COVER WASHINGTON.

CALLED from his grand-division command in the West, Major-General John Pope was given command in chief of the "Army of Virginia," composed of the united forces of Fremont, Banks and McDowell. The defeat of McClellan before Richmond left the Federal capital uncovered, save by widely detached divisions. The great peril compelled their concentration and unity under one hand. Considering Pope as most likely to do the hardest fighting, he was assigned the chief command, taking the field July 29th. His army was then all concentrated at and around Little Washington, while Jackson was represented as rapidly augmenting force at Gordonsville, his old and favorite headquarters.

After various manœuvres for position the battle of Cedar Mountain was brought on by Banks, August 9th. This rather unpremeditated affair, while it resulted favorably to the Union arms, still accomplished nothing, since it was but a reconnoitre by the enemy to draw on Pope, in the hopes of the more easily flanking him and getting in his rear. Seeing his peril, Pope withdrew even from his advance on the line of the Rapidan river to the line of the Rappahannock, on the night of August 10th. Re-enforced by troops from Falmouth and by Reno's corps of Burnside's army, he again advanced to the line of the Rapidan, but only to retire again on the 18th—then having ascertained definitely that Lee's programme was to flank and crush him. As Pope's sole purpose in holding that advance position, was to keep the enemy in check until the Army of the Potomac could come to his aid, he resolved to hold the Rappahannock line. Jackson promptly advanced, as Pope retired, and for several

days the two armies faced each other across the stream, cannonading each other furiously from Rappahannock station to Kelly's ford. The constant movement of the rebels toward Pope's right, above Kelly's ford, led him to foresee the attempt to pass him, and he at once informed General-in-Chief Halleck of the danger, whereupon the General-in-Chief ordered, August 21st :

"Dispute every inch of ground and fight like the devil till we can re-enforce you. Forty-eight hours more and we can make you strong enough. Don't yield an inch, if you can help it."

Four days later Pope was constrained to say: "You wished forty-eight hours to assemble the forces from the Peninsula behind the Rappahannock, and *four days* have passed without the enemy yet being permitted to cross." The subordinate was obeying the mandate to "fight like the devil," but without the promised aid. Even his baggage and papers, sent to the rear at Catlett's station, fell a prey to the dashing Stuart, who raided around Pope's lines on the 23d, unopposed by forces which, two days previous, should have been there.

All efforts to hold the rebels were futile, since there were no forces at Warrenton or Manassas to restrain their flank progress; and Pope, on the 26th, was made aware of the fact that Jackson was moving upon Manassas, through Thoroughfare Gap. Nothing was, therefore, left for the Army of Virginia but to retire to a line within the area of the Confederate occupation, and orders to the divisions were issued at night, on the 26th of August, to be ready for movement at a moment's notice. It was then expected that Fitz John Porter's corps would "be within two and a half miles of Warrenton on the Fayetteville road to-morrow night," and Pope arranged to conjoin forces. But Porter was not on hand, as promised, and, for the twentieth time, disappointment followed the dependence upon these promises. On the 27th it was made certain that Jackson was aiming for Manassas, and Pope's efforts were directed to throwing his army across the path of rebel advance. Having been joined by

Heintzelman's two divisions under those magnificent *fighters*, Hooker and Kearney, and expecting the full co-operation of Fitz John Porter, Pope was hopeful of dealing Jackson a crushing defeat ere he could be joined by Longstreet and Anderson's grand divisions, then coming forward under General Lee's personal guidance. But Jackson was six hours ahead of his adversary, and occupied Manassas junction during the morning of the 27th. On the afternoon of that day Hooker met Ewell's rebel division west of Bristow's station, and a severe battle followed, in which both parties fought with extreme obstinacy. Hooker slowly pressed Ewell backward upon Bristow, and night left him in full possession of the battle-field. At that time Pope's lines spread from Gainesville on the Thoroughfare Gap railroad to the Orange and Alexandria railroad—thus circling Jackson in an arc of bayonets out of which it was not thought he could escape. The rebel, however, appreciating his peril, hastily evacuated Manassas and retired to Centreville, nearer to Washington, but to the north of Pope's position. This move placed Jackson in a position to receive his re-enforcements, or to move again around the head of Bull Run back toward Thoroughfare Gap. Pope pursued at once. At noon on the 28th the divisions of Hooker, Kearney and Reno were in Manassas. Jackson first occupied Centreville, but evacuated it almost as soon as occupied to take position across Bull Run on the old battle field of Manassas. He did not care to give Pope the vantage of that turbulent little water course, and place himself between the column advancing from Alexandria, under Sumner and Franklin, and the fire of the now largely augmented ranks of the original "Army of Virginia." McDowell's advance, from Gainesville toward Centreville, struck Jackson's van late in the afternoon of the 28th, and a severe conflict ensued, in which King's division held their ground. At the same moment Hooker, Kearney and Reno were in Centreville, on Jackson's rear. Thus the rebel was between two lines, either of which must crush him if re-enforcements could be kept back. Most unfortunately,

instead of holding his position on the very line over which Jackson's supports must come, McDowell, on the night of the 28th withdrew to Manassas, and thus the way was open for Lee's approach with his powerful army. It came in on the morning and during the day of the 29th, marching upon the field chosen by Jackson; and when Pope assailed, on that day, it was to find his antagonist more than his equal in guns, men and position.

The second battle of Manassas followed, on the 29th. It was opened by Sigel's corps, which constituted Pope's left, just east of the village of Groveton. The rebel right rested above and near the village, and their left upon the old Manassas battle-ground, covering the Warrenton turnpike. Heintzelman's corps constituted the Federal right, and Reno the centre. This whole line became engaged by seven A. M. The enemy's artillery occupied commanding heights, while their infantry manoeuvred in the little valleys, and used the old railway embankment and the spots of intervening wood to press their advances under partial cover. Up to noon Sigel, Heintzelman and Reno ordered their respective forces. Lee in person directed the rebel field-force, then composed of the grand division of Jackson and a portion of Longstreet's command—in all about forty thousand men and eighty-six excellent guns. "Heintzelman's corps occupied the right of our line, in front, or west of the Sudley Springs road. General Sigel was on his left, with his line extended a short distance south of the Warrenton turnpike; the division of General Schenck occupying the high ground to the left of that road. The extreme left was occupied by General Reynolds. General Reno's corps had reached the field, and the most of it had been pushed forward into action, leaving four regiments in reserve, and in rear of the centre of our line." This was the disposition when Pope reached the field, at noon, to find the troops so wearied as to require rest. Neither Porter nor McDowell had then reached the field of conflict, and Pope was constrained to cease his pressure of the enemy's position until his re-enforcements could be pushed

to the front. Thus matters rested for over four hours, when McDowell, at half past four, came in from the direction of Manassas Junction, by the Sudley Springs road. Pope's plan was to double up the rebel left, pressing it back upon the centre. Porter was expected to be on the ground by that time, ready to strike the enemy's right and rear, and throw it back upon the centre, when McDowell was to move in and complete the victory. Anticipating the arrival on the ground at the right time, of these re-enforcements, Pope ordered the opening of the struggle again by Heintzelman and Reno. Said Pope of the desperate and heroic struggle which followed :

" The attack was made with great gallantry, and the whole of the left of the enemy was doubled back toward his centre, and our own forces, after a sharp conflict of an hour and a half, occupied the field of battle, with the dead and wounded of the enemy in our hands. In this attack, Grover's brigade of Hooker's division was particularly distinguished by a determined bayonet charge, breaking two of the enemy's lines and penetrating to the third before it could be checked. By this time General McDowell had arrived on the field, and pushed his corps immediately to the front, along the Warrenton turnpike, with orders to fall upon the enemy, who was retreating toward the pike from the direction of Sudley Springs. The attack along the turnpike was made by King's division at about sunset in the evening; but by that time the advance of the main body of the enemy, under Longstreet, had begun to reach the field, and King's division encountered a stubborn and determined resistance at a point about three-fourths of a mile in front of our line of battle.

" While this attack was going on, the forces under Heintzelman and Reno continued to push back the left of the enemy in the direction of Warrenton turnpike, so that at about eight o'clock in the evening the greater portion of the field was occupied by our army. Nothing was heard from General Porter up to that time, and his forces took no part whatever in the action, but were suffered by him to lie idle on their arms, within sight and sound of the battle during the whole day."

The errors of the day were want of expedition in the movement of McDowell and Porter's two powerful corps, while the utter failure of the latter to do his work gave to the enemy the benefit of a drawn battle. Said Pope, refer-

ring to this result of the day's conflict: "I do not hesitate to say that if he had discharged his duty as became a soldier, under the circumstances, and had made a vigorous attack on the enemy, as he was expected and directed to do, at any time up to eight o'clock that night, we should have utterly crushed or captured the larger portion of Jackson's force before he could have been by any possibility sufficiently re-enforced to have made a sufficient resistance."

It only remained to fight another battle on the morrow. With the Army of Virginia in wretched plight from its almost unintermittent ten days' marching and fighting—with Hooker, Kearney and Reno badly cut up, Pope's hope now lay in Porter's good conduct and the arrival of the mysteriously withheld troops then swarming in and around Alexandria—the corps of Franklin and Sumner and the divisions of Cox and Sturgis. But, as his orders still were to "fight like the devil," and, as both McDowell and Heintzelman reported the enemy retiring along the Warrenton pike toward Gainesville, on the night of the 29th Pope resolved on another day's struggle for the 30th. Of the terrific battle which ensued Pope gave this general version:

"Between twelve and two o'clock in the day I advanced the corps of Porter, supported by King's division of McDowell's corps, to attack the enemy along the Warrenton turnpike; at the same time I directed Heintzelman and Reno, on our right to push forward to the left and front toward Warrenton turnpike, and attack the enemy's left in flank if possible. For a short time Ricketts' division of McDowell's corps was placed in support of this movement on our right.

"It was necessary for me to act thus promptly, and make an attack, as I had not the time, for want of provisions and forage, to await an attack from the enemy, nor did I think it good policy to do so under the circumstances. During the whole night of the 29th, and the 30th, the advance of the whole army under Lee, was arriving on the field to re-enforce Jackson, so that by twelve or one o'clock in the day we were confronted by forces greatly superior to our own; and these forces were being every moment largely increased by fresh arrivals of the enemy from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap. Every moment of delay increased the odds against us, and I therefore advanced to the attack as rapidly as I was able to bring my forces into

action. Shortly after, General Porter moved forward to the attack of the Warrenton turnpike, and the assault on the enemy was begun by Heintzelman and Reno on the right, it became apparent that the enemy was massing his troops as fast as they arrived on the field, on his right, and was moving forward from that direction to turn our left; at which point it was plain he intended to make his main attack—I accordingly directed General McDowell to recall Ricketts' division immediately from our right, and post it on the left of our line. The attack of Porter was neither vigorous nor persistent, and his troops soon retired in considerable confusion. As soon as they commenced to fall back, the enemy advanced to the assault, and our whole line, from right to left, was soon furiously engaged. The main attack of the enemy was made upon our left, but was met with stubborn resistance by the divisions of General Schenck, General Milroy and General Reynolds, who, shortly after the action began, were reinforced on their left and rear by the whole division of Ricketts. The action raged furiously for several hours; the enemy bringing up his heavy reserves, and pouring mass after mass of his troops upon our left. So greatly superior in number were his forces, that while overpowering us on the left, he was able to assault us also with superior forces on our right. Porter's forces were rallied and brought to a halt as they were retiring to the rear. As soon as they could be used, I pushed them forward to support our left, and they there rendered distinguished service, especially the brigade of regulars under Colonel Buchanan.

"Tower's brigade of Ricketts' division was pushed forward into action in support of Reynolds' division, and was led forward in person by General Tower, with conspicuous skill and gallantry. The conduct of that brigade, in plain view of all the forces on our left, was especially distinguished, and drew forth hearty and enthusiastic cheers. The example of this brigade was of great service, and infused new spirit into all troops who witnessed their intrepid conduct. Reno's corps was also withdrawn from its position on our right centre late in the afternoon, and thrown into the action on our left, where it behaved with conspicuous gallantry."

"Notwithstanding these great disadvantages, our troops held their ground with the utmost firmness and obstinacy. The losses on both sides were very heavy. By dark our left had been forced back about one-half or three-fourths of a mile, but still remained firm and unbroken, and still covered the turnpike in our rear."

What would not ten thousand fresh men then have accomplished! At six o'clock Pope learned that Franklin was

*en route* to his aid, though then some twelve miles away; but instead of his full division, re-enforced by commands then idle at Alexandria, he was only about eight thousand strong. Of Sumner not a word: nor of Cox; nor of Couch; nor of fresh levies; nor of the militia regiments. It was necessary to give his men rest, for they had fought away their strength until, like sick men, they *must* sleep and recuperate. But one course was left—to retire to the powerful entrenchments around Centreville, which Jackson had abandoned only two days before; and there await the re-enforcements which had failed him on the 29th and 30th. Still holding his lines well, at eight o'clock the retreat was ordered. Corps commanders were given written instructions to withdraw leisurely and cautiously by indicated routes, crossing Bull Run at particularized fords, and entering Centreville in defined order. The movement followed—Reno covering it with such well disposed lines as to give the Confederates but slight opportunities for ascertaining what was transpiring. A division at Cub Run protected the crossing of that stream, and was the last to retire. No pursuit was attempted, and the enemy only became aware at daylight of the step taken. Centreville was occupied, as ordered; and within its protecting lines the wearied, half-rationed troops found temporary repose.

It was but temporary, for the audacious Confederates, after a day's rest, again flanked the Federal army, and by *feinting* in strong column, around the position at Centreville, toward Fairfax Court House, compelled Pope to move back to fight them there. On the 1st Hooker took post at Fairfax, with orders to push out toward Germantown; Kearney was placed on the road between Centreville and Fairfax. In front of him, in the direction of Chantilly village, was Reno. McDowell was on the direct road to Fairfax—connecting with Hooker's left. Franklin went to McDowell's left and rear. Sumner took Kearney's left and rear. Sigel and Porter united with Sumner's right. Banks took charge of all the trains, moving by the old Braddock road into Alexandria.

With this disposition, the army was prepared to give battle to Lee's entire host; but only a portion of that host—A. P. Hill's division—was on the move, the greater part remaining at the Manassas battle ground to re-organize for its movement over the Potomac. Indeed, by the 1st of September the rebel column was moving north, and the appearance of the two divisions on the evening of the 1st at Chantilly was but a blind to cover the real movement into Maryland. Pope's true programme was, had he had confidence in his troops, to move north upon Leesburg with his main column while Sumner took care of A. P. Hill. But the disorganized state of the commands; the exhaustion of the army, the want of friendly feeling among the commanders, all pointed Pope to the defenses at Washington, where the re-organization might be made, absolutely necessary to meet Lee with any hope of success.

In the midst of a terrific thunder storm, on the evening of Monday, September 1st, the rebel column struck the Federal right. Evidently counting upon a disorganized mass, Hill precipitated his four brigades upon the Federal line with a fury which, it was doubtless conceived, would put the discomfited divisions to flight. They met, however, columns as steady as steel, and after a well contested struggle for two hours the enemy withdrew toward Centreville. This battle was most melancholy in results, for the chivalrous Kearney and the accomplished Stevens were both killed. In Kearney, the Union cause lost one of the bravest of men and best of commanders, who, had his life been spared, must have achieved a brilliant fame as a military leader.

This ended the campaign of the "Army of Virginia." Though defeated—as Halleck feared he would be—by his stubborn resistance and slow retirement he had saved the capital, for McClellan was, at last, on the ground with all his host—save a large portion of Keyes' corps left to guard Yorktown—and the special object of Pope's appointment was achieved. It now only remained for the Government to organize its disordered ranks, to gather its scattered

strength and prepare to contest the guage of battle in Maryland. Burnside was, therefore, recalled from Fredericksburg, and, with his remaining brigades, abandoned that important point on the 31st—marching to Acquia creek, and from thence, by transport, to Alexandria. Pope, having abandoned Centreville by his movement on the 1st, virtually ended his campaign with that abandonment, for the battle of Chantilly must be regarded as a mere defense of his retreat, though no orders were issued for his retirement to the Washington entrenchments until September 2d. Those orders gave to McClellan the command of all the troops there gathered, by virtue of his assignment to the defenses. Pope at once asked to be relieved of all further service in Virginia, and was, by orders dated September 7th, assigned to the Department of the North West, whence he proceeded at once.

The losses in his series of conflicts never were correctly reported. Pope estimated his casualties in the battle of the 30th at eight thousand, killed, wounded and prisoners; and yet, by his own statement of the depletion of ranks and the strength of commands, September 1st, it is evident that twice eight thousand hardly would cover the losses and absentees. The nearest approximate made to the actual killed, wounded and prisoners, from August 26th to September 2d, was twenty-five thousand. The rebel loss was very heavy, probably one-third less than that of Pope in killed and wounded, and immensely less in prisoners. Of spoils the Confederates had not much to boast.

In weighing the evidence as to Pope's conduct of the campaign, we can arrive at but one conclusion—that he obeyed orders from Washington in his first advance, that he satisfactorily covered the line of the Rapidan and Rappahannock, and retired with celerity toward Manassas and Centreville, there to contest an adversary's advance which none of his censors are warranted in assuming he could have prevented. His orders were to hold the enemy at bay until the Potowmack Army could come to his assistance; and he so held Lee's legions for several days longer than was expected. McClel-

Ian's forces did not arrive as promised—did not assist very much after they did arrive, save in the splendid example of Heintzelman's corps; and, worn with service, depleted with battle, short rationed, ill supported, if the Army of Virginia failed in its last efforts to stay the enemy's progress, it was not to its dishonor. That any commander, similarly placed, could have manœuvred more skillfully and fought with better success, we conceive to be a question for doubt. The faults of the command—its want of coherency and discipline—grew out of the spirit of insubordination, of which General McClellan was a leading example, and some of his corps commanders representatives. Each deemed himself a superior judge of what should be his own action, and acted accordingly. Even division commanders were free to question the orders of their superiors, and executed those orders with more or less zeal, as seemed to them best. No army thus constituted could expect success, with a powerful adversary, keen for battle and directed by one capable mind.

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### XXXIII.

#### THE STORY OF THE JESSIE SCOUTS.

DURING the war the Federal service enlisted some most admirable men, as scouts and spies. This "secret service" in all armies is one of great exposure and responsibility, demanding talents and courage which few possess. In the Revolutionary War numerous men came forward to the trying duty; and the ignominious fate which many of them met, attests the patriotic devotion by which they were inspired, for, in no instance is it recorded that a "Yankee" spy ever recanted his loyalty or failed to do honor to his cause.

In our second war for a free government the call for spies

was nobly answered, North and South; and one of the most intensely dramatic and absorbing features of the war is that wherein the Union scout and spy acts his part. Out of the large number engaged but few perished in the discharge of duty, owing chiefly to the presence, every where in the South, of secret friends of the Union cause. Many a history is yet to be told of Southern men protecting the Federal agent, but many who so served the good cause never will be known because, even in the South, after the war was closed, it was to court persecution to be known or suspected as having, during the war, befriended the Union cause. And to the negro—the never failing, ever true friend of the National arms—what is not owing to him for services rendered to the Federal spies and scouts, as well as to escaped prisoners! Indeed, how many a black man served as a spy, freely periling his life, to aid the arms which struck for his liberation!

The rebel spies were every where, in our camps, in our cities, even in the Departments at Washington. They lurked under guise of loyalty in the ranks and bureaus, wearing the Federal uniform and receiving the Federal pay. They were male and female, of high and low degree; from the aristocratic Washington belle to the camp follower "Belle Boyd." The assassin Wilkes Booth was, without doubt, a commissioned emissary of the Richmond Government, merely playing such engagements in Northern theatres as he could command to mask his true character. The attaches of several Northern journals were regular informers for the rebel agents, who, by a well contrived system of carriers, kept up close communication with Richmond. New York city was swarming with Southern emissaries, and one of its leading hotels was shunned by loyal men as being the resort of treason tainted minions of the slave power. Their very number was their safety. Government was powerless, apparently, to suppress a community so large, so influential, so dangerous, as the Southern sympathizers infesting the Northern and Western cities. To have dealt out the full rigors of military law to all who "gave aid and comfort to the enemy," would

have been to have kept a gibbet at work in every Northern city. In its magnanimous spirit of forgiveness and in the consciousness of the ultimate triumph of its cause, the Federal Government enforced punishment upon but a few of those most obnoxious, but not the punishment of the gibbet, as ordained by the rules of war—imprisonment only was their fate. Their friends shouted lustily against “arbitrary imprisonment,” and called for vengeance against the authorities at Washington for arresting any person without due process of law; but, public sentiment too significantly sustained this mild punishment of men notoriously disloyal, to induce the Government to suspend such arrests until it could be done with safety to law and order. When that time came the arrests ceased, the prison doors were opened, and the enemies of the Federal cause were permitted once more to “air their treason to admiring ears.”

The Federal spy system in the South was a purely military, and therefore permissible, organization. It was prosecuted by men under special commissions—each chosen for a specific service. Alone or in squads having an invisible unity, they passed the enemy’s lines; threaded, in all disguises, Confederate camps; penetrated Confederate homes; worked their way through Confederate prisons; they tramped through swamps, canebrakes and forests, by night, fed by the hand of the faithful black, or staring starvation in the face, they endured all things as they had dared all dangers—in that sublime spirit of devotion which could suffer and die in their country’s cause because it *was* her cause.

Among those who earliest enlisted in the dangerous business of the Federal secret service was Captain Carpenter, whose fame as the leader of the “Jessie Scouts” has become a part of the history of the early campaigns. The story of this man’s exploits would fill a volume. Some of them as repeated by correspondents familiar with the subject, we may here reproduce, confident they will bear this more permanent record. The editor of this volume, having some personal acquaintance with the Captain, can vouch for the truth of

much that otherwise would seem fabulous concerning his adventures, his disguises, his indifference to danger, his endurance in the saddle, etc.

Speaking of the scout's person and manners, one correspondent wrote: "Among the many picturesque individuals one encounters in this latitude, Captain Carpenter of the Jessie Scouts is by no means a figure to be passed by. Fancy a poacher, who is half brigand and wholly dare-devil, and you will catch a glimpse of his air. High top-boots are drawn up over wide black velvet trowsers. No vest is worn, and the expanse of a broad chest affords a fine field for the once snowy shirt-bosom of Parisian pretensions and fine material, formed of divers puffing and plaiting, its front fold being garnished with studs, and two rather large bosom pins joined by a gold chain. Under a broad collar is loosely tied a black silk scarf, in large, careless bows, and hanging fringed ends. A hunting coat of black velvet, decked with the buttons and epaulets of his rank, and a rakish hat of the sombrero style, with a long black plume and divers gilt ornaments, complete a costume marked with an attractive eccentricity. Beneath the brim of this hat gleams a face that tells its own story; keen Spanish-bright eyes, a wild luxuriance of hair and mustache, bronzed cheeks and features all aglow with health and vigor. As one notes his step of careless defiant self-confidence, one could readily credit accounts of even more reckless deeds of daring and audacious bravery than those linked to his name."

The Captain, when Fremont was assigned to the "Department of the West," in the summer of 1861, proceeded to enlist out of his old comrades in Kansas-war times a band of twenty-four—every one of whom had stood the test of steel, and were fitted in powers of endurance for the dangerous work upon which they were to embark. Proceeding to St. Louis their services were duly offered and gladly accepted; and, adopting the title of "Jessie Scouts"—in honor of Fremont's wife, Jessie Benton Fremont—were soon at their posts of danger.

One of the first personal exploits of the Captain, while his men were diversely employed, was an excursion to New Madrid in response to a desire expressed by General Fremont, for information respecting General Pillow. Disguised as a Confederate officer, Carpenter visited several planters residing in St. Louis, and representing himself as an officer whose term had expired, took their confidence and secured from them letters to General Pillow, a horse and other needed accessories to his success. Thus provided, he merrily wended his way toward General Pillow's camp, then stationed at New Madrid and consisting of three thousand five hundred men.

He adroitly inaugurated himself into the confidence of General Pillow, learned from him many of his plans, and engaged himself to raise a company of scouts from St. Louis for his service. The General, delighted, gave him instructions how to proceed, furnishing him with passes, and knowledge how to smuggle his recruits across the river to Padueah, the only available entrance into the Confederate lines. Before Captain Carpenter departed on this expedition, he entered General Pillow's marquee, helped himself to all loosely-disposed papers and documents in the name of the United States, mounted the horse furnished him, and triumphantly rode away. At Paducah he hailed the Union gunboat *Connestoga*, and with some difficulty proving his identity, was conveyed to St. Louis, where he delivered the valuable intelligence he had obtained. This information was the means of securing the safety of Colonel Oglesby, who was in garrison at Cairo.

His next exploit was a visit to the camp of Jeff. Thompson, upon which excursion he appeared in the character of a crazy man, hatless, shoeless, and appropriately costumed, rejoicing in a wound over his eye, which he had conveniently re-opened for the occasion. The Confederates received him with some show of compassion, and their Medical Director, after examining his wound, pronounced it a compound fracture of the skull. He was made bearer of dispatches to General Montgomery by General Fremont. *En route* he encountered the fearful railway accident at Platt's Bridge, Mo., from which, however, he escaped at first uninjured. After succoring many wounded, he went to the aid of the conductor, Stephen Cutler, of New York, who was lying crushed under a car. While endeavoring to extricate him the car again gave way, killing Cutler instantly and breaking Captain Carpenter's shoulder blade, who lay with the dead body of Cutler in his arms for five hours before he was rescued. This accident detained him five days in Kansas City. On the sixth he mounted his horse, and the eighth saw him at the head of his men. His officers were Lieutenant Scott, afterward promoted to a captaincy in the U. S. A.,

and Lieutenant Robb. Crossing the river, by command of Major Barry, in order to take observations, they suddenly came upon a party of eight men, mounted, who claimed to be squirrel hunting. The Captain, saying he was an old hunter himself, desired to inspect the sort of shot they used in their sports. The result was a discovery of two hundred and fifty rounds of cartridges in the pockets and saddle-bags of the first man overhauled. After twitting them awhile for their illy-selected ammunition for squirrel hunting, they confessed that they belonged to a company from Platte county, Mo., and were on their way to re-enforce General Price, who was then preparing for an attack upon Mulligan, at Lexington.

Captain Carpenter sent them under guard to Major Barry, asking for re-enforcements. The Major responded by sending sixty men and a howitzer mounted on an old pine-box wagon; but, before these arrived, the Captain, becoming restive, made a dash into Randolph (a deserted town, the rendezvous of the rebel bands), and captured seventeen prisoners, killed five of the band, and routed the rest. He took thirty-five horses, fifteen or twenty shot-guns, and a large quantity of ammunition. Before leaving, he reduced Randolph to ashes. In this foray he was hit by a ball over the eye, which, to use his own expression, "only raised a blood-blister." The news of this exploit spread rapidly through the country, and upon his return to Kansas City he and his band were met by the acclamations of about two thousand people. Reporting himself at St. Louis, he was sent by General Fremont to see what the rebel General Price was about. Dressed as a farmer, he passed their pickets, and was employed by their chief Quartermaster as a teamster, and made one trip into the country, giving complete satisfaction. Discovering what he wished, the next day he drove off with a fine team of mules, and neglected to return. The mules he sold for one hundred and fifty dollars, his title not being very good.

His adventure into Price's camp illustrated the audacity of the man. Having disposed of his mules he determined again to look into Price's camp, and ascertain the condition of things bearing upon Lexington, where the brave Colonel Mulligan was then undergoing a siege. The spy said:

"I went into Price's camp when Mulligan was at Lexington. I had a double-barrelled shot gun with both locks broken, and rode into the camp with numbers of country people who were flocking to join Price. I rode around freely, talking secession, and very soon saw how things were going. I could see plainly that Mulligan was in a tight place, and I started off for St. Louis as soon as possible, and

gave the information that Mulligan must surrender. Twelve hours after, news came that he had.

"Fremont did all he could to help Mulligan; but the telegraph "tapper" (who was afterward killed) got a dispatch which was sent by Fremont, for Sturgis to move across the river to the support of Mulligan; and the rebels, having possession of our plans, moved against Sturgis, and compelled him to fall back."

How that "tapper" was discovered and "got killed," the reader will be informed.

Returning to headquarters, he entered upon a new and novel experiment in order to discover by what mysterious process the rebels became possessed of Fremont's telegrams, by means of which Mulligan's capture was secured. Being a fine looking fellow, he was chosen to ingratiate himself in the confidence of a brilliant woman known to be an emissary of the rebels in worming intelligence out of Federal officers whom she lured by her charms—like the "chivalrous" Bello Boyd, of Shenandoah Valley fame—to be her dupes. The Captain went to work with a dash, and soon was deep in the lady's affections. From her he learned that the rebels had a plan laid to destroy the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad; also that there was a rebel spy then in town, who was associated with some telegraphic operator intercepting all dispatches passing from one portion of the Union forces to another. This fact had long been apparent to those in command. This spy was engaged as an escort for the St. Louis dame to the theatre that night, and, for the "consideration" of fifty dollars, she consented to feign sickness, and forego the play, that Captain Carpenter's drama might be perfected. Upon the spy's arrival, Captain C. was introduced to him as a brother spy from General Pillow's camp, and they were soon sworn friends. This man, whose name was Childs, under the influence of liquor and friendship, became confidential, and, before parting, disclosed to Carpenter the entire arrangement by which the telegrams were intercepted, informing him at what point the instruments were stationed.

The Captain, selecting a trusty aid by the name of Hale, continuously followed Childs to a point some two hundred

and fifty miles beyond St. Louis. Creeping stealthily through a tangled undergrowth, they lay and listened to the talk of Childs to whom the telegraph operator was dictating despatches then being sent, from General Fremont at St. Louis to General Lane at Leavenworth City, Kansas. Holding a brief counsel of war, the two concluded to put an end to these no less ingenious than scientific operations; and upon the moment they both fired, the first shot killing Jones, the operator, instantly, and wounding Childs in the side. Springing up, Childs, with an oath of recognition, drew his bowie knife and made a fearful lunge at Carpenter. Hale threw himself between, and received a ghastly wound in his face, laying open his face diagonally. Carpenter fired and Childs fell dead. Alone the Captain dragged the bodies to the river, took possession of their letters, papers, etc., and left their dishonored corpses to merited oblivion beneath its waters. Then securing the telegraphic apparatus, they followed up the communicating wire some twenty-two hundred feet to the telegraphic pole through which it had been conveyed ingeniously in a covered groove and fastened to the main tiers. It was of fine copper, neatly protected by silk. Laden with their prize they hailed the next down train and reached St. Louis to receive the commendation of their General.

The Captain, in conversing with a friend, thus referred to one of the *humorous* adventures of Harry Hale:

"Henry Hale, one of the best scouts in the country, left Leavenworth while Mulligan was before Lexington, with despatches. As he rode along, men from every direction were going to join Price. He saw one old secessionist, with a little shot gun, and thought it would be a nice thing to drive off the old fellow, and take his horse into Lexington.

"So he engaged the man in conversation, and getting an opportunity, put his revolver to the secessionist's head, ordered him to tie his gun to the saddle, to dismount, and finally to 'skedaddle.' The old man made tracks rapidly, glad to escape with his life. Hale took the horse by the bridle, and rode on, whistling 'Yankee Doodle.' He had ridden a mile or two, when, at a turn of the road, he was suddenly ordered to halt. The old secessionist had procured another gun, and got ahead of him. The gun was squarely aimed at Hale's head.

'Get off that horse,' cried the secessionist. Hale got down. 'Tie that revolver to the saddle.' Hale obeyed. 'Pull off your pants.' Hale did it. 'Skedaddle'—an order which Hale at once carried into effect, merely saying, 'Well, Cap, I thought my shirt would come next—good bye.' The secessionist went off with the two horses, whistling 'Dixie,' while Hale marched seven miles into Lexington, with only his coat and shirt on. His coat contained his dispatches. He will never be permitted to forget that seven mile march."

In this campaign against Price the Scouts took the field as a mounted body, performing much daring and arduous service. They were ubiquitous, and furnished Fremont, almost daily, with valuable information as to the whereabouts of his rapidly "skedaddling" foe.

Among the means adopted to secure desired information, Carpenter rode down to the rebel pickets at Wilson's creek, dressed as a woman, to deliver a letter to a supposititious brother in Price's army. He bore witness to the politeness of the rebel officers, who escorted the lady half way back to Fremont's lines. This trip was made because "the General" wanted to know, precisely, the position of a part of the rebel lines.

General Fremont being superseded, in the very midst of this his first campaign, the Scouts, like the famous Body Guard, were discharged without thanks. But, not like the Body Guard, they offered their services to Halleck, who again adopted them—*nom-de-plume* and all. While his men were off on detached service, looking after the bridge-burners and guerrilla leaders, the Captain made a trip into the interior where he soon became a prominent member of the "Blue Lodges," formerly known as the "Knights of the Golden Circle." These lodges were organized in every township, and when forces were demanded by the rebel authorities, they cast lots who should go, those remaining being taxed for their support. In this way he learned the projects and time appointed for the destruction of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad. He reported this to General Halleck, who, not deeming them possessed of sufficient force,

took no means of preventing it. The plan, however, was matured, and the railroad destroyed upon the day set. He also was made cognizant of the fact that a large force would leave Lexington to join Price, which he also reported to General Halleck, who laid plans resulting in the capture of eleven hundred of the rebels.

At Platte City, during this "expedition," he had an adventure, which he thus referred to:

"At Platte City I made a speech to the rebels in favor of Jeff. Davis, which was very successful; but in the afternoon a fellow in town recognized me and had me seized. They put me under guard in a house; but the same night I got out, got on a horse which fell in my way, and rode out till I ran in the dark against two rebel videttes. They stopped me and I explained to them that I was hurrying off to bring up some recruits who were wanted; but the men were obstinate, and would not let me go without a pass. So I proposed to one to go in with me to headquarters, and I would get him my pass. He consented. We walked our horses in along the road. My case was desperate: if they caught me they would hang me. I talked to the man in the dark till we were some distance in, then suddenly pulled out my knife, and with one stab, slew him. I waited awhile, then rode back to where the other vidette remained and handed him a piece of an old letter, saying there's the pass. He must go to the smouldering fire in the wood near by to examine it, and as he did so I knocked him over, and rode off."

"In the guise of a Confederate officer, attended by Lieutenant Robb, who personated an orderly-sergeant, he entered Kentucky to find out the strength and sentiments of the people. So complete was their disguise that they were several times arrested by the Federal troops, at whom they railed in no mild terms, thus attracting the sympathies of the secesh citizens. Upon being delivered to their keeping, these citizens loaded them with expressions of good will, intrusted them with letters for friends in the interior, besides money for their incidental expenses. Having possessed themselves of all desired items of news, they returned to General Halleck; but soon after went scouting from Cairo into the neighborhood of Bladensburg, where the Captain and Lieutenant Robb were captured by a baker's dozen of rebels, and carried to Union City. Ten of the party went to a dance in the evening, the remaining three forming a guard. Two of the guard got drunk, and watching a favorable moment, the prisoners sprang upon the sober man and made an end of him; dispatch-

ing the two others with their own weapons, they adopted their useless uniforms and arms, mounted their horses and rode away. Then, by means of forged passes, they obtained admission into General Zollikoffer's camp, and having important dispatches to General Breckinridge, they were furnished with fresh horses, which bore them safely within the Union lines. By General Halleck's order, they went from Cairo to Price's Landing, and destroyed every skiff to be found. While rummaging through a warehouse at Price's Landing, they found a large quantity of quinine, of which they took possession, selling it to pay for the trouble of seizing it.

"The next expedition of the doughty Captain was under General McCleernand up the Tennessee river, pending the attack of Fort Henry. Crawling inside the pickets, close up to the breastworks, he obtained a complete plan of the fort. Subsequently he entered Fort Donelson with the same success, discovering the presence of Generals Pillow and Floyd. On his way back, before he got beyond the pickets, he perceived a body of rebel cavalry, who were on their way to destroy the railroad bridge over the Tennessee river, twenty miles above Fort Henry. This party, after some consultation in regard to being burdened by the care of their flag, left it, to be returned by the pickets. As soon as they were out of sight, he took the flag, wrapped it around him, and with the staff sought his horse, which he had hidden in the mountains, and rode into the Union camp with the Confederate flag flying."

This flag was placed on exhibition in a show-window of St. Louis, and attracted only too much attention, for the Captain's numerous exploits became not only the theme of general conversation but also of remark by the press; and thereafter the "secesh" published his going and coming so carefully as to render it rather annoying, particularly when it was desirable that his identity should not be known.

"The Scouts were present at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and, after many other adventures in that section, they joined Fremont in the Mountain Department of Virginia, to pursue their daring life. While scouting with eleven of his men in the vicinity of Harrisonburg, he fell in with the Quartermaster of Ashby's cavalry, who was purchasing horses. The Captain, riding up, told him 'he believed he was a Yankee.'

"The Quartermaster indignantly produced a letter from Ashby, proving his identity.

"'Well,' says the Captain, 'then we're all Dixie boys. You seem

all right. How's Jackson?—and Ewell? Got Banks yet?' After dining together at a house on the road, the Scouts sold their horses to the Quartermaster, receiving nine hundred and fifty dollars in Confederate scrip. The Captain then proposed to give him a couple of negroes to drive the horses home, and, lighting cigars, they rode on to get them. The Captain led the way into the Union camp at Franklin, deceiving him on the road in regard to the pickets; and, finally, apprising the horse-dealer that he was a prisoner—a fact received by him with self-cursing enough to have doomed all of Ashby's troops to perdition."

At the time of Jackson's sudden dash upon Banks the Scouts were off toward Strasburg, and became aware of the movement before Banks knew it, but could not report it to him. They rode hard with the news to Fremont's camp at Franklin, and thus put the "Pathfinder" on the march to Banks' relief. In that very severe tramp over the mountains toward Strasburg, the hardy riders were ever out so far on the advance as to be taken by the people on the way for bushwhaskers—else they must have fallen into the hands of men of that class, who were ready, at almost every favorable opportunity, to shoot down the straggling Federal soldier, or to pounce upon the belated teamster who could not keep up with his train. They were on the alert, and in their element, during the pursuit of Jackson up the valley. Two of the band, named Bredon and Pendleton, were captured at Strasburg while trying to get a communication to General Shields. They attempted to escape from the guard-house at Port Republic by leaping from a second-story window. Bredon alighted upon the neck and shoulders of a rebel soldier, causing his instant death. Their escape was prevented, and both Bredon and Pendleton remained in the keeping of the enemy.

After Jackson's masterly movement out of the valley and down upon McClellan's left wing, Fremont's badly-used column enjoyed a few weeks' rest and recuperation. The Scouts, however, were busy as bees with the bushwhackers, whom they pursued with relentless fury. Upon Fremont's resignation, the Scouts again were out of commission—their

occupation was gone—and the band broke up. Carpenter having become so well known in the enemy's country, east and west, could not pursue his personal adventures as spy, and did not, afterward, enter the service.

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## XXXIV.

### SOMETHING FOR THE UNINITIATED.

ALTHOUGH a large proportion of the able bodied men of the country have seen service, and therefore know all about the conduct of a battle and the uses of "field works," there are yet many stay-at-homes, many women, and many of the rising generation to whom the descriptions of a battle are full of unexplained words or phrases, which renders the account somewhat unintelligible. For such we add this explanatory chapter from the pen of "one who has been there and knows." He says:

"We read in the letters of correspondents from all our armies about lines of 'abattis,' and 'works,' and 'second lines,' but those gentle men, knowing well what these affairs are, take it for granted their readers know also, and never vouchsafe to explain. Now, a line of works, good, unsophisticated reader, consists of logs or rails piled up to about the height of an ordinary four-railed civilized fence. On this side is a cut, a ditch about three feet wide and the same in depth. The earth is thrown up on this fence until it becomes a compact, extended embankment or line. Standing in the ditch you would be fully as safe from all manner of dangerous missiles as you now are at home. Balls may occasionally whistle z-z-z zip over you, and hit men some distance behind the works, especially if the enemy hold high ground, but if you are behind the friendly pile of earth, will feel perfectly safe. Slits are cut in these embankments wherever the cannon are stationed. Outside of these works there are often felled trees or 'abattis,' so placed as to make it impossible for cavalry to ride over the infantry to make a charge through them. When the attempt is made, as it has been often on both sides during the war, hundreds of

the attacking party are slain by those behind the breastworks, whose aim in such cases is as certain, by the nearness of the foe, as their own persons are secure by the protection of the works.

"These works are what are called the 'second lines,' and are always the strongest because they are made refuges in case 'first lines' are carried. 'First lines' are usually occupied in force, but are of a less formidable character to assailants. They are, generally, that is, when circumstances allow, from a half to three-quarters of a mile in advance of the second lines. Still further on, as near as the enemy will suffer, skirmishers are entrenching themselves. They do not form a long line, but are stationed here and there in little breastworks and trenches of their own, which are designated as 'rifle pits.' The occupant of each of these is expected to keep up a constant fire on the inimical pit-dweller in his front or those within range, and his work is called 'sharp shooting.' In the first lines the bulk of the army generally repose, relieved now and then by the 'reserves' in the second lines. If artillery is used, and it generally is when armies thus confront each other, 'bomb proofs' protect the soldiers. These are nothing more than holes dug at the base of the works, and shaded by tent-flies. It is almost impossible for a ball to enter them, except where the enemy occupy elevated positions. In such cases the hole is roofed by immense logs, superposed against the edge of the hole and the side of the embankment. These may be struck, but the occupants rarely suffer by the concussion. If, as is often the case—as was in front of Petersburg, and in front of Atlanta—the duty of skirmishing is impossible on some parts of the lines, because of their exceeding closeness, the earthworks themselves shelter the sharp-shooters, and little holes panned through the earth and rails, for their operations. The circuit of range is increased by making the whole in the form of a funnel with the sides bent toward each other, the small end inward.

"'Parallels' and 'zig-zags' are nothing but earthworks modified in position. If an uncovered advance is not too hazardous, line after line is built toward the point to be taken; each line is sometimes only a few feet ahead and parallel with the last. This course seems to have been pursued by Granger in his operations against Fort Morgan. But if the enemy are alert, advances must be made either as Price made his against Lexington, by rolling our fortifications before us, or by running parallel or cross lines, say to the left, for instance, and then other lines from these lines to the right, joining the parallel lines to the left. The result is, as the reader will see if he takes the trouble to draw a diagram from this description, a serrated line, dignified in military parlance as a 'zig-zag.' He will see, also, that the working parties throwing up these lines have almost a perfect immu-

nity from danger, since their shovels make to them a strong protection every foot they advance. The position of the enemy will modify the angles of departure from our works, of which we have just spoken. By means of these zig-zags, as at Vicksburg, Grant and Pemberton approached so near each other that at particular points the men on each side could almost cross bayonets, especially where the angles of the rebel zig-zag were opposite to the angles of our zig-zag."

"In going into battle, a reasoning man at first feels alarmed, and his *first* impulse is to run away; and if he has no motive to stand, he probably does run. But at each additional exposure he grows less timid, and after hearing canister and grape about his ears a dozen times, begins to think he is not destined to be hurt. He still feels rather uneasy, perhaps; but the danger acquires a sort of fascination; and, though he does not wish to be hit, he likes to have narrow escapes, and so voluntarily places himself in a position where he can incur more risk. After a little while he begins to reason the matter—reflects on the doctrine of Probabilities, and how much powder and lead is necessarily wasted before any man is killed or wounded. Why should he be, he thinks, so much more unlucky than many other people.

"So reasoning, he soon can hear the whizzing of bullets with a tolerable degree of equanimity, though he involuntarily dodges, or tries to dodge, the cannon balls and shells that go howling about his immediate neighborhood. In the afternoon he is quite a different creature from what he was in the morning, and unwittingly smiles to see a man betray the same trepidation which he himself exhibited a few hours before. The more he is exposed to fire, the better he can bear it, and the timid being of to-day becomes the hero of to-morrow; and he who runs from danger on his first battle field, may run into it on the next, and court the hazard once so dreaded. Thus courage, as it is styled, is little more, with most men, than custom; and they soon learn to despise what is often threatened without causing them harm."

One feature of the service is not often made the subject of notice, but deserves it, nevertheless—we mean the signal corps' operations. Their story has elicited but little attention, yet what invaluable service did they render during the war! A member of the corps connected with Sherman's army supplied this sketch of the manner of signaling:

"Probably no class of men employed in the army are more useful than those engaged in the duty of sending army dispatches from one point to another by means of signal flags. These flags are of differ-

ent colors—white, black or red—to suit the circumstances of the case. They are either four or six feet square, fastened to painted poles, the length of which can be increased or diminished as required. The officers in charge of a station are furnished with field glasses and powerful telescopes, by means of which they can read the signals from twelve to eighteen miles distant. For night work, torches are used. The operation of transmitting signals is performed in this manner: The message is sent to the signal station, which is generally located in the highest tree upon the loftiest mountain or hill-top. The officer in charge arranges his 'key' upon a circular pasteboard instrument, marked with numbers. When all is ready, by the turning of this disc, the proper numbers appear, and are called off to the flagman. This flagman, on hearing the number, immediately places the flag in the position indicated.

"Thus waving the flag according to a number, requiring it to move from right to left, will mean a certain word. The flag is then straightened up, and another number called, which may raise the flag above the bearer's head, or drop it to the ground. Again, some number called out causes the flagman to make a motion with the flag that conveys a whole sentence of information to a distant station, where another signal officer has been reading off through the telescope the numbers previously sent. The reader of the dispatch sits looking through his glass, calling off the numbers to his assistant, who notes them down upon the field-book. When the entire message has been received the numbers are transmitted to the next station, and so on until it reaches the General to whom it is sent.

"The whole time occupied in sending a dispatch of thirty lines is generally less than as many minutes. The flagman, by constant practice, works rapidly, and the reader calls the number with equal speed; and when there are two or more officers or flagmen at a station, the message is passed on to the next as fast as it is received. When the numbers reach the last station, the 'key' signal is sent over, and being properly adjusted, the officers at the receiving station can then write out for or read the message to his commanding General. These 'keys' are constantly changed. A combination of 'keys' is arranged between two commanding Generals in a manner that insures their dispatches against any chance of being read by even the officers making the signals, and, of course, if the rebels saw them they would be unable to decipher them. For instance, General Sherman has arranged with General Howard that the 'key' to his dispatches shall be sent under cover of a particular word. Accordingly, when that word is received, General Howard has the key that unlocks the remainder of the dispatch.

"On Monday morning General Sherman may make use of a 'key' that he discards in the afternoon. The afternoon 'key' is known to General Howard by the word that accompanies the message. If General Sherman wishes to speak with General Logan, who may be stationed miles away, his arrangement of 'key' words may be totally different from those used in communicating with Howard.

"Signal officers, by long practice, are often able to abbreviate messages, especially when they know that the station beyond is commanded by an officer familiar with the abbreviations. A by-stander, looking on when a message is being sent, will see the flags in the hands of the men near him waving rapidly, and strain his eyes in every direction to see where the persons are who are taking notes. He will see no one, unless favored by a sight through the telescope at a station. The great merit of this system of signaling consists in the secrecy with which messages may be sent and answers returned; although it is equally advantageous in an engagement, when secret messages are not required, and orders are rapidly conveyed from one point of the field to another. It is at this time that the signal officers and men are in the greatest danger. The rebels have an offensive way of intercepting dispatches with Minie bullets, sent by the rifle of some sharp-shooter detailed to pick off the flagmen and others engaged at the signal station."

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## X X X V.

### FIRST REBEL "INVASION."

THE advance of Lee into Maryland<sup>1</sup>, after having pressed Pope back upon the Washington defenses, seemed to be a matter of course. Not daring to assault Washington, he could not permit the advance to be fruitless. Throwing Pope back was nothing in itself, since, united with McClellan's force, a new army would soon be ready for a new descent upon Richmond, or for active operations elsewhere. It was requisite for Lee, therefore, to attempt the long threatened "invasion" of the North, and thus settle the question as to the possibility of making Maryland and Pennsylvania the

seat of war. Pollard says: "The immediate designs of this movement of the Confederate commander were to seize Harper's Ferry, and to test the spirit of the Marylanders;" but the secret of it was the necessity of appeasing the clamor of that party in the Confederate Congress which pressed the policy of invasion. Probably no person, better than Lee, understood the dangers of a move over the Potomac, when he must encounter the enraged lion of Northern spirit which an invasion must arouse.

So he moved cautiously, keeping close to the Potomac, making a first dash upon Harper's Ferry, thus to secure an avenue of retreat down the Shenandoah valley. Encamped in the vicinity of Centreville and Fairfax Court House, on the 1st and 2d of September, on the 3d, the entire Confederate force of three grand divisions or corps advanced, by Leesburg, crossing at White's Ferry, Point of Rocks, and other fords in this vicinity, on the 5th and 6th Jackson's corps, on the advance, moved upon Frederick City. Longstreet passed on to Hagerstown, while Hill took position at Boonsboro to be within supporting distance of either corps. September 8th, from near Fredericktown, Lee issued his proclamation to the people of Maryland, citing their grievances, the tyranny of the Federal Government, etc., and calling upon said people to arise and prove their birthright by throwing off the tyrant's chains. For the purpose of assisting them he was there. But, they did not arise, save to repel the professed friend who would plunge their State into the vortex of revolution, and thus become the bloody arena which Virginia must continue to be should Maryland remain steadfast to her Federal obligations. Literally nothing came out of that powerful appeal, save the aggravating demonstration to the Confederates that Maryland was unalterably loyal to the Union.

To open the line of retreat, Jackson left the vicinity of Fredericktown on the 10th, re-crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on the 11th. Jackson's command consisted of A. P. Hill's division, composed of six brigades; Ewell's di-

vision, composed of four brigades, and Jackson's own division, composed of four brigades—each division having a full complement of artillery. These forces driving out the Federal brigade of General Julius White at Martinsburg, closed in upon Harper's Ferry, then held by Colonel D. S. Miles, with about twelve thousand troops. To complete the environment of the place, Lee had dispatched R. H. Andrews' and McLew's two divisions against Maryland Heights, on the Maryland side, overlooking and commanding Harper's Ferry, while a third division, under General J. G. Walker, passed below, crossed the Potomac and advanced up the river to gain possession of Loudon Heights, south of the Ferry and east of the Shenandoah valley. These very heavy movements showed what importance Lee attached to securing that gate of escape. They were successful, for, after well-contested advances on the afternoon of the 14th, and a powerful attack on the morning of the 15th, Miles had to succumb, and the white flag was shown. Almost at the moment of its appearance Miles was mortally wounded, and General Julius White assumed the responsibility of the surrender. The force which stacked arms was eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-three. The small arms delivered amounted to thirteen thousand, and the artillery to seventy-three guns. The stores, ammunition, equipments, machinery, etc., secured by the enemy were of immense value to them—hungry and ragged as they were. The cavalry, two thousand strong, under Colonel Davis, assumed the responsibility of escaping from the net on the night of the 13th. Crossing the river on a pontoon, and passing through the enemy's lines, they appeared, most unexpectedly, at Green-castle, Pa., having captured on the way an ammunition train of Longstreet's corps, consisting of over fifty loaded wagons.

Had Miles held out but a day longer he would have been succored—the battle of South Mountain placing the corps of Franklin within short marching distance, and rendering it necessary for Lee to concentrate all his commands to secure his own retreat.

McClellan again having assumed command of the forces in and around Washington, assigned Banks to the defenses, and, with the great bulk of the original Army of the Potomac, all left of the Army of Virginia, Burnside's two divisions from North Carolina, Cox's "Kanawha division," Sturgis' division of new troops, etc., marched into Maryland to confront his old adversary. His lines were thrown forward with extreme caution. The necessity of keeping Washington "well covered" rendered this caution necessary, though it did not render it necessary to leave Colonel Miles' command unsupported. However, as McClellan requested Halleck, on the 11th, to have Colonel Miles evacuate the position at the Ferry to join the main column, the General's general defense is, that he was not responsible for Miles' predicament.

Finding Lee had retired from Fredericktown on the 12th and was concentrating in the direction of Boonsboro', McClellan pushed on after him. Burnside's command—consisting of the 9th Corps, under Reno, and 1st Corps, under Hooker—was in Fredericktown on the 12th. On the 13th, the command of Sumner—comprising the 12th Corps, under Williams, and 2d Corps, Sumner's own—was in the State capital, and Franklin's command at Buckeyetown, with Sykes' division, at Frederick. It was his well-concentrated advance which caused the rebel retrograde movement. There was no hope of Maryland's "rising to throw off the Lincoln yoke;" the response to Lee's proclamation has been dismally weak; the tremendous uprising of militia in Pennsylvania and New York was, in itself, threatening of hot work; while the solid phalanx moving up from Washington, of about eighty thousand men, forewarned the enemy that his adventure in Maryland was at an end as soon as he could make retreat secure. Lee's excellent generalship saved his army. A less sagacious head—a less steady hand, would have given the Federal arms a victory almost decisive of the Confederacy's fate.

The stand made by the enemy at Boonsboro' gap of the

South mountain was, first, to give Jackson time to do his work; second, to call in Longstreet from Hagerstown; and, third, to restore Jackson's support to the main column at the propitious moment, when, acting as a re-enforcement, they would give the rebel arms new strength, under cover of which the retreat into Virginia could be made—all shrewdly arranged and carried out with success.

The Federal advance started on the morning of Sunday, the 14th—Pleasanton's cavalry, with two batteries, having opened the battle at the gap at 7 A. M., Cox's division soon was on the ground, and proceeded to "feel" of the crest of the mountain, finding the enemy in possession of it with heavy artillery in position. Reno's corps coming on, the "Kanawha division" was put into the assault. Colonel Scammon's brigade walked right up the hill, in the face of a furious fire from artillery and small arms, and won the crest. The supports, Crook's brigade, soon followed, and, after some delay, a section of a battery, which, being placed in a position, opened with canister, at very short range, upon the enemy's line. The rebels held on tenaciously, but had to withdraw before the scathing storm showered upon them.

Foregoing further attempts to regain their lost ground a lull took place in the struggle about noon—the enemy, under cover of the rocks and trees, moving into new lines; and suddenly, about 2 P. M., the fire of a battery on the old Sharpsburg road cut the advance of Wilcox's division in a fearful manner for a few moments. A temporary panic ensued, but it was soon over, when the cannonade from both lines became rapid, and bloody in results. McClellan, having field command, ordered an advance of his entire line, when the forces of Burnside moved forward with a shout, up the hill-sides, over the intervening gullies, and up into the rebels' late quarters. This won the battle, though several efforts were made late in the evening, by the enemy, to regain their hold upon the mountain crest. During one of these attacks General Reno was killed.

Hooker's corps, coming up from Monocacy, crossed the

Catoctin creek at one P. M. From thence he moved in upon the line closing around South mountain, assuming the Federal right. In the general advance ordered, the corps crowded its columns up the mountain sides, encountering most obstinate resistance, and only won its position, at length, on the ridge of the first range, after a fight of over five hours' duration.

The enemy having no hope of success, and Longstreet's corps having moved in from Hagerstown, the retreat of the entire commands of Hill and Longstreet took place during the night (14th); and McClellan awakened, at early dawn, to find the enemy gone. A rather tardy pursuit followed, and Lee was discovered occupying a very strong position on the heights around Sharpsburg, west of Antietam creek. As the Federal columns approached, Monday afternoon (15th), by the Sharpsburg turnpike and by the road from Keedysville, the enemy opened on them with artillery, which was soon answered by the guns of Richardson's division, the first on the ground. Sykes' division was next up and in position on the left of the Sharpsburg road—Richardson having the right. The enemy evidently had resolved here to test their strength, leaving all things in their favor, of position, while, in case of defeat, Harper's Ferry and Williamsport lay open for their escape.

The Antietam creek, a deep and sluggish stream, was spanned, in the vicinity chosen, by four stone bridges, the crossing of the highways leading toward the Potomac. The Federal centre was gathered around the bridge of the Sharpsburg pike, known as bridge number two, of the four. Opposite to it was the enemy's centre. Bridge number three, opposite the enemy's right, was covered on the east by Burnside's corps, which, at the proper moment, was to carry it by storm, and, by assailing Lee's left, press it in upon his centre in and beyond Sharpsburg—a part of the programme executed with awful loss but with magnificent bravery by the divisions of Cox, Rodman and Sturgis—all under command of Cox. To the right of McClellan's line, Hooker, Sumner

and Franklin were assigned, to cross at bridge number one, and make the chief attack upon the rebel left.

Nothing occurred on Monday but the artillery fire with Richardson and Sykes. All day Tuesday the Federal army was coming up and getting into position. At four P. M., Hooker was thrown across the creek at the upper bridge, number one, and obtained a good position on the rebel left. He was met, at six P. M. in his advance to find the enemy, by a severe fire, which gave him the whereabouts of his adversary. Mansfield's corps followed over the creek the same evening, to be ready for Hooker's support in the morning's battle, which, it was known, must be severe. At daybreak, the Confederates opened the combat with a tremendous outburst of artillery and small arms, and the ever memorable battle of Antietam was inaugurated. From the numerous accounts of this great contest, written from the battle-field, that to the *New York Tribune* was regarded as the best, and we quote it, as well because it is a fine battle picture as for the incidental and personal nature of its story:

The position on either side was peculiar. When Richardson advanced on Monday he found the enemy deployed and displayed in force on a crescent-shaped ridge, the outline of which followed more or less exactly the course of Antietam creek. Their lines were then forming, and the revelation of force in front of the ground which they really intended to hold, was probably meant to delay our attack until their arrangements to receive it were complete.

During the day they kept their troops exposed, and did not move them even to avoid the artillery fire, which must have been occasionally annoying. Next morning the lines and columns which had darkened cornfields and hill-crests, had been withdrawn. Broken and wooded ground behind the sheltering hills concealed the rebel masses. What from our front looked like only a narrow summit fringed with woods, was a broad table-land of forest and ravine; cover for troops everywhere, nowhere easy access for an enemy. The smoothly-sloping surface in front and the sweeping crescent of slowly mingling lines was only a delusion. It was all a rebel stronghold beyond.

Under the base of these hills runs the deep stream called Antietam creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it—one on the Hagerstown road, one on the Sharpsburg pike, one to the left

in a deep recess of steeply falling hills. Hooker passed the first to reach the ford by which he crossed, and it was held by Pleasonton with a reserve of cavalry during the battle. The second was close under the rebel centre, and no way important to yesterday's fight. At the third, Burnside attacked and finally crossed. Between the first and third lay most of the battle lines. They stretched four miles from right to left.

Unaided attack in front was impossible. McClellan's forces lay behind low, disconnected ridges in front of the rebel summits, nearly all underwooded. They gave some cover for artillery, and guns were therefore massed on the centre. The enemy had the Shepherdstown road and the Hagerstown and Williamsport road both open to him in rear for retreat. Along one or the other, if beaten, he must fly. This, among other reasons, determined, perhaps, the plan of battle which McClellan finally resolved on.

The plan was generally as follows: Hooker was to cross on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left if possible, flanking his position, and to open the fight. Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield were to send their forces also to the right, co-operating with and sustaining Hooker's attack while advancing also nearer the centre. The heavy work in the centre was left mostly to the batteries, Porter massing his infantry supports in the hollows. On the left, Burnside was to carry the bridge already referred to, advancing then by a road which enters the pike at Sharpsburg, turning at once the rebel left flank and destroying his line of retreat. Porter and Sykes were held in reserve. It is obvious that the complete success of a plan contemplating widely divergent movements of separate corps, must largely depend on accurate timing, that the attacks should be simultaneous and not successive.

Hooker moved on Tuesday afternoon at four, crossing the creek at a ford above the bridge and well to the right, without opposition. Fronting southwest his line advanced not quite on the rebel flank but overlapping and threatening it. Turning off from the road after passing the stream, he sent forward cavalry skirmishers straight into the woods and over the fields beyond. Rebel pickets withdrew slowly before them, firing scattering and harmless shots. Turning again to the left, the cavalry went down on the rebel flank, coming suddenly close to a battery which met them with unexpected grape and canister. It being the nature of cavalry to retire before batteries, this company loyally followed the law of its being, and came swiftly back without pursuit.

Artillery was sent to the front, infantry was rapidly deployed, and skirmishers went out in front and on either flank. The corps moved

forward compactly, Hooker as usual reconnoitering in person. They came at last to an open grass-sown field enclosed on two sides with woods, protected on the right by a hill, and entered through a corn-field in the rear. Skirmishers entering these woods were instantly met by rebel shots, but held their ground, and as soon as supported advanced and cleared the timber. Beyond, on the left and in front, volleys of musketry opened heavily, and a battle seemed to have begun a little sooner than it was expected.

General Hooker formed his lines with precision and without hesitation. Ricketts' division went into the woods on the left in force. Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, formed in the centre. Doubleday was sent out on the right, planting his batteries on the hill, and opening at once on a rebel battery that began to enfilade the central line. It was already dark, and the rebel position could only be discovered by the flashes of their guns. They pushed forward boldly on the right, after losing ground on the other flank, but made no attempt to regain their first hold on the woods. The fight flashed, and glimmered, and faded, and finally went out in the dark.

Hooker had found out what he wanted to know. When the firing ceased the hostile lines lay close to each other—their pickets so near that six rebels were "captured during the night. It was inevitable that the fight should recommence at daylight. Neither side had suffered considerable loss; it was a skirmish, not a battle. "We are through for to-night, gentlemen," remarked the General, "but tomorrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the Republic."

Not long after the firing ceased, it sprang up again on the left. General Hooker, who had taken up his headquarters in a barn, which had been nearly the focus of the rebel artillery, was out at once. First came rapid and unusually frequent picket shots, then several heavy volleys. The General listened a moment and smiled grimly. "We have no troops there. The rebels are shooting each other. It is Fair Oaks over again." So everybody lay down again, but all the night through there were frequent alarms.

McClellan had been informed of the night's work, and of the certainties awaiting the dawn. Sumner was ordered to move his corps at once, and was expected to be on the ground at daylight. From the extent of the rebel lines developed in the evening, it was plain that they had gathered their whole army behind the heights and were waiting for the shock.

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Ricketts' line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with

infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a plowed field, near the top of the slope where the cornfield began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods which stretched forward into the broad fields, like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General everywhere in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who, under McDowell, had broken at Manassas.

The half hour passed; the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, *Forward!* was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the cornfield, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any farther. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away—a regiment where a brigade had been, hardly a brigade where a whole division had been, victorious. They had met from the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the cornfield from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened, but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday: "Give me your best brigade instantly."

The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front through a storm of shot and bursting

shell and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the cornfield, passing as they went the fragments of three brigades shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

General Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill from which the cornfield begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view—not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired them at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded ever in flame and smoke. There were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, and another regiment which I cannot remember—old troops all of them.

There for half an hour they held the ridge unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere quailed. Their General was wounded badly early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come—they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I cannot tell how few of Hartsuff's brigade were left when the work was done; but it was done. There was no more gallant, determined, heroic fighting in all this desperate day. General Hartsuff is very severely wounded, but I do not believe he counts his success too dearly purchased.

The crisis of the fight at this point had arrived; Ricketts' division, vainly endeavoring to advance, and exhausted by the effort, had fallen back. Part of Mansfield's corps was ordered to their relief, but Mansfield's troops came back again, and their General was mortally wounded. The left nevertheless was too extended to be turned, and too strong to be broken. Ricketts sent word he could not advance, but could hold his ground. Doubleday had kept his guns at work on the right, and had finally silenced a rebel battery that for half an hour had poured in a galling enfilading fire along Hooker's central line.

There were woods in front of Doubleday's hill which the rebels held, but so long as those guns pointed that way they did not care to attack. With his left then able to take care of itself, with his right impregnable, with two brigades of Mansfield still fresh and coming rapidly up, and with his centre a second time victorious, General

Hooker determined to advance. Orders were sent to Crawford and Gordon—the two Mansfield brigades—to move directly forward at once, the batteries in the centre were ordered on, the whole line was called on, and the General himself went forward.

To the right of the corn-field and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and firmly held, it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. He rode out in front of his furthest troops on a hill to examine the ground for a battery. At the top he dismounted and went forward on foot, completed his reconnoissance, returned and remounted. The musketry fire from the point of woods was all the while extremely hot. As he put his foot in the stirrup a fresh volley of rifle bullets came whizzing by. The tall soldierly figure of the General, the white horse which he rode, the elevated place where he was—all made him a most dangerously conspicuous mark. So he had been all day, riding often without a staff officer or an orderly near him—all sent off on urgent duty—visible every where on the field. The rebel bullets had followed him all day, but they had not hit him, and he would not regard them. Remounting on this hill he had not ridden five steps when he was struck in the foot by a ball.

Three men were shot down at the same moment by his side. The air was alive with bullets. He kept on his horse for a few moments, though the wound was severe and excessively painful, and would not dismount till he had given his last order to advance. He was himself in the very front. Swaying unsteadily on his horse, he turned in his seat to look about him. "There is a regiment to the right. Order it forward! Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry these woods and hold them—and it is our fight!"

It was found that the bullet had passed completely through his foot. The surgeon who examined it on the spot could give no opinion whether bones were broken, but it was afterwards ascertained that though grazed they were not fractured. Of course the severity of the wound made it impossible for him to keep the field which he believed already won, so far as it belonged to him to win it. It was nine o'clock. The fight had been furious since five. A large part of his command was broken, but with his right still untonched, and with Crawford's and Gordon's brigades just up, above all, with the advance of the whole central line which the men had heard ordered with cheers, with a regiment already on the edge of the woods he wanted, he might well leave the field, thinking the battle was won—that *his* battle was won, for I am writing, of course, only about the attack on the rebel left.

I see no reason why I shold disguise my admiration of General Hooker's bravery and soldierly ability. Remaining nearly all the

morning on the right, I could not help seeing the sagacity and promptness of his manœuvres, how completely his troops were kept in hand, how devotedly they trusted to him, how keen was his insight into the battle; how every opportunity was seized, and every reverse was checked and turned into another success. I say this the more unreservedly, because I have no personal relation whatever with him, never saw him till the day before the fight, and don't like his politics or opinions in general. But what are politics in such a battle?

Sumner arrived just as Hooker was leaving, and assumed command. Crawford and Gordon had gone into the woods, and were holding them stoutly against heavy odds. As I rode over toward the left I met Sumner at the head of his column advancing rapidly through the timber, opposite the point where Crawford was fighting. The veteran General was riding alone in the forest, far ahead of his leading brigade, his hat off, his gray hair and beard and mustache strangely contrasting with the fire in his eyes and his martial air, as he hurried on to where the bullets were thickest.

Sedgwick's division was in advance, moving forward to support Crawford and Gordon. Rebel re-enforcements were approaching also, and the struggle for the roads was again to be renewed. Sumner sent forward two divisions, Richardson and French on the left, Sedgwick moving in column of divisions through the woods in rear, deployed and advanced in line over the corn-field. There was a broad interval between him and the nearest division, and he saw that if the rebel line were complete his own division was in immediate danger of being flanked. But his orders were to advance, and those are the orders which a soldier—and Sedgwick is every inch a soldier—loves best to hear.

To extend his own front as far as possible, he ordered the Thirty-fourth New York to move by the left flank. The manœuvre was attempted under a fire of the greatest intensity, and the regiment broke. At the same moment the enemy, perceiving their advantage, came round on that flank. Crawford was obliged to give on the right, and his troops, pouring in confusion through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it into disorder and back on the second and third lines. The enemy advanced, their fire increasing.

General Sedgwick was three times wounded—in the shoulder, leg and wrist—but he persisted in remaining on the field so long as there was a chance of saving it. His Adjutant-General, Major Sedgwick, bravely rallying and trying to reform the troops, was shot through the body, the bullet lodging in the spine, and fell from his horse. Severe as the wound is, it is probably not mortal. Lieutenant Howe, of General Sedgwick's staff, endeavored vainly to rally the Thirty-

fourth New York. They were badly cut up, and would not stand. Half their officers were killed or wounded, their colors shot to pieces, the Color-Sergeant killed, every one of the color-guard wounded. Only thirty-two were afterward got together.

The Fifteenth Massachusetts went into action with seventeen officers and nearly six hundred men. Nine officers were killed or wounded, and some of the latter are prisoners. Captain Simons, Captain Saunders of the sharp-shooters, Lieutenant Derby, and Lieutenant Berry are killed. Captain Bartlett, Captain Jocelyn, Lieutenant Spurr, Lieutenant Gale and Lieutenant Bradley are wounded. One hundred and thirty-four men were the only remnant that could be collected of this splendid regiment.

General Dana was wounded. General Howard, who took command of the division after General Sedgwick was disabled, exerted himself to restore order; but it could not be done there. General Sumner ordered the line to be reformed under fire. The test was too severe for volunteer troops under such a fire. Sumner himself attempted to arrest the disorder, but to little purpose. Lieutenant-Colonel Revere and Captain Audenried of his staff were wounded severely, but not dangerously. It was impossible to hold the position. General Sumner withdrew the division to the rear, and once more the cornfield was abandoned to the enemy.

French sent word he could hold his ground. Richardson, while gallantly leading a regiment under a heavy fire, was severely wounded in the shoulder. General Meagher was wounded at the head of his brigade. The loss in general officers was becoming frightful.

At one o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their General away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

Doubleday held the right inflexibly. Sumner's headquarters were now in the narrow field where, the night before, Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been gained in front had been lost! The enemy's batteries, which if advanced and served vigorously might have made sad work with the closely-massed troops, were fortunately either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own; but another advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on

the left. Slocum, commanding one division of the corps, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of rebel hills, while Smith, commanding the other division, was ordered to retake the cornfields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, and, cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the cornfields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and that ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are everywhere upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men who beckon wearily for help which you cannot stay to give.

General Smith's attack was so sudden that his success was accomplished with no great loss. He had gained a point, however, which compelled him to expect every moment an attack, and to hold which, if the enemy again brought up reserves, would take his best energies and best troops. But the long strife, the heavy losses, incessant fighting over the same ground repeatedly lost and won inch by inch, and more than all, perhaps, the fear of Burnside on the left and Porter in front, held the enemy in check. For two or three hours there was a lull even in the cannonade on the right which hitherto had been incessant. McClellan had been over on the field after Sumner's repulse, but had speedily returned to his headquarters. Sumner again sent word that he was able to hold his position, but could not advance with his own corps.

Meantime where was Burnside, and what was he doing? On the right, where I had spent the day until two o'clock, little was known of the general fortunes of the field. We had heard Porter's guns in the centre, but nothing from Burnside on the left. The distance was too great to distinguish the sound of his artillery from Porter's left. There was no immediate prospect of more fighting on the right, and I left the field which all day long had seen the most obstinate contest of the war, and rode over to McClellan's headquarters. The different battle-fields were shut out from each other's view, but all partially visible from the central hill which General McClellan had occupied during the day. But I was more than ever impressed, on returning, with the completely deceitful appearance of the ground the rebels had chosen when viewed from the front.

Hooker's and Sumner's struggle had been carried on over an uneven and wooded surface, their own line of battle extending in a semi-circle not less than a mile and a half. Perhaps a better notion of their position can be got by considering their right, centre and left as forming three sides of a square. So long, therefore, as either wing was driven back, the centre became exposed to a very dangerous enfilading fire, the further the centre was advanced the worse off it was, unless the lines on its sides and rear were firmly held. This formation resulted originally from the efforts of the enemy to turn both flanks. Hooker, at the very outset, threw his column so far into the centre of the rebel lines that they were compelled to threaten him on the flank to secure their own centre.

Nothing of all this was perceptible from the hills in front. Some directions of the rebel lines had been disclosed by the smoke of their guns, but the whole interior formation of the country beyond the hills was completely concealed. When McClellan arranged his order of battle it must have been upon information, or have been left to his corps and division commanders to discover for themselves.

Up to three o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that to the observer it appeared as if McClellan's plans must have been seriously disarranged. It is impossible not to suppose that the attacks on right and left were meant in a measure to correspond, for otherwise the enemy had only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops and hurl them against Burnside.

Here was the difference between Smith and Burnside. The former did his work at once, and lost all his men at once--that is, all whom he lost at all. Burnside seems to have attacked cautiously in order to save his men, and sending successively insufficient forces against a position of strength, distributed his loss over a greater period of time, but yet lost none the less in the end.

Finally, at four o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the right, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from General Sumner that if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve.

Franklin, thereupon, was directed to run no risk of losing his present position, and, instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breadth of the fields in front, supporting them with heavy columns of infantry, and

attacking with energy the rebel batteries immediately opposed to him. His movement was a success, so far as it went, the batteries maintaining their new ground, and sensibly affecting the steadiness of the rebel fire. That being once accomplished, and all hazard of the right being again forced back having been dispelled, the movement of Burnside became at once the turning point of success, and the fate of the day depended on him.

How extraordinary the situation was may be judged from a moment's consideration of the facts. It is understood that from the outset Burnside's attack was expected to be decisive, as it certainly must have been if things went well elsewhere, and if he succeeded in establishing himself on the Sharpsburg road in the rebel rear.

Yet Hooker, and Sumner, and Franklin, and Mansfield were all sent to the right three miles away, while Porter seems to have done double duty with his single corps in front, both supporting the batteries and holding himself in reserve. With all this immense force on the right, but sixteen thousand men were given to Burnside for the decisive movement of the day.

Still more unfortunate in its results was the total failure of these separate attacks on the right and left to sustain, or in any manner co-operate with each other. Burnside hesitated for hours in front of the bridge, which should have been carried at once by a *coup de main*. Meantime Hooker had been fighting for four hours with various fortune, but final success. Sumner had come up too late to join in the decisive attack which his earlier arrival would probably have converted into a complete success; and Franklin reached the scene only when Sumner had been repulsed. Probably before his arrival the rebels had transferred a considerable number of troops to their right to meet the attack of Burnside, the direction of which was then suspected or developed.

Attacking first with one regiment, then with two, and delaying both for artillery, Burnside was not over the bridge before two o'clock —perhaps not till three. He advanced slowly up the slopes in his front, his batteries in rear covering, to some extent, the movements of the infantry. A desperate fight was going on in a deep ravine on his right, the rebel batteries were in full play, and, apparently, very annoying and very destructive, while heavy columns of rebel troops were plainly visible, advancing as if careless of concealment, along the road and over the hills in the direction of Burnside's forces. It was at this point of time that McClellan sent him the order above given.

Burnside obeyed it most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them

with rapidity and the most determined vigor straight up the hill in front, on top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of McClellan's position, and as Franklin, on the other side, sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries which Porter supported was firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right, and every hill-top, ridge and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequaled scene shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all veiled, the fate of the Republic hanging on the hour--could any one be insensible to its grandeur.

There are two hills on the left of the road, the furthest the lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the furthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up, long, dark lines, and broad, dark masses, being plainly visible without a glass, as they moved over the green hill-side.

The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses and men flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or half dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns, on the hill above, sent an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns, apparently, in the near angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them, every where except in rear.

In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses.

There is a halt, the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field, the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up. Burnside is outnumbered; flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left.

He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where fifteen thousand troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both Generals: "They are the only reserves of the army; they can not be spared."

McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when every thing may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General.

Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is: "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I can not hold my position for half an hour." McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: "Tell General Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then, as the messenger was riding away he called him back. "Tell him if he *can not* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man! always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost."

The sun is already down; not an half-hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on, their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

The conflict was not renewed by McClellan on the 18th. The General in his report gives various reasons for the failure to press his advantage on the rebel right and left. His men had done a good thing, and he seemed content to let them rest for a day. Of course they needed rest, but not more than the enemy—they needed rations, but so did the enemy—they needed re-enforcements, and the enemy, by waiting a day, received them; so it would appear that McClellan made nothing, but lost much, by his day's delay. The Confederates construed the failure to fight on Thursday as an evidence that the Federals were whipped. Lee seized the moment to recuperate for a night's flight. On Thursday afternoon, finding no prospect of battle, he commenced to "retire" into Virginia, crossing by Williamsport and Harper's Ferry. Friday morning McClellan learned of the retreat and ordered pursuit; but, as after the battle of Sharpsburg, so slow a pursuit as to give the enemy no trouble. Fitz John Porter's fresh corps alone "hurried on," but did not cross the Potomac until the night of Saturday the 19th, when the enemy had so fully effected their escape as to render pursuit, by a single corps, a mere waste of time. On the 22d, Sumner's corps took possession of Harper's Ferry. Lee did not move off in a hurry, but hung around Winchester and Martinsburg at his pleasure, demonstrating with infantry and cavalry in various directions. On the 10th of October—three weeks after his retreat from Antietam—Stuart made a powerful raid into Pennsylvania, passing through Mercersburg, Chambersburg, Emmitsburg, Liberty, New Market, Hyattstown and Barnesville, returning in safety to Winchester, then Lee's headquarters. His destruction of property was very heavy. Chambersburg was almost ruined by the incendiary torch. September 19th McClellan telegraphed:

"I have the honor to report that Maryland is entirely freed from the presence of the enemy, who has been driven across the Potomac. No fears need now be entertained for Pennsylvania. I shall at once occupy Harper's Ferry."

He occupied Harper's Ferry "at once" on the 22d, Jeb Stuart destroyed Chambersburg, Pa., on the 11th of October; and Lee, "driven across the Potomac" on the 19th, remained in force at Winchester—until he got ready to leave; the bulk of McClellan's force remained on the north side of the Potomac. He was importuned, ordered, imperatively commanded, to advance; but one day his men wanted shoes, another day breeches, another day somebody wanted a horse; then the rebels were dangerously demonstrating for another advance higher up; and so the record ran. It was not until in *November* that the General got his army to moving again—but so slowly did he move, and so indifferent did he seem to every opportunity for dash and success, that the President confessed his faith in the man utterly gone. Therefore McClellan was relieved of his command November 7th, and retired from the service, for he never again was called to the field, notwithstanding the tremendous pressure upon the President, brought to bear after Burnside's and Hooker's reverses, to return the old commander to his lost station. It was singular that McClellan left his army disposed nearly as Pope's army was found by Jackson—only McClellan, having about four times more men than Pope, could occupy more points than his unfortunate predecessor on the line of the Rappahannock.

## XXVI.

### THE NEW DISPENSATION.

IT was a painful yet sublime spectacle to witness the throes in which slavery was gradually undergoing its dissolution. During those days when the Federal cause seemed darkest, the cause of Freedom and Emancipation progressed in proportion as the fortunes of war seemed unpropitious. Every triumph of rebel arms gave new stability to the cause of the slave, and strengthened the President's purpose to shiver the "corner stone" of the Southern temple of which Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stevens were high priests. True, the President had reprimanded those of his Generals in the field who proclaimed freedom to the slave as a war measure; for, as stated in his repudiation of General Hunter's Proclamation of Freedom to the slaves in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, the Executive alone reserved the right of such decrees. He exercised it only when the public mind was prepared for it—when, through reverses, the most "conservative" were made to see the necessity of wounding the Confederacy in its vital point by decreeing the death of slavery. On the 22d of September, A. D. 1862, the country was startled by the publication of the following preparatory decree of emancipation :

#### A PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby PROCLAIM and DECLARE that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the Constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is, or may be, suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to

the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted or thereafter may voluntarily adopt the immediate or gradual abolition of Slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent or elsewhere with the previously obtained consent of the Governments existing there, will be continued; that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereto respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, and the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figures following:

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:* That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war, for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

*Article.* All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

*SEC. 2. And be it further enacted,* That this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also, to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved

July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due, is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto: and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretense whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the PRESIDENT,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

How it was received it needs no prophet to tell. In the South it elicited a volume of execration and scorn which indicated how deeply the stroke had wounded their cause. In the North it was received, in all loyal quarters, with an enthusiasm as unbounded as it was significant of the public

will. In disloyal quarters of course there were misgivings, and all kinds of hair-splitting logic of the Calhoun sort to prove the decree "unconstitutional." Everything was unconstitutional with that class which struck down treason and exalted the cause of the Free States. But what were their "*quid dits*" and qualms to the great loyal heart of the people, surging and throbbing to the President's call? Nothing! The keynote of freedom at last—and oh! how long had it been prayed for!—was struck, and the response was jubilant enough to startle the world. It gave the death-blow to all hopes of European intervention in behalf of the South; for what monarch or despot was brazen enough to aid a cause thereafter defined as the cause of Human Chattel servitude? That was the chief reason why the South so raved, and gnashed its teeth—so reviled Abraham Lincoln and anathematized his act. All hope of foreign intervention gone, the South must depend alone upon its own resources to legitimize its bastard government. How long it would struggle against the exhaustless resources of the North remained to be determined; but, that the rebel Government was doomed, every intelligent, reflecting rebel then knew.

Said a jubilant journal over the Proclamation: "It is the end of the rebellion—the beginning of the new life of the nation;

"**"GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!"**

And the nation responded Amen and Amen!

On the 1st day of January, A. D. 1863, the President issued his final decree of emancipation, breaking forever the shackles of the bondman, and with them the political power and prestige of the South. As a slave-owning and slave-breeding section its rule in Congress was gone forever. The words of this *fiat* were:

"By virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

"And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense, and I recommend to them, that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

"And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

"And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

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## XXXVII.

### THE SECOND REBEL INVASION.

THE experiment of invading the North did not prove so disastrous, in the first Maryland campaign, as to prevent its repetition in the following year. A powerful party existed in the South whose cry was: "invade the North—desolate it—live upon it—conquer a peace by tarrying upon its soil." The ease with which a rebel army could rush in upon Maryland by way of the Shenandoah Valley, and could retire by the same route was, of itself, a strong inducement to the invasion. Could the Federal army be so crippled as to render it powerless to move out across the line of retreat, Lee could as safely fight in Pennsylvania as in Virginia. A decisive victory in Pennsylvania would lay Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington at his feet—a consummation which must, it was thought in the South, result in favorable terms of peace and an acknowledgement of Southern Independence by foreign powers.

With this general programme for their summer's work, the Confederates, in the spring of 1863, pressed their utmost strength upon the Federal lines in front of Washington,

where Hooker was in command. After McClellan's suspension, Nov. 7th, Burnside assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The rebels had retired leisurely up the Shenandoah Valley upon McClellan's advance, and took their old station along the line of the Rappahannock. Thither Burnside moved, and finally crossed (Dec. 13th) below Falmouth, after a two days' bombardment of the enemy's position (Dec. 11th, 12th). The battle of Fredericksburg followed (Dec. 13th), in which the rebels held their fortified positions firmly against every effort made to take them. The Federals fought with a tenacity and courage truly sublime, but no power at Burnside's disposal seemed equal to the work in hand of capturing those defenses. He finally withdrew his entire army, on the night of Dec. 15th, to the north side of the river—thus virtually abandoning the field.

Burnside was superseded by Hooker, January 25th, 1863. Considerable changes in corps commands also followed, for the jealousies and heart-burnings in the Army of the Potomac among division and corps commanders were enough, of themselves, to defeat every campaign. Fitz John Porter was dismissed the service, Jan. 20th, 1863, by sentence of court martial, for disobedience of orders which greatly contributed to Pope's defeat on the old Manassas battle-field. Sumner and Franklin, upon Hooker's appointment, were relieved of their corps commands. Hooker proceeded to re-organize the army, but never succeeded in obtaining the hearty concurrence and cheerful support of many of those under him. It seemed as if the army was to be cursed by the spirit of insubordination which had been infused in it by its first commander. The purpose of the malcontents apparently was to *force* the administration into placing McClellan again in chief command.

Hooker held the line of the Rappahannock, north side, while Lee held the southern bank. Each watched the other with unceasing vigilance, and all through the months of February, March and April were recruiting their strength preparatory to a general battle. That event came off May

2d and 3d; when Hooker, having crossed the river above, marched down toward Fredericksburg, with the design of assailing that strongly fortified position in flank and rear. This the rebels resolved to thwart; and moving against him struck the Federal lines at Chancellorsville. The battle which ensued May 2 was very bloody, and ended only by a tremendous night attack made by Hooker to restore his lines.

The battle was renewed on the morning of the 3d with the utmost violence on the part of the enemy, whose efforts were directed to breaking Hooker's line. Every assault was repulsed, up to noon, when Sedgwick, having crossed below Fredericksburg, stormed and carried its strongest defense. This placed the rebel army between two fires; whereupon Lee concentrated his entire strength upon Hooker, and, after a most bloody struggle, succeeded in forcing him back a mile and a half and preventing Sedgwick from making a junction with the main army. This compelled Sedgwick to abandon his nobly-won conquest at Fredericksburg heights on the 4th, when he recrossed and rejoined Hooker by the fords above. On the 5th, Lee attacked Hooker with fresh forces and drove him back upon the river, which he recrossed in safety, under cover of his artillery.

This defeat again placed the Army of the Potomac on the defensive; and Lee prepared once more to try his fortunes in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but without his best General—Stonewall Jackson—who was so severely wounded on the second day's battle that he died on the 10th. In him the Confederacy lost its best field officer. It was not until the early part of June that the enemy's advance north became apparent. On the 13th Hill's grand division, the rebel rear, moved out of the Fredericksburg defenses. The advance then was closing around Winchester, while the Confederate cavalry was over the Potomac. The battle of Winchester followed, on the 14th, when Ewell's division assailed Milroy and McReynolds' commands. The assault was repulsed with great resolution; but the Federal army was literally hemmed in on all sides by the vast masses of

Lee's forces. General Tyler, in command as Martinsburg, fell back upon Harper's Ferry on the 14th, and thus saved his command. Milroy, on the night of the 14th, spiked his guns and cut his way through, with a loss of two thousand men, three full batteries, two hundred and eighty wagons, six thousand muskets, etc. Tyler evacuated Harper's Ferry on the night of the 10th, taking position at Maryland Heights.

The enemy pushed on with all possible rapidity. On the 15th their cavalry entered Chambersburg at nine P. M. At Hagerstown the command of Colonel Smith was surrounded on the same day and all taken prisoners. On the 16th a heavy body of rebel cavalry pushed on toward Harrisburg, from Chambersburg.

The excitement in the North consequent on this bold advance was wide spread. Pennsylvania was in a blaze of military enthusiasm. The Governor, on the 15th of June, called out fifty thousand militia to repel the invasion. The New York organized militia prepared at once to take the field, and moved off, by regiments, rapidly, to the vicinity of Baltimore and Harrisburg—the two points most threatened. Hooker's army moved north with speed, and at once took the field in Maryland. But, on the 27th, Hooker was relieved of the command; and his old subordinate division General, Meade, placed over the army. The rebels then held Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Carlisle and Kingston. On the 28th they occupied York and Mechanicsburg. On the 29th the rebel cavalry approached to within five miles of Baltimore.

But the closing in of Meade's divisions compelled the concentration of Lee's army toward Gettysburg. Early's division, about twenty thousand strong, evacuated York on the 30th. Lee, with Longstreet's, Hill's, Early's and Rhodes' divisions, moved upon Gettysburg, which Pleasanton's Federal cavalry had occupied on that day. Meade's disposition was such as to compel his adversary to concentrate at Gettysburg; and, on the 1st of July, the two grand armies joined

in a combat which was to determine the fate of the Republic. Of this great three-days' conflict we select the account prepared for the *New York World*, as one of the best written from the field, presenting many points of interest which a more studied or purely historic report would have rejected:

General Meade took command of this army on Saturday, the 28th ult. At that time his headquarters were at Frederick, and Lee's at Hagerstown. It will be seen that he was in the southwest, and consequently in the rear of the foe, imminently threatening his line of retreat. The Army of the Potomac began its campaign from that moment. Orders were issued to the several corps to move early in the evening; and on the morning of the 29th our whole brilliant and hopeful host was in motion toward Pennsylvania. The 1st, 3d and 11th Corps encamped on Tuesday at Emmettsburg; the 2d and 12th Corps also pitched their tents near by. The 6th Corps marched to Carlisle Wednesday morning, the first day of this month forever memorable. The 1st Corps, under Major-General Reynolds, and the 11th, under Major-General Howard, started for Gettysburg—Reynolds in command—where they arrived at ten o'clock A. M. The 1st Corps, in the advance, marched directly through the town. The enemy was discovered posted in a wood to the westward, near the Lutheran Theological Seminary. The beginning of the three-days' conflict was at hand.

#### THE BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY.

Rash as the advance of General Reynolds has been pronounced by many brother officers who now lament his death, I question whether it was not after all for the best. It served at once as a reconnoissance showing the enemy's exact position and probable force, and a check upon any offensive movement which that enemy might have been intent upon. It secured the Army of the Potomac the commanding position on Cemetery hill, from which the battles of the two succeeding days were chiefly fought, and which, had the rebel commander anticipated the engagement, he would have doubtless secured for himself. Not less, perhaps, than the skill of the Generals who directed the battle on our side, gave us the victory. When, therefore, the heroic 1st Corps and its fated commander placed themselves in the terrible dilemma of Wednesday morning, they won a knowledge by their sacrifice worth all the world to us thereafter. The corps marched in the following order: First division, under General Wadsworth; Third division, under General Doubleday; five full batteries, under Colonel Wainwright; Fourth division, under General Robinson.

A portion of our artillery took position half a mile south of the seminary. The enemy opened fire upon it with such fierceness as forced the batteries to retire, which they commenced doing in good order. General Wadsworth immediately came to their aid; two of his regiments, the Second Wisconsin and the Twenty-fourth Michigan, charged the rebel infantry, forcing them in turn to retire. The batteries assumed an excellent position farther in the rear, which they held during the day. General Reynolds now rode forward to inspect the field and ascertain the most favorable line for the disposal of his troops. One or two members of his staff were with him. The enemy at that instant poured in a cruel musketry fire upon the group of officers; a bullet struck General Reynolds in the neck, wounding him mortally. Crying out, with a voice that thrilled the hearts of his soldiers, "Forward! for God's sake, forward!" he turned for an instant, beheld the order obeyed by a line of shouting infantry, and, falling into the arms of Captain Wilcox, his aid, who rode beside him, his life went out with the words, "Good God! Wilcox, I am killed."

The command of the corps devolved upon General Doubleday, who hurried to the front, placed it in position, and awaited a charge which it was seen the rebels were about to make. An eminence whereon stood a piece of woods was the important point thenceforth to be defended. The rebels advanced and opened fire from their entire line. They were instantly charged upon by Meredith's Western brigade, who, without firing a shot, but with a tremendous cheer, dashed forward with such swiftness as to surround nearly six hundred of the foe, who were taken prisoners. A strong column immediately advanced against us from the woods, and, though volley after volley was poured into them, did not waver. Their proximity and strength at last became so threatening that the brigades of the Second division were ordered to make another charge, which was even more successful than the first. Their momentum was like an avalanche; the rebels were shot, bayoneted, and driven to partial retreat—more than two regiments falling into our hands alive. Our ranks suffered fearfully in this demonstration, and it was evident that such fighting could not long go on. The 11th Corps now made its appearance, and its General (Howard) assumed command of the forces. Steinwehr was ordered to hold Gettysburg and Cemetery hill—all his artillery being placed in the latter position. The other two divisions of the 11th Corps, under Shultz and Barlow, then supported the 1st Corps, on the right, in time to resist two desperate charges by Ewell's troops. A third charge was now made by the entire rebel force in front, which comprised the corps of Hill and Ewell, sixty-two thousand strong.

The shock was awful. The superior numbers of the foe enabled them to overlap both of our flanks, threatening us with surrounding and capture. Their main effort was directed against our left wing, and notwithstanding the gallant fighting done by our soldiers at that point, they at last obtained such advantage that General Howard was forced to retire his command through the town to the east, which was done in good order, the compliments of the rebels meanwhile falling thick among it, in the shape of shells, grape and canister. The two corps were placed in line of battle on Cemetery hill at evening, having withstood during the entire day the assaults of an enemy outnumbering them three to one. Not without grief, not without misgiving, did the officers and soldiers of those corps contemplate the day's engagement and await the onset they believed was to come. Their comrades lay in heaps beyond the village whose spires gleamed peacefully in the sunset before them. Reynolds, the beloved and the brave, was dead, and Zook slumbered beside him; Barlow, Paul, and many field and line officers had been killed. The men of the 1st Corps alone could in few instances turn to speak to the ones who stood beside them in the morning without meeting with a vacant space. The havoc in that corps was so frightful as to reduce it fully one-half, and that in the 11th Corps—nobly rescued from the suspicion which rested upon it before—was scarcely less great. Yet the little army flinched not, but stood ready to fall as others had fallen, even to the last man. With what a thrill of relief General Howard, who had sent messenger after messenger during the day to Slocum and Sickles, saw in the distance at evening the approaching bayonets of the 3d and 12th Corps, only they can tell who fought beside him. Those corps arrived and assumed positions on the right and left of the 1st and 11th on the heights about Cemetery hill at dusk. The enemy made no further demonstration that night. General Meade and staff arrived before eleven o'clock. The commander then examined the position, and posted the several corps in the following order: The 12th (Slocum) on the right; the 11th (Howard) next; the 2d (Hancock), 1st (Doubleday), and 3d (Sickles), in the centre; the 5th (Sykes) on the extreme left. The situation was brilliant, commanding. For almost the first time in the history of this army's career belonged the advantage in the decisive battles which ensued.

The heights on which our troops were posted sloped gently downward from our front. The line stretched in a semi-circle—its convex centre toward Gettysburg, the extremes toward the southwest and south. Ledges on the interior sides gave our soldiers in some instances a partial shelter from artillery. Every road was commanded by our cannon, and the routes by which Lee might otherwise soonest

retreat in case of his defeat were all in our possession. At every one weaker than others reserves were judiciously posted, and the cavalry—an arm of the service scarcely brought into play in some recent and destructive battles—protected both our flanks in immense numbers.

Thus the great army lay down to sleep at midnight, and awoke on the morn of a day more sanguinary than the last.

#### THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

On what a spectacle the sun of Thursday rose, the memory of at least that portion of our forces who witnessed it from Cemetery hill will linger forever. From its crest the muzzles of fifty cannon pointed toward the hills beyond the town. From the bluffs to the right and left additional artillery frowned, and away on either side, in a graceful and majestic curve, thousands of infantry moved into battle line, their bayonets gleaming like serpents' scales. The roofs of Gettysburg in the valley below, the rifts of woodland along the borders of Rock creek, the orchards far down on the left, the fields green and beautiful, in which the cattle were calmly grazing, composed a scene of such peace as it appeared was never made to be marred by the clangor of battle. I strolled out to the cemetery ere the dew was yet melted from the grass, and leaned against a monument to listen to the singing of birds. One note, milder than the rest, had just broken from the throat of an oriole in the foliage above me when the sullen rattle of musketry on the left told that skirmishing had begun. Similar firing soon opened on the entire rebel line, and although no notable demonstration was made during the forenoon, it was apparent that the enemy was feeling our strength preliminary to some decisive effort.

The day wore on full of anxious suspense. It was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy gave voice in earnest. He then began a heavy fire on Cemetery hill. It must not be thought that this wrathful fire was unanswered. Our artillery began to play within a few moments, and hurled back defiance and like destruction upon the rebel lines. Until six o'clock the roar of cannon, the rush of missiles, and the hurling of bombs filled all the air. The clangor alone of this awful combat might well have confused and awed a less cool and watchful commander than General Meade. It did not confuse him. With the calculation of a tactician and the eye of an experienced judge he watched from his headquarters on the hill whatever movement under the murky cloud which enveloped the rebel lines might first disclose the intention which it was evident this artillery firing covered. About six o'clock P. M. silence, deep, awful, impressive, but momentary, was permitted as if by magic to dwell upon

the field. Only the groans, unheard before, of the wounded and dying, only the murmur—a morning memory—of the breeze through the foliage, only the low rattle of preparation of what was to come, embroidered the blank stillness. Then, as the smoke beyond the village was lightly borne to the eastward, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, who advanced at a quickstep. Magnificent! Such a charge by such a force—full forty-five thousand men, under Hill and Longstreet—even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the 3d Corps, against which it was directed, drew forth cries of admiration from all who beheld it. General Sickles and his splendid command withstood the shock with a determination that checked, but could not fully restrain it. Back, inch by inch, fighting, falling, dying, cheering, the men retired. The rebels came on furiously, halting at intervals, pouring volleys that struck our troops down in scores. General Sickles, fighting desperately, was struck in the leg and fell. The 2d Corps came to the aid of his column. The battle then grew fearful. Standing firmly up against the storm, our troops, though still outnumbered, gave back shot for shot, volley for volley, almost death for death. Still the enemy was not restrained. Down he came upon our left with a momentum that nothing could check. The rifled guns that lay before our infantry on a knoll were in danger of capture. General Hancock was wounded in the thigh, General Gibbon in the shoulder. The 5th Corps, as the 1st and 2d wavered anew, went into the breach with such shouts and such volleys as made the rebel column tremble at last. Up from the valley behind, another battery came rolling to the heights and flung its contents in an instant down in the midst of the enemy's ranks. Crash! crash! with discharges deafening, terrible, the musketry firing went on; the enemy reforming after each discharge with wondrous celerity and firmness, still pressed up the declivity. What hideous carnage filled the minutes between the appearance of the 5th Corps and the advance to the support of the rebel columns of still another column from the right, I cannot bear to tell. Men fell as the leaves fall in autumn before those awful discharges. Faltering for an instant, the rebel columns seemed about to recede before the tempest. But their officers, who could be seen through the smoke of the conflict galloping and swinging their swords along the lines, rallied them anew, and the next instant the whole line sprang forward as if to break through our own by mere weight of numbers. A division from the 12th Corps on the extreme right reached the scene at this instant, and at the same time Sedgwick came up with the 6th Corps, having finished a march of nearly thirty-six consecutive hours. To what rescue they came, their officers

saw and told them. Weary as they were, barefooted, hungry, fit to drop for slumber as they were, the wish for victory was so blended with the thought of exhaustion that they cast themselves in turn *en masse* into line of battle, and went down on the enemy with death in their weapons and cheers on their lips. The rebel camel's back was broken by this "feather." His line staggered, reeled, and drifted slowly back, while the shouts of our soldiers lifted up amid the roar of musketry over the bodies of the dead and wounded, proclaimed the completeness of their victory. Meanwhile, as the division of Slocum's corps on the extreme right left its post to join in this triumph, another column of the enemy, under command of General Ewell, had dashed savagely against our weakened right wing, and as the failure to turn our left became known it seemed as if determination to conquer in this part of the field overcame alike the enemy's fear of death and his plans for victory elsewhere. The fight was terrific, and for fifteen minutes the attack to which the three divisions of the 12th Corps were subjected was more furious than anything ever known in the history of this army. The 6th Corps went to their support, the 1st Corps followed, and from dusk into darkness, until half-past nine o'clock, the battle raged with varied fortune and unabated fury. Our troops were compelled by overpowering numbers to fall back a short distance, abandoning several rifle-pits and an advantageous position to the enemy, who, haughty over his advantage and made desperate by defeat in other quarters, then made a last struggling charge against that division of our right wing commanded by General Geary. General Geary's troops immortalized themselves by their resistance to this attempt. They stood like adamant, a moveless, death-dealing machine, before whose volleys the rebel column withered and went down by hundreds. After a slaughter inconceivable the repulse of Ewell was complete, and he retired at ten o'clock P. M. to the position before referred to. The firing from all quarters of the field ceased soon after that hour, and no other attack was made until morning.

## THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

As one who stands in a tower and looks down upon a lengthy pageant marching through a thoroughfare, finds it impossible at the close to recall in order the appearances and the incidents of the scene, so I, who sit this evening on a camp-stool beside the ruins of the monument against which I leaned listening to the robin of yesterday, find it impossible to recall with distinctness the details of the unparalleled battle just closed. The conflict waged by one hundred and sixty thousand men, which has occupied with scarce an interval

of rest the entire day, from four A. M. until six o'clock this evening, contains so much, so *near*, and such voluminous matter of interest as one mind cannot grasp without time for reflection.

This last engagement has been the fiercest and most sanguinary of the war. It was begun at daylight by General Slocum, whose troops, maddened by the loss of many comrades, and eager to retrieve the position lost by them on the preceding evening, advanced and delivered a destructive fire against the rebels under Ewell. That General's entire force responded with a charge that is memorable even beyond those made by them yesterday. It was desperation against courage! The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even above its clangor. They came on, and on, and on, while the national troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire with which they did receive them was rapid and so thick as to envelope the ranks of its deliverers with a pall that shut them from sight during the battle, which raged thenceforward for six dreary hours. Out of this pall no straggler came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again and again in vain. Back, as a ball hurled against a rock, these masses recoiled, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage, as before. The strong position occupied by General Geary, and that held by General Birney, met the first and hardest assaults, but only fell back a short distance before fearful odds, to re-advance, to re-assume and to hold their places in company with Sykes' division of the 5th Corps and Humphrey's (Berry's old division) of the 3d, when, judiciously re-enforced with artillery, they renewed and continued the contest until its close. It seemed as if the grey-uniformed troops, who were advanced and re-advanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of our infantry, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were as unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated it was mortal.

The enemy gradually drew forward his whole line until in many places a hand to hand conflict raged for minutes. His artillery, answered by ours, played upon our columns with frightful result; yet they did not waver. The battle was in this way evenly contested for a time, but at a moment when it seemed problematical which side would gain the victory, a re-enforcement arrived and were formed in line at such a position as to enfilade the enemy and teach him at last the futility of his efforts. Disordered, routed and confused, his whole

force retreated, and at eleven o'clock the battle ceased, and the stillness of death ensued. The silence continued until two P.M. At this moment the rebel artillery from all points, in a circle radiating around our own, began a terrific and concentrated fire on Cemetery hill, which was held, as I have previously stated, by the 11th and 2d Corps. The flock of pigeons, which not ten minutes previous had darkened the sky above, were scarcely thicker than the flock of horrible missiles that now, instead of sailing harmlessly above, descended upon our position. The atmosphere was thick with shot and shell. The storm broke upon us so suddenly that soldiers and officers—who leaped, as it began, from their tents, or from lazy siestas on the grass—were striken in their rising with mortal wounds and died, some with cigars between their teeth, some with pieces of food in their fingers, and one at least—a pale young German, from Pennsylvania—with a miniature of his sister in his hands, that seemed more meet to grasp an artist's pencil than a musket. Horses fell, shrieking such awful cries as Cooper told of, and writhing themselves about in hopeless agony. The boards of fences, scattered by explosion, flew in splinters through the air. The earth, torn up in clouds, blinded the eyes of hurrying men; and through the branches of the trees and among the gravestones of the cemetery a shower of destruction crashed ceaselessly. As, with hundreds of others, I groped through this tempest of death for the shelter of the bluff, an old man, a private in a company belonging to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, was struck scarcely ten feet away by a cannon ball, which tore through him, extorting such a low, intense cry of mortal pain as I pray God I may never again hear. The hill, which seemed alone devoted to this rain of death, was clear in nearly all its unsheltered places within five minutes after the fire began.

Our batteries responded immediately. Three hours of cannonading ensued, exceeding in fierceness any ever known. Probably three hundred cannon were fired simultaneously until four o'clock, when the rebel infantry were again seen massing in the woods fronting our centre, formed by the 1st and 2d Corps. General Doubleday's troops met this charge with the same heroic courage that had so often repelled the enemy in his desperate attempts. The charge was made spiritedly but less venomously than before. General Webb, commanding the Second brigade, Second division, of the 2d Corps, met the fury of the attack with a steady fire that served to retard the enemy's advance for a moment. That moment was occupied by the rebel General Armistead in steadying his troops behind the fence. General Webb immediately ordered a charge, which was made with such eagerness and swiftness, and supported by such numbers of our

troops, as enabled us to partially surround the enemy and capture General Armistead and three thousand of his men. The carnage which accompanied this charge and the terror inspired by it were so great as to reduce numbers of the foe to actual cowardice. They fell upon their knees and faces, holding forward their guns and begging for mercy, while their escaped comrades, panic-stricken and utterly routed, ran down across the ditches and fences, through the fields and through Gettysburg. Not a column remained to make another start. The triumph fought for during these three terrible days belonged at last to the noble Army of the Potomac.

Pollard, the Southern historian, concedes fully the overwhelming nature of Lee's defeat. The attempted assault, referred to by the correspondent above, in his last paragraph, was made by Pickett's division, of Longstreet's corps. It was composed of the brigades of Kemper, Garnett and Armistead. Their supports were Heth's division and Wilcox's brigade—the chosen men of Longstreet's command. It was a daring, desperate, last attempt to carry the hill. Garnett was killed; Armistead and Kemper desperately wounded; the division was almost annihilated, for the supports had failed to withstand the terrors of the Federal fire. That lost the day, and night closed on a defeat which was not overwhelming in its extent only because the Federals failed to press their advantage.

That night, early, Lee's forces began to retire by the Fairfield road, striking for Williamsport *via* Hagerstown, which latter place was reached on the 6th, 7th. The enemy was much worried by the Federal cavalry under Kilpatrick and Pleasanton, who succeeded in cutting off his trains and securing large bodies of stragglers. A heavy rain caused such a rise in the river as rendered it necessary for Lee to halt his whole army, which he did taking up a strong position around Williamsport, toward Falling Waters. There he remained, undisturbed, until the 13th, when he passed over, by fording and by a pontoon bridge, his entire army in safety. By one P. M. of the 14th, he had placed the river between him and his victorious but slowly pursuing adversary. On the 15th the Confederates marched to Bunker Hill, and from thence

pursued its way to its old quarters along the Rappahannock. The failure of Meade, re-enforced as he was by heavy bodies of new troops from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, to strike Lee at Williamsport, lost the opportunity of totally destroying or capturing the rebel host which a less cautious leader would surely not have left unimproved; and Lee's safe withdrawal in the very face of an enemy then nearly or quite double his own in numbers and strength of artillery, was a piece of good fortune over which he might well be justified in exulting.

His repulse and failure to accomplish any of the objects of the invasion, added to the fall of Vicksburg, on the same day as his defeat, July 4th, caused a despondency at the South never before felt. Said Pollard: "But news of an overshadowing calamity, undoubtedly the greatest that had yet befallen the South, accompanied that of Lee's retreat, and dated a second period of disaster more frightful than that of Donelson and New Orleans. The same day that Lee's repulse was known in Richmond, came the astounding intelligence of the fall of Vicksburg. In twenty-four hours two calamities changed all the aspects of the war, and brought the South from an unequaled exaltation of hope to the very brink of despair."

To this second signal calamity to rebel fortunes and Confederate hopes we at once recur.

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## XXVIII.

### THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

GRANT's campaign against Vicksburg is one of the most remarkable in the history of modern warfare. Commencing late in November it was prosecuted up to its final and successful close with a tenacity, a vigor, a power of endurance

truly astonishing; while the obstacles overcome, the ingenuity exercised, the herculean labors performed read, in this story, more like a romance than matter of fact. One of those achievements which shook the Confederacy to its centre, and, by cutting the domain of rebellion in twain, severing its very body, the siege and fall of Vicksburg merits a permanent place in every volume devoted to the story of the war; and we shall give the subject its merited space in this volume of heroic deeds.

Grant's "department" was so extended (October 16th) as to embrace all of Mississippi down to Vicksburg—with reference to turning the enemy out of that most coveted position. The General assumed formal command of his new territory October 25th. On the 26th his orders assigned the different districts to his division commanders. At once he entered upon the work before him. By orders dated November 1st, his regulations for army trains and baggage were published: they proved most conclusively that the campaign was to be one of work. Strong reconnoissances were made to the south. Headquarters were advanced, November 4th, from Jackson, Tennessee, to La Grange, Mississippi. The enemy was found to be concentrating on his front. Lovell, with two divisions, was north of Holly Springs. Price was below that place with twelve thousand men, while at Abbeville was a conscript camp said to contain (November 8th) thirteen thousand raw troops. This was the condition of affairs at the opening of the grand campaign against Vicksburg.

The principal object of the projected campaign was the opening of the Mississippi river, the men of the Northwest demanding that their great highway to the gulf should be cleared of rebels, and expressing their determination to cut their way through at all hazards. The chief objective point was Vicksburg, twelve miles below the mouth of the Yazoo, at which place the rebel batteries completely blockaded the river. After the formidable works at Island No. 10 and at Fort Pillow had been captured by the combined efforts of the army and Foote's flotilla, the rebel authorities bestowed

more attention upon the Vicksburg position, and set vigorously at work to strengthen it by erecting more defensive works and mounting heavier guns. By nature the Vicksburg bluffs were immensely strong, and the natural advantages of the location had been increased by art, until the position was almost impregnable. It was impossible to capture it from the river side, and the rear of the town, owing to the peculiar conformation of the ground, had been made nearly as strong as the front. At Yazoo City, up the Yazoo, the rebels had a number of fine steamboats, some of which were being fitted up as gunboats and rams. They had strongly fortified Haines' Bluff, a short distance above the mouth of the Yazoo, thus blockading that river, and protecting Vicksburg from an attack on the north side.

Three efforts for the reduction of Vicksburg had been made before the campaign which eventuated in the success of Grant. On the 1st of June, 1862, the fleet of Commodore Farragut, having accomplished the capture of New Orleans, ascended the river, and ineffectually attacked a battery at Grand Gulf, a short distance below Vicksburg. On the 8th, after the capture of Memphis, a part of the fleet returned to Grand Gulf from above, and succeeded in silencing the battery at that place for the time. The Western gunboat fleet also came down, but attempted nothing against Vicksburg until the latter part of June, when the fortifications were shelled until the end of July, at which time, on account of low water, the vessels were obliged to move down the river. The rebel ram *Arkansas* came out from the Yazoo, and passed through the fleet, doing considerable damage, but was subsequently destroyed by the gunboat *Essex*. A division of infantry, under General Williams, had, in the mean time, been endeavoring to turn the position by cutting a canal across the peninsula nearly opposite Vicksburg. The success of this plan would have enabled gunboats and transports to pass below the city; but, in the latter part of July, the river had become so low that it was necessary to raise the siege, and the canal was filled up by the rebels. The works at Vicks-

burg were then made still stronger, and Port Hudson, on the Louisiana side, above Baton Rouge, was fortified, for the purpose of blockading the river against the fleet below.

Such was the condition of affairs when Grant, at the head of an increased, well-organized and victorious army, composed principally of the sturdy and earnest fighting men of the Northwest, commenced his celebrated campaign against Vicksburg.

As a preliminary movement, a reconnoitering force of infantry and cavalry, under Generals Hovey and Washburne, started, on the 28th of November, from near the mouth of the Yazoo Pass, captured a rebel camp at the mouth of the Coldwater river, and advanced along the Coldwater and Tallahatchie, cutting the railroad at Gardner's Station. The reconnaissance was subsequently carried through Panola and Oakland, toward Coffeeville, returning to the mouth of the Coldwater. This reconnaissance, in connection with others, was intended to prepare the way for Grant's advance, and create a panic among the rebels. All were eminently successful. The Commanding General, with the main column, moved down from Grand Junction into Mississippi, skirmishing slightly on the way, until he established his headquarters at Oxford.

This movement was intended to be made in connection and co-operation with an expedition which was to proceed down the river from Memphis, under General W. T. Sherman. Grant was now at the head of four army corps, commanded respectively by Major-Generals John A. McClernand, William T. Sherman, Stephen A. Hurlbut and John B. McPherson. With this force, considering the position and strength of the rebels at that time, it is highly probable that the combined movement would have been successful, and would have resulted in the capture of Vicksburg, had it not been for an untoward circumstance that occurred in Grant's rear, disarranging his plans for the time being, and causing a disastrous termination of the expedition.

That circumstance was the surrender of Holly Springs, the principal depot of supplies for the main army. The rebels had made attempts upon Grant's communications, which had been easily repulsed; but in their attack upon Holly Springs they were, unfortunately, successful—that important post, with all its stores and munitions of war, being surrendered. Grant, strongly impressed with the reprehensible circumstances attending this surrender, after full investigation and due consideration, issued an order of censure and dismissal against Colonel R. C. Murphy, of the Eighth Wisconsin. The order also highly censured the officers and men who had accepted paroles from the enemy, and commended those who had done their duty and bravely defended their posts. The effect of these measures, in the future, was very salutary. The great mischief had been done, however, and he was compelled to fall back for the purpose of recruiting his supplies, establishing his headquarters at Holly Springs.

General Sherman, in pursuance of the part of the plan intrusted to him, embarked his forces at Memphis, December 18th, and proceeded down the river. One hundred and twenty-seven transports, exclusive of two gun-boats, were required for this expedition. It was composed of the best fighting material of the West. Sherman, however, was not aware that Grant's forces had been obliged to fall back to Holly Springs, and could not have been informed of it until it was too late. The design was that Grant should move upon Jackson, while Sherman should attack Vicksburg; but the surrender of Holly Springs prevented this combination, and the rebel troops who had been retreating before Grant were enabled to oppose Sherman at Vicksburg.

On the 26th of December, Sherman's forces arrived at Johnston's Landing, were disembarked under cover of the gun-boats, and moved to the rear of Vicksburg. The troops consisted of four divisions, and were known as the "right wing of the Army of the Tennessee." The next morning they were drawn up in line of battle, and advanced upon

the works, driving the enemy a quarter of a mile. The next two days were occupied in vain attempts to storm those formidable works, but they were found to be absolutely impregnable to the force under Sherman. Although the troops fought with the most determined bravery, the enemy, behind his extensive defenses, was enabled to outnumber them at all points. The Federals carried a few positions, but were unable to hold them, and were obliged to fall back with heavy loss. General Blair's brigade lost over one-third of its number in killed, wounded and captured. The dead and wounded were cared for under a flag of truce, and the army was re-embarked.

The grand movement had failed, but neither Grant nor Sherman was to blame for the failure. As General Sherman said, in an order issued after the battle: "Ours was but part of a combined movement, in which others were to assist! We were on time; unforeseen contingencies must have delayed the others."

General McClernand arrived after the re-embarkation, and, by virtue of his rank, took command of the "right wing," changing its title to the "Army of the Mississippi." He immediately moved it up the river and attacked Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas river, which was captured, with from seven to ten thousand prisoners and a large quantity of stores and munitions of war. The effect of this brilliant exploit, besides its material value, was to improve the *morale* of the army.

Shortly afterward the two corps—the 13th and 15th—composing McClernand's command, were withdrawn, and were again attached to Grant's army, reporting to him at Memphis on the 23d of January, 1863.

Removing the greater portion of his army from Northern Mississippi, leaving garrisons at Corinth and other points, Grant established his headquarters at Memphis and set at work vigorously to prepare for another campaign against the great rebel stronghold on the Mississippi. His preparations were pushed forward so rapidly, that by the end of January,

1863, he had landed his army at Young's Point and Milliken's Bend, near Vicksburg, locating his headquarters at Milliken's Bend. It was his opinion that the only plan to pursue was to flank the rebel position by striking it from the south side; but the great difficulty was to reach the south side. No troops or supplies could be conveyed thither by the river, either from above or from below. In accordance with his convictions, as appears by his official report, he renewed the work at Williams' canal, across the peninsula, opposite Vicksburg—pushing the work with vigor, hoping to make a channel which would pass transports for moving the army and supplies to a new base below. The task was much more herculean than it at first appeared, and was made still more so by the almost continuous rains that fell during the whole of the time this work was prosecuted. The river, too, continued to rise and make a large expenditure of labor necessary to keep the water out of the camps and the canal. Finally, on the 8th of March, the rapid rise of the river, and the consequent great pressure upon the dam across the canal, near the upper end, at the main Mississippi levee, causing it to give way, and, through the lowlands at the back of the camps, a torrent of water rushed that separated the north and south shores of the peninsula as effectually as if the Mississippi flowed between them. This occurred when the enterprise promised success within a short time. There was some delay in trying to repair damages. It was found, however, that, with the stage of water at that time, some other plan must be adopted for getting below Vicksburg with transports.

It was next proposed, with considerable show of feasibility, to open a route through the bayous that run through Milliken's Bend above Vicksburg, through the Tensas river, to near New Carthage, below the city. A canal was cut, dredge-boats were set at work, and the route progressed rapidly until about the middle of April, when the falling river put an end to the operation, after one small steamer and a number of barges had been taken through. While this

work was in progress a canal was cut from the Mississippi river into Lake Providence, and one into the Coldwater, by way of Yazoo Pass. "I had no great expectations," says General Grant, "of important results from the former of these, but having more troops than could be employed to advantage at Young's Point, and knowing that Lake Providence was connected by Bayou Baxter with Bayou Macon, a navigable stream through which transports might pass into the Mississippi below, through Tensas, Wachita, and Red rivers, I thought it possible that a route might be opened in that direction which would enable me to co-operate with General Banks at Port Hudson." Upon this route, also, the work progressed so far that a small steamer and several barges were taken into the lake through the canal, but the fall of the river, and other circumstances, necessitated the abandonment of the project.

By the Yazoo Pass route General Grant only expected, at first, to get into the Yazoo by way of Coldwater and Tallahatchie rivers with some light gunboats and a few troops, and destroy the enemy's transports in that stream, and some gunboats which he was known to be building. The navigation, however, proved so much better than had been expected that it was thought possible to use the route for the purpose of flanking the position of Haines' Bluff, on the Yazoo. This plan was certainly feasible, as the Pass had been often navigated in former times; but, although it came near being a success, it was eventually frustrated by the efforts of the enemy, and by causes beyond the control of the commanding General.

It was impossible to obtain a sufficient number of light-draught boats for the movement of more than one division. The division selected was from McCleernand's corps, commanded by Brigadier-General L. F. Ross. It entered the Pass on the 25th of February, 1863, and reached the Coldwater on the 2d of March, the Pass being only twenty miles in length. The difficulty of the navigation may be inferred from the fact that the boats, from the time of entering the

Pass, only averaged the progress of one mile in three and a half hours!

The boats succeeded in getting through the Pass, many of them, however, in a damaged condition. They found the Coldwater a little better than the Pass for purposes of navigation; but their progress in that stream also was very slow. They met with no serious opposition from the enemy until they reached the point at which the Tallahatchie and the Yallabusha, uniting, form the Yazoo river. Here the rebels had erected a fort, called Fort Pemberton, extending from the Tallahatchie to the Yazoo, at Greenwood. The slow progress of the gunboats and transports through the Pass and the Coldwater had given the rebels time to erect extensive fortifications, and to mount heavy guns, brought from Vicksburg, which completely blockaded the stream. The land around Fort Pemberton being low, and entirely overflowed at the time the attack was made, the services of the army were not available. Nothing could be done unless the gunboats should be able to silence the battery, and allow the transports to run down. The gunboats made the attempt, but after an engagement of several hours they were compelled to withdraw. General Quimby, with another division, proceeded down to Greenwood, and took command of the expedition. On the 23d of March General Grant ordered the return of all the forces operating in that direction, for the purpose of concentrating his army at Milliken's Bend.

Before the withdrawal of the force from the Tallahatchie, another attempt was made to get into the Yazoo and flank the Haines' Bluff position. On the 14th of March, Admiral D. D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, informed General Grant that he had made a reconnaissance up Steele's bayou, and partially through Black bayou, toward Deer creek, and, so far as explored, those water-courses were reported navigable for the smaller gunboats. The General immediately accompanied Admiral Porter on a reconnaissance up Steele's bayou, and it seemed practicable to open a route to the Yazoo in that direction. If Black bayou and

Deer creek could be navigated to Rolling fork, there could be no question of the navigation through Rolling fork and the Sunflower to the Yazoo. The success of the movement would have caused the evacuation or capture of Fort Pemberton, would have compelled the destruction or surrender of a large number of steamboats, and would have flanked the position at Haines' Bluff.

Perceiving that the great obstacle to navigation, as far as he had gone, was from overhanging trees, General Grant returned to Young's Point, and sent forward a pioneer force for the purpose of removing those difficulties. Admiral Porter requested a co-operating military force, and a division of Sherman's corps, under that officer, was promptly forwarded to him. This expedition failed, as General Grant says, probably more from want of knowledge as to what would be required to open the route, than from any impracticability in the navigation of the streams and bayous through which it was proposed to pass. Want of this knowledge led the expedition on until new difficulties were encountered, which rendered it necessary to send back to Young's Point for the means of removing them. This gave the enemy time to move forces to effectually checkmate further progress, and the expedition was withdrawn when within a few hundred yards of free and open navigation to the Yazoo. In effecting the withdrawal of the fleet, Generals Sherman and Stuart, commanding the land forces, were entitled to the highest credit.

The failure of these expeditions left but one course to be pursued—to flank the stronghold by moving down on the Louisiana side. To this end General Grant now bent all his energies. The bayou movements had been successful in so far as they had caused the destruction of large quantities of the enemy's property, and had diverted considerable portions of his forces from Vicksburg.

The chief source of supplies to the enemy at Vicksburg had been the Red river, with which they had free and uninterrupted communication. Until this source could be cut

off, it was impossible to reduce the place by siege. Grant, therefore, attempted to close the Red river, before making his projected movement to the south. Early in February, the ram *Queen of the West*, commanded by Colonel Ellett, ran by the batteries, and proceeded up the Red river, capturing three of the enemy's transports. Making another trip, she succeeded in destroying a large army train. She afterwards captured a transport with a large quantity of corn, and proceeded further up the river, where she engaged a rebel battery. During the engagement she was run aground, and, in that condition, was so disabled that it became necessary to abandon her. Colonel Ellett escaped, and returned in a captured steamer, until he met the iron-clad *Indianola*, which had also passed the Vicksburg guns, for the purpose of supporting the *Queen of the West*. The *Indianola* started up Red river, to destroy the battery and recapture the Federal ram, but it was thought advisable to return. The boat remained at the mouth of the river to blockade it. On the night of the 24th (February), however, she was attacked by four steamers, including the captured *Queen of the West*, and, after an engagement of one hour and twenty-seven minutes, was run ashore and surrendered. She was afterward blown up by the rebels, who were frightened by a coal barge, arranged to appear like a gunboat, that was floated down past the Vicksburg batteries during the night.

In connection with his movement to the south, Grant deemed it necessary to destroy the enemy's communications in Mississippi, to as great an extent as possible. Accordingly, a brigade of cavalry, under Colonel B. H. Grierson, was detailed for this purpose, and accomplished the most daring, brilliant and remarkable *cavalry* exploit of the war. It left La Grange, Tennessee, on the 17th of April, 1863, and arrived in safety and in triumph at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on the 1st of May, having, during that time, marched over eight hundred miles, through the heart of the enemy's country, skirmishing most of the time, and completely cutting the enemy's communications with Vicksburg, and their

other strongholds on the Mississippi. The total value of property destroyed was estimated at over four millions of dollars. Over a thousand prisoners and twelve hundred horses were captured.

This exploit, besides its material value, spread great terror through the State of Mississippi, and was very inspiriting to our army and the loyal North.

Grant now determined to occupy New Carthage, it being the first point that could be reached by land at that stage of the river. It had been supposed, very reasonably, that this plan was the one upon which he had really relied for success, although he modestly states, in his official report, alluding to the failure of the various bayou expeditions, that "all this may have been providential in driving us ultimately to a line of operations which has proven eminently successful."

On the 29th of March, 1863, the 13th Corps, under McCleernand, was ordered to take up its line of march for New Carthage, the 11th and 17th Corps to follow, moving no faster than supplies and ammunition could be transported to them. The roads, however, were found to be intolerably bad, and progress was necessarily slow. Arriving near New Carthage it was found that the levee of Bayou Vidal was broken in several places, thus leaving New Carthage an island. It was necessary to choose another route, and a farther march was made around Vidal to Perkins' plantation, a distance of twelve miles more, making the whole distance to be marched from Milliken's Bend, to reach water communication below, thirty-five miles. Over this distance, says General Grant, with bad roads to contend against, supplies of ordinance stores and provisions had to be hauled by wagons, with which to commence the campaign on the opposite side of the river.

It was obvious that it would be extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to forward the necessary supplies for a large army by such a route. The expedition of the *Queen of the West* and the *Indianola* had demonstrated the feasibility of running transports past the Vicksburg batteries. The ex-

periment was a dangerous one, but it was resolved to adopt it. If supplies could be taken below in this way, Grant hoped to accumulate a considerable quantity at Grand Gulf before moving inward, and to be thus enabled to co-operate with General Banks, who was preparing to reduce Port Hudson. This intention, however was subsequently changed.

When the occupation of New Carthage was ordered, preparations were made for running transports, with Admiral Porter's gunboat fleet, by the Vicksburg batteries. In the mean time Admiral Farragut with his flagship, the *Hartford*, and her tender, the *Albatross*, had come up from New Orleans, having run past the batteries at Port Hudson, Warrenton and Grand Gulf, and was anchored below Vicksburg. On the 25th of March, the rams *Lancaster* and *Switzerland* attempted to run the Vicksburg fortification, but one was sunk and the other disabled in the operation. The *Switzerland* was repaired, and accompanied the *Hartford* and *Albatross* to the mouth of the Red river.

On the night of the 16th of April the first grand attempt was made. Admiral Porter's fleet and three transports ran the gauntlet. Commissary stores were placed on the transports, whose boilers were protected as well as possible. One was set on fire by the batteries and consumed, but the others got by without much damage. Six more transports were loaded and sent down, five of them getting through in a damaged condition. Of twelve barges loaded with forage and rations, sent down in tow of these transports, one-half got through in a condition to be used. The crews of most of these boats were composed of volunteers from the army. The transports were repaired by order of Admiral Porter, and in a short time five of them were in running order, and the remainder in a condition to be used as barges for the movement of troops.

Owing to his limited transportation, Grant found it necessary to extend his line of land travel to Hard Times, La., thus increasing the marching distance to *seventy* miles from Milliken's Bend. It was thought by many, at the time, that

he was foolhardy in thus moving his army to so great a distance from his only secure base, over unknown and miserable roads; but the result proved that the persevering soldier was right, and that his "foolhardiness" was a stroke of military genius.

The first thing was the capture of Grand Gulf by a combined naval and land attack. The gunboats were expected to silence the river batteries, when the troops were to land and storm the works. As much of the 13th Corps as could be got on transports and barges were moved to the front of Grand Gulf on the 29th of April. The navy made the attack in the morning, and an engagement ensued which lasted more than five hours. It soon became apparent to all that the guns of the enemy were too elevated and their fortifications too strong to be taken from the water side. Grand Gulf must be flanked, and that could only be done by again running the enemy's batteries and effecting a landing at Rodney, Miss., or at Bruinsburg. Grant learning that there was a good road from Bruinsburg to Port Gibson, which flanked the position at Grand Gulf, determined to land at Bruinsburg.

At dark the gunboats engaged the batteries, and under cover of their fire the transports all ran past Grand Gulf comparatively uninjured. At daylight in the morning both gunboats and transports were busily engaged in ferrying the troops across the river to Bruinsburg. By noon the 13th Corps was over, the 17th following as rapidly as possible.

As soon as the 13th Corps was landed, three days' rations were distributed, and McClernand started with his brave Western men on the road to Port Gibson. The 17th Corps, under McPherson, soon followed—General Grant deeming it of vast importance that the highlands should be reached without resistance. Everything was made subservient to celerity of movement. The commanding General was certainly in the lightest marching order. An account states that he "disengumbered himself of everything, setting an example to his officers and men. He took neither a horse

nor a servant, overcoat nor blanket, nor tent nor camp-chest—not even a *clean shirt*. His only baggage consisted of a tooth-brush! He always showed his teeth to the rebels. He shared all the hardships of the soldier, sleeping in the front and in the open air, and eatinghardtack and salt pork. He wore no sword, had on a low-crowned citizen's hat; and the only thing about him to mark him as a military man was the two stars on his undress military coat."

The grand campaign against Vicksburg had now fairly commenced. The whole operations against that stronghold may be considered as a series of campaigns; but, at last, after the trial of various expedients, and after immense labor and much disappointment, the great and successful effort was to be made. Every thing now depended upon the ability and energy of the commanders, and the bravery and endurance of the troops. All were found equal to the occasion.

McClernand met the enemy, under General Bowen, about eight miles from Bruinsburg, on the road to Port Gibson. This was at two o'clock, P. M., on the 1st of May, 1863. The rebels were forced to fall back until dark. Early in the morning, Grant went to the front, and found McClernand fighting about four miles from Port Gibson. Here the roads branched, and the enemy occupied both branches, in strong positions, as the roads ran along narrow, elevated ridges, with deep ravines on either side. On the right the divisions of Hovey, Carr and Smith drove the enemy steadily all day. On the left the rebels held their ground against the division of Osterhaus, until the arrival of a brigade of John A. Logan's division, which was judiciously placed in position, and the enemy retreated, to make no further stand south of Bayou Pierre. On the road leading to Port Gibson the rebels were pursued until nightfall, when the troops slept upon their arms until daylight.

This was called the battle of Port Gibson, or of Thompson's Hills. The rebel loss was very heavy, and the Union loss was about eight hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. The contest had been a bloody one, but the results were im-

mensely valuable, as it assured the capture of Port Gibson and the evacuation of Grand Gulf.

The next morning McClemand's advance entered Port Gibson, the enemy having retreated, burning the bridge over Bayou Pierre. In a short time a floating bridge was built, over which McPherson's corps crossed. They then marched eight miles to the north ford of the bayou, bridged that stream, and commenced crossing at five o'clock the next morning. Such was a sample of the "quick work" Grant deemed necessary. On the march a large quantity of bacon was captured, which the rebels had not time to destroy. It gave the Federal soldiers substantial comfort.

The enemy was pursued to Hawkinson's Ferry, on the Big Black river, so rapidly that he was unable to destroy his pontoon bridge at that place. The Union advance reached the ferry before dark, and halted, waiting for wagons, supplies, etc. Many prisoners, mostly stragglers from the enemy, were taken on the way, from whom it was ascertained that the fortifications at Grand Gulf had been evacuated and the magazine blown up. As the Federal advance already was fifteen miles from there, on the road to Vicksburg, Jackson or any other point between the two places, Grant resolved not to countermarch, but went to Grand Gulf, with a small cavalry escort, to make the necessary arrangements for changing his base of supplies from Bruinsburg to that place.

The advance was commenced on the morning of May 1st, and on the 3d, the commanding General dispatched the result to Washington from Grand Gulf, reporting that the victory had been most complete, and that the enemy was thoroughly demoralized.

While his headquarters were at Grand Gulf, Grant determined upon an important change in his plans. It had been his intention, as has been seen, to co-operate, from that point, with General Banks, against Port Hudson. While at Grand Gulf, however, he received a letter from Banks, stating that, after the reduction of Port Hudson, which he expected to accomplish by the 10th of May, he could join Grant with

twelve thousand men. Having no idea of delaying his campaign for a possible accession of twelve thousand men, and learning that Southern troops, under Beauregard, were expected at Jackson, he resolved to strike for the prize at once. He may, also, have been influenced by the difficulty of procuring supplies—one of his steamers, loaded with rations, having been sunk by a collision, and several barges, similarly freighted, having been destroyed by the Vicksburg batteries. It was, hence, advisable, if not absolutely necessary, to move into the interior and open communication with the North, at some point above Vicksburg.

When General Grant proceeded to reduce Grand Gulf, it was important that the enemy should be prevented from sending re-enforcements from Vicksburg to the aid of that position. In moving down from Milliken's Bend, the 15th Corps, under Sherman, was left to be the last to start. Sherman had made all preparation to follow the advance, when, on the 26th of April, he received a letter from Grant, ordering him to delay his march on account of the difficult nature of the road. On the 28th he received another letter, fixing the time for the attack upon Grand Gulf, and stating that a simultaneous feint on the enemy's batteries at Haines' Bluff would be most desirable, provided it could be done without the ill-effect on the army and the country of the *appearance* of a repulse. Sherman was directed to make all the *show* possible, and the *ruse* succeeded admirably.

General Sherman, well knowing that the army could distinguish a feint from a real attack, by subsequent events, and that the country would not be troubled by the movement, embarked Blair's division on ten steamboats, and, on the morning of the 29th of April, proceeded to the mouth of the Yazoo, where he found ten iron-clads, with some wooden gunboats, ready to co-operate with him. The fleet proceeded up the Yazoo, and lay, during the night, at the mouth of Chickasaw. Early next morning the gunboats moved within range of the enemy's batteries, and, during four hours, a spirited engagement was kept up, which Sherman pertinently

called "a very pretty demonstration." The boats were then drawn off, the *Choctaw* having received fifty shots, but no men having been hurt. Toward evening the troops were disembarked in full view of the enemy, and the gunboats again opened fire. The enemy evidently expected a fight, the appearances of which were kept up until night, when the troops were re-embarked. During the next day similar movements were made, accompanied by reconnoissances of all the country on both sides of the Yazoo.

While there, Sherman received Grant's instructions to join him at Grand Gulf. He dispatched orders for the divisions of Steele and Tuttle at once to march to Grand Gulf, *via* Richmond, prolonging the "demonstration" until night, and then quietly dropped back to the camp at Young's Point. During this important and successful operation not a man was lost!

On the morning of May 2d, the divisions of Steele and Tuttle were started for Hard Times, reaching that point, sixty-three miles distant, at noon on the 6th. Blair's division was left as a garrison at Milliken's Bend, until relieved by troops from Memphis. On the 7th, Steele's and Tuttle's divisions had crossed the river, and on the 8th they marched eighteen miles to Hawkinson's Ferry, where the main body of the army then was.

Other feints had been made along the line of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and at other points, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the enemy from the main point of attack, but that of Sherman was by far the most important.

Grant now had his army well in hand, and was ready for a forward movement. He had secured supplies as far as possible, but at the time of making the movement there was only an average of five days' rations to be drawn from the commissary stores. This was sufficient, as events proved, for the campaign was, as it had been intended to be, "short, sharp and decisive." Everything was sacrificed to celerity of motion and vigor of action, with the view of establishing a new base north of Vicksburg.

On the 7th of May he had moved headquarters to Hawkinson's Ferry, and ordered an advance. He had made demonstrations to induce the enemy to believe that he intended to move by that route and the one by Hall's Ferry above. On the advance, however, it was his intention to hug the Black river as closely as possible with McClelland's and Sherman's corps, and get them to the railroad at some place between Edward's Station and Bolton. McPherson was to move by way of Utica to Raymond, and thence to Jackson.

Before the advance was made, the following congratulatory order was issued and read to the troops:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD,  
HAWKINSON'S FERRY, May 7th.

“*Soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee:*

“Once more I thank you for adding another victory to the long list of those previously won by your valor and endurance. The triumph gained over the enemy, near Port Gibson, on the 1st, was one of the most important of the war. The capture of five cannon and more than one thousand prisoners, the possession of Grand Gulf, and a firm foothold on the highlands between the Big Black and Bayou Pierre, from whence we threaten the whole line of the enemy, are among the fruits of this brilliant achievement.”

“The march from Milliken's Bend to the point opposite Grand Gulf was made in stormy weather, over the worst of roads. Bridges and ferries had to be constructed. Moving by night as well as by day, with labor incessant, and extraordinary privations endured by men and officers, such as have been rarely paralleled in any campaign, not a murmur of complaint has been uttered. A few days' continuance of the same zeal and constancy will secure to this army crowning victories over the rebellion.

“More difficulties and privations are before us; let us endure them manfully. Other battles are to be fought; let us fight them bravely. A grateful country will rejoice at our success, and history will record it with immortal honor.

“U. S. GRANT, Major-General Commanding.”

The General did not exaggerate the importance of the achievement of his army, nor the valor and endurance of the men who composed it. All were officially recognized by Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, who, in a proclamation dated May 5th, called the people of the State to arms, *en*

*masse*, to repel the "invaders." Ten days after this proclamation was issued, the Union forces were in possession of the capital of Mississippi.

The following extract is a succinct account of the manner of the advance:

"On Thursday, the 7th of May, McPherson, commanding the 17th Corps, moved his troops to Rocky Springs, and his camp was occupied next day by Sherman, with the 15th Corps. On Saturday, the 9th, McPherson again moved to the eastward, to the village of Utica, crossing the road occupied by the 13th Corps, under McCleernand, and leaving the latter on his left. On Sunday morning, the 10th, McCleernand marched to Five Mile creek, and encamped on the south bank at noon, on account of broken bridges, which were repaired the same day. On Monday morning, the 11th, Sherman's corps came up, passed McCleernand, and encamped that night at the village of Auburn, about ten miles south of Edwards' Station, which is on a portion of the railroad from Vicksburg to Jackson. As soon as it passed, McCleernand's corps followed a few miles, then took a road going obliquely to the left, leading to Hall's Ferry, on the Big Black river. Thus, on Monday morning, May 11th, McCleernand was at Hall's Ferry; Sherman was at Auburn, six or eight miles to the northeast; and McPherson was about eight miles still further to the northeast, a few miles north of Utica. The whole formed an immense line of battle; Sherman's corps being in the centre, with those of McPherson and McCleernand forming the right and left wings. It will be observed, also, that a change of front had been effected. From Grand Gulf the army marched eastward; but by these last movements it had ~~swung~~ on the left as a pivot, and fronted nearly northward."

The advance of McCleernand and Sherman met the enemy, on the 12th, at Fourteen Mile creek. Considerable skirmishing followed ere they succeeded in effecting a crossing. On the same day, Logan's division, of McPherson's corps, came upon the rebel troops, two brigades strong, at Fondern's creek, near Raymond. They were strongly posted, being almost wholly concealed by the woods bordering the stream, with their artillery on an eminence. The Union troops were obliged to cross an open field, under a terrific fire, after an obstinate contest of three hours. McPherson's corps drove the enemy, with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, his principal column taking the road to Jack-

son. Many of the rebels threw down their arms and deserted. The Union loss at the battle of Raymond was four hundred and forty-two, in killed, wounded and missing.

At this time Grant was with Sherman's corps, at about the centre of the army. On the 11th, he had dispatched to General Halleck, at Washington, that he *should communicate with Grand Gulf no more*, unless it should become necessary to send a train with a heavy escort, and that *he might not be heard from again for several days*.

On the night of the 12th of May, after orders had been given for the corps of McClernand and Sherman to march toward the railroad by parallel roads, the order was changed, and both were directed to move in the direction of Raymond. This was in consequence of the enemy having retreated toward Jackson after his defeat at Raymond, and of information that re-enforcements were daily arriving at Jackson, and that General Joseph E. Johnston was hourly expected there to take command in person. General Grant, therefore determined to make sure of Jackson, and leave no enemy in his rear.

On the 13th, McPherson's corps moved to Clinton, destroyed the railroad and telegraph, and captured some important rebel dispatches. It then moved on toward Jackson, along the railroad. Sherman marched in a parallel column, by the turnpike. McClernand's corps garrisoned Clinton, Mississippi Springs and Raymond, and, together with Blair's division and a brigade of McArthur's, was held as a reserve.

Over miry roads, and through torrents of rain, but in excellent order and in the best of spirits, Sherman's and McPherson's forces marched on, and met the enemy, under General Johnston, at noon of the 14th, three miles from Jackson. Johnston, finding himself unable to hold the city, had marched out, with the view of delaying the advance and gaining time to remove the public property. The bulk of his force engaged McPherson, on the Clinton road, and a small body of artillery and infantry opposed Sherman. The latter were soon driven within their rifle-pits; but McPherson

was held at bay on the Clinton road, until Sherman flanked the enemy on the right, when the rebels were found to have retreated. Their infantry had escaped to the north by the Clinton road; but about two hundred and fifty prisoners, with all their artillery (eighteen guns) and much ammunition and valuable stores, fell into the hands of the victors. The total Union loss in killed, wounded and missing, was two hundred and eighty-six.

Grant, always with the advance, moved his headquarters into Jackson. His brief dispatch, announcing the capture of the city, was dated May 15th, 1863. During the evening of the 14th, he learned that General Johnston, being satisfied that Jackson was Grant's point of attack, had ordered General Pemberton peremptorily to march from Vicksburg and attack the Federal rear. Availing himself of this information, Grant immediately ordered McClernand's corps, and Blair's division of Sherman's, to face about and march toward Bolton, with a view to reaching Edwards' Station, moving on different roads converging near Bolton, while McPherson's corps was ordered back by the Clinton road.

Sherman, with the remainder of his corps, was left in Jackson to destroy railroads, bridges, factories, arsenals, and everything valuable for the support of the enemy. This was accomplished in the most complete manner, so that Jackson, as a railroad centre or Government depot of stores and military factories, could be of little use to the enemy for six months. Besides the rebel Government buildings, the penitentiary was burned, probably by the convicts who had been set free by the rebel authorities; while other buildings were destroyed by mischievous soldiers, who could not be detected. The railroads were ruined for four miles east of Jackson, three south, three north, and ten west.

On the afternoon of the 15th, Grant followed the advance as far west as Clinton, where he arrived in the evening, ordering McClernand to move early the next morning toward Edwards' Station, marching so far as to *feel* the enemy, if he counteracted him, but not to bring on a general engagement.

unless confident that he was able to defeat him. Blair's division was ordered to accompany McClelland. On the morning of the 16th, Grant received information of the positions taken by the enemy for the purpose of attacking our rear, and learned that his force was estimated at twenty-five thousand men, with ten batteries of artillery. The General immediately dispatched to Sherman to bring up his entire force to Bolton. Sherman's advance division was in motion *within an hour* from the time when the dispatch was received!

The advance, as arranged by Grant and McClelland, was as follows: Extreme left, Smith, supported by Blair; on the right of Smith, Osterhaus, supported by Carr; Hovey in the centre, with McPherson's corps on the extreme right, and Crocker on the reserve. Ransom's brigade arrived early in the fight, and took up a position as a reserve behind Carr. Grant was on the field at an early hour, and personally superintended the advance and the disposition of his host. The enemy had taken up a very strong position on a narrow ridge, his left resting on a height where the road made a sharp turn to the left approaching Vicksburg. Hovey's division was disposed for the attack, and McPherson's two divisions were thrown toward the enemy's rear; but the General would not permit an attack to be made until he could hear from McClelland, who was then advancing with four divisions. He soon learned that McClelland, by the nearest practicable route, was two and a half miles distant; but, near as he was, he did not arrive until the enemy had been driven from the field with a heavy loss of killed, wounded and prisoners, and a number of artillery—so furious was the Federal assault.

The battle of Champion's Hill, or Baker's Creek, was fairly commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, and was fought mainly by Hovey's division of McClelland's corps, and Logan's and Crocker's divisions of McPherson's corps. Logan had penetrated nearly to the enemy's rear, and compelled his retreat. Proceeding to the front, General Grant discovered

that the enemy was retreating, and ordered the divisions of Carr and Osterhaus in pursuit. Carr continued the pursuit until dark, capturing a train of cars loaded with commissary and ordnance stores and other property. At Edwards' Station the retreating rebels destroyed large quantities of similar stores. Besides the prisoners captured, Loring's division of the enemy, and much of his artillery was cut off.

Such was the battle of Champion's Hill, which, as General Grant justly concluded, virtually decided the fate of Vicksburg. The rebels were repulsed with terrible slaughter, and the Union loss was also great, amounting to a total of one thousand four hundred and fifty-seven men.

The pursuit, which had been discontinued at night was renewed at daylight the next morning, the veteran 13th Corps in the advance. The enemy was found strongly posted on both sides of Black river. At this point the bluffs extended to the water's edge on the west side. On the east side was an open, cultivated bottom of nearly one mile in width, surrounded by a bayou of stagnant water, from two to three feet in depth, and from ten to twenty feet in width. Following the inside line of the bayou, the enemy had constructed rifle-pits, with the bayou to serve as a ditch on the outside and immediately in front of them. Carr's division occupied the right in investing this place, Lawler's brigade being the right division. After a few hours' skirmishing, Lawler discovered that, by moving a portion of his brigade under cover of the river-bank, he could get a position from which that place could be successfully assaulted, and a charge was ordered. Over the level ground, under a fearful fire, went the glorious Western boys. Wading the bayou, they delivered their fire, and rushed upon the enemy with fixed bayonets. The position was won. The enemy burned the railroad bridge and his bridge of boats, leaving no means of escape for those on the east side. The results of this victory were three thousand prisoners, seventeen pieces of artillery, several thousand stand of arms, and a large supply of corn and commissary stores. The Union loss amounted to two hundred and seventy-five men.

After the victory of Champion's Hill, General Grant dispatched to Sherman, at Bolton, orders to turn his course to Bridgeport, on the Big Black, where Blair's division was to join him, with the only pontoon train in the army. By noon on the 17th, Sherman had reached Bridgeport, where he found Blair and the pontoons awaiting him. He crossed the river the same night, started with the break of day, and pushed on rapidly. Before ten o'clock the head of the column reached the Benton road, commanding the Yazoo, and interposing a superior force between the enemy at Vicksburg and the fortifications at Haines' Bluff. Here he awaited the arrival of Grant.

He had not long to wait, for soon the chief came up, and directed him to operate on the right. McPherson and McClelland, who had constructed floating bridges, and were ready to cross that morning, were to operate, the former on the centre, and the latter on the left. Sherman pushed forward to within range of the defenses of Vicksburg, and sent Steele's division to the north on the Haines' Bluff road. Steele reached the bluffs by dark, getting possession of the enemy's outer works, his camps, and many prisoners. The next morning, Sherman's right rested on the Mississippi, within plain view of our fleets at the mouth of the Yazoo, and at Young's Point. Haines' Bluff had been evacuated, and, with its guns and magazine, was taken possession of. Communication was immediately opened with the fleet, and bridges and roads were made to bring up ammunition and provisions from the mouth of the Chickasaw, to which point supply-boats had been ordered by Grant.

Thus a near and secure base of supplies was obtained, and all fear of short rations disappeared. "Up to that time," said Sherman, "our men had literally lived upon the country, having left Grand Gulf, May 8th, with three days' rations in their haversacks, and received little or nothing until after our arrival here on the 18th." "Most of my troops," said Grant, "had been marching and fighting battles for twenty days, on an average of about five days' rations, drawn from the commissary department."

McPherson's corps connected with Sherman's left, and McClerland went to the Baldwin's Ferry road. "By this disposition," said Grant, "the three army corps covered all the ground that their strength would admit of, and by the morning of the 19th, the investment of Vicksburg was made as complete as could be by the forces under my command."

The troops being all in position, General Grant, relying upon the demoralization of the enemy in consequence of repeated defeats, ordered an assault at two P. M., on the 19th of May. It was made accordingly, Sherman's corps being enabled to make a vigorous though ineffectual attempt to carry the lines on the front. McPherson and McClerland gained advanced positions, covered from the fire of the enemy.

The next two days were spent in perfecting communications, and in bringing up supplies. On the 21st, orders were issued for a general assault on the whole line, to commence at ten o'clock in the morning of the 22d. Grant's reasons for assaulting are clearly and briefly set forth in his official report, as follows:

"There were many reasons to determine me to adopt this course. I believed an assault from the position gained by this time could be made successfully. It was known that Johnston was at Canton, with the force taken by him from Jackson, re-enforced by other troops from the east, and that more were daily reaching him. With the force I had, a short time must have enabled him to attack me in the rear, and possibly succeed in raising the siege. Possession of Vicksburg at that time, would have enabled me to turn upon Johnston, and drive him from the State, and possess myself of all the railroads and practical military highways, thus effectually securing to ourselves all territory west of the Tombigbee, and this before the season was too far advanced for campaigning in this latitude. I would have saved Government sending large re-enforcements, much needed elsewhere; and finally, the troops themselves were impatient to possess Vicksburg, and would not have worked in the trenches with the same zeal (believing it unnecessary), that they did after their failure to carry the enemy's works."

The corps commanders set their time by that of General Grant, and precisely at the hour named, the assault commenced along the whole line. The artillery fire was tremen-

dous, and played havoc with the enemy's works, silencing his guns for the time. Slowly, and with perfect composure, not under fire, but momentarily expecting it, the gallant men moved up the hills, and through the almost impassable ravines. They approached to within forty yards of the works, when suddenly, from every parapet, uprose a double rank of the enemy, who poured into the heads of the columns such a terrific fire, that nothing mortal could withstand it. Again and again the brave but unavailing efforts were made, and flags were planted in a few places on the exterior slope of the works; but this was the only success, and before night all the troops were withdrawn.

"The assault," says General Grant, "was gallant in the extreme on the part of all the troops, but the enemy's position was too strong, both naturally and artificially, to be taken in that way. At every point assaulted, and at all of them at the same time, the enemy was able to show all the force his works could cover. The assault failed, I regret to say, with much loss on our side in killed and wounded; but without weakening the confidence of the troops in their ability ultimately to succeed." Says Sherman: "These several assaults, made simultaneously, demonstrated the strength of the natural and artificial defenses of Vicksburg, that they are garrisoned by a strong force, and that we must resort to regular approaches."

It may as well be stated here, that our troops were probably, at that time, considerably outnumbered by the rebels within the defenses of Vicksburg. At the time of the investment our army numbered not over thirty thousand, of whom not over twenty thousand were fit for duty. Still, the rebels did not dare to issue from their works, and, although behind formidable intrenchments, were kept nearly silent.

Admiral Porter, with the gunboat fleet, ably co-operated with Grant in the assault, having been requested by him to shell the batteries, and annoy the garrison, from half-past nine until half-past ten. This was done; the hill batteries were silenced, the Vicksburg batteries attacked, and the gun-boats were fighting, even after the assault had proved unsuccessful.

General Grant then determined upon a regular siege, and the troops, being fully awake to the necessity of this, worked diligently and cheerfully.

Grant brought forward during the siege, in addition to Lauman's division and four regiments previously ordered from Memphis, Smith's and Kimball's divisions of the 16th Corps, and assigned Major-General C. C. Washburn to command the same; also General Herron's division from the Department of the Missouri, and two divisions of the 9th Corps, Major-General J. G. Parke commanding. These reinforcements enabled him to make the investment complete, and, at the same time, left him a large reserve to watch the movements of Johnston. Herron held the extreme left, with Ord, then in command of the 13th Corps, on his right; McPherson was in the centre; Sherman's corps held the extreme right, and Blair's division held Haines' Bluff and the country between the Yazoo and Big Black rivers.

The siege, thus commenced, was vigorously prosecuted. Says an account:

"Fort was erected against fort, and trench dug against trench. The enemy had seized the most eligible sites for their guns, yet our batteries were soon enabled to drive them back, and even to build under the eyes of the enemy. Our sappers constructed their corridors, and passages, and pits, amid a blazing fire of hostile musketry, and in the fiercest rays of the summer sun, with a fortitude which has no parallel in history, and is equaled only by that of the Vicksburg garrison. Day after day—forty-six in all—did this process continue, one-half of our force digging, while the other picked off the rebels who were trying to hinder them. In this way were we enabled to sap the very foundations of their works, their cannon were silenced, their sharpshooters taking only a furtive chance shot, and now and then a mortar shell at long range. The health and spirits of the men improved. Our camps were right on the hills around the city. The advantage of shade was with us, though the fighting and digging was almost all done in the sun."

Admiral Porter co-operated heartily and vigorously with the army in all the operations for the reduction of the place. His gunboats were constantly below the city, shelling the works, and the mortarboats were at work forty-two days,

without intermission, throwing shells into all parts of the city, even reaching the works in the rear of Vicksburg, and in front of our troops, a distance of three miles! He also supplied the army with a large amount of artillery and ordnance, and prevented the depredations of guerrillas between Cairo and Vicksburg.

Every precaution was taken during the siege to guard against an attack in the rear. Sherman was placed in command of all the troops designated to look after Johnston. The division of Osterhaus was sent to the Big Black to guard the crossings and repel any attack. A reconnaissance was also sent out under Blair, which reported no enemy within striking distance. Everything indicated, however, that Johnston would make an attack about the 25th of June. Grant was prepared to receive him. The following note to General Parke, shows the reception the rebel chief would have met if he had made this attempt:

"June 23, 1863.

"GENERAL PARKE: Sherman goes out from here with five brigades, and Osterhaus' division subject to his orders besides. In addition to this, another division, five thousand strong, is notified to be in readiness to move on notice. In addition to this, I can spare still another division, six thousand strong, if they should be required. We want to whip Johnston at least fifteen miles off, if possible.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General."

The sapping and mining progressed rapidly until the 25th of June, when one of the mines was ready to be sprung. A sufficient number of experienced miners, for these operations, had been found within the ranks of the army. The enemy, on their side, kept running counter-saps, so as to meet and cross those of the Union laborers, and, in two or three instances, only a thin wall of earth separated the combatants. The object of these mining operations was to break into and seize upon the prominent points of the enemy's line of fortifications, and thereby force them back by degrees to the river.

The mine under what was supposed to be the principal fort of the enemy was exploded on the afternoon of the 25th

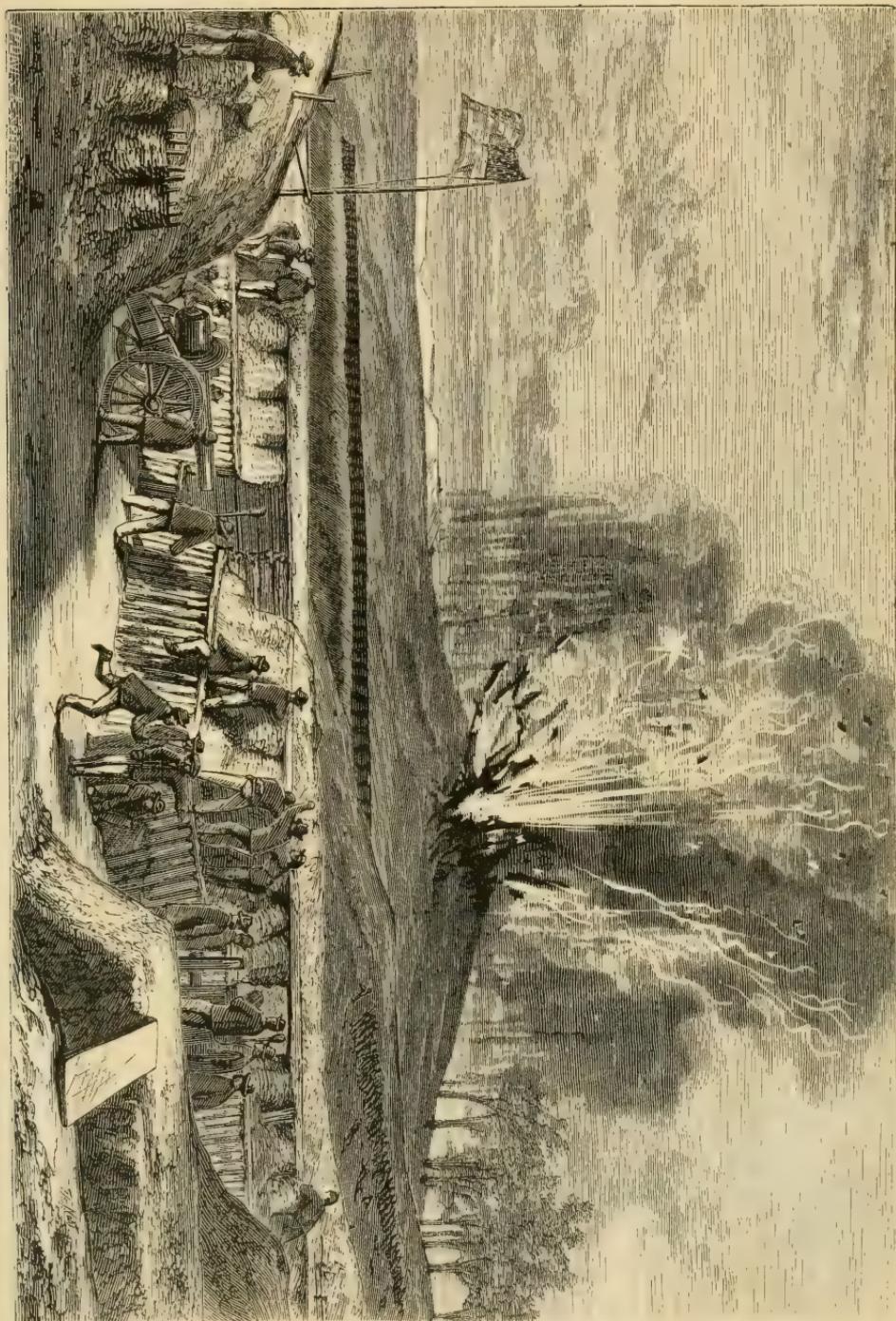
of June. The explosion was terrific—the fort and everything connected with it being blown a hundred feet into the air, and scattered around in all directions. Immediately the batteries along the whole line, with the mortar and gunboat fleet, opened upon the enemy, who replied vigorously. As soon as the explosion had taken place, Leggett's brigade, of McPherson's corps, rushed into the sap and fort, and, after a severe contest of half an hour, the flag of the *Forty-fifth Illinois* regiment appeared on the summit of the work. When the fort was gained the pioneer corps mounted it, and commenced throwing up entrenchments and preparing to mount artillery. The following is one of the orders of General Grant that followed this success:

"June 25, 1863.

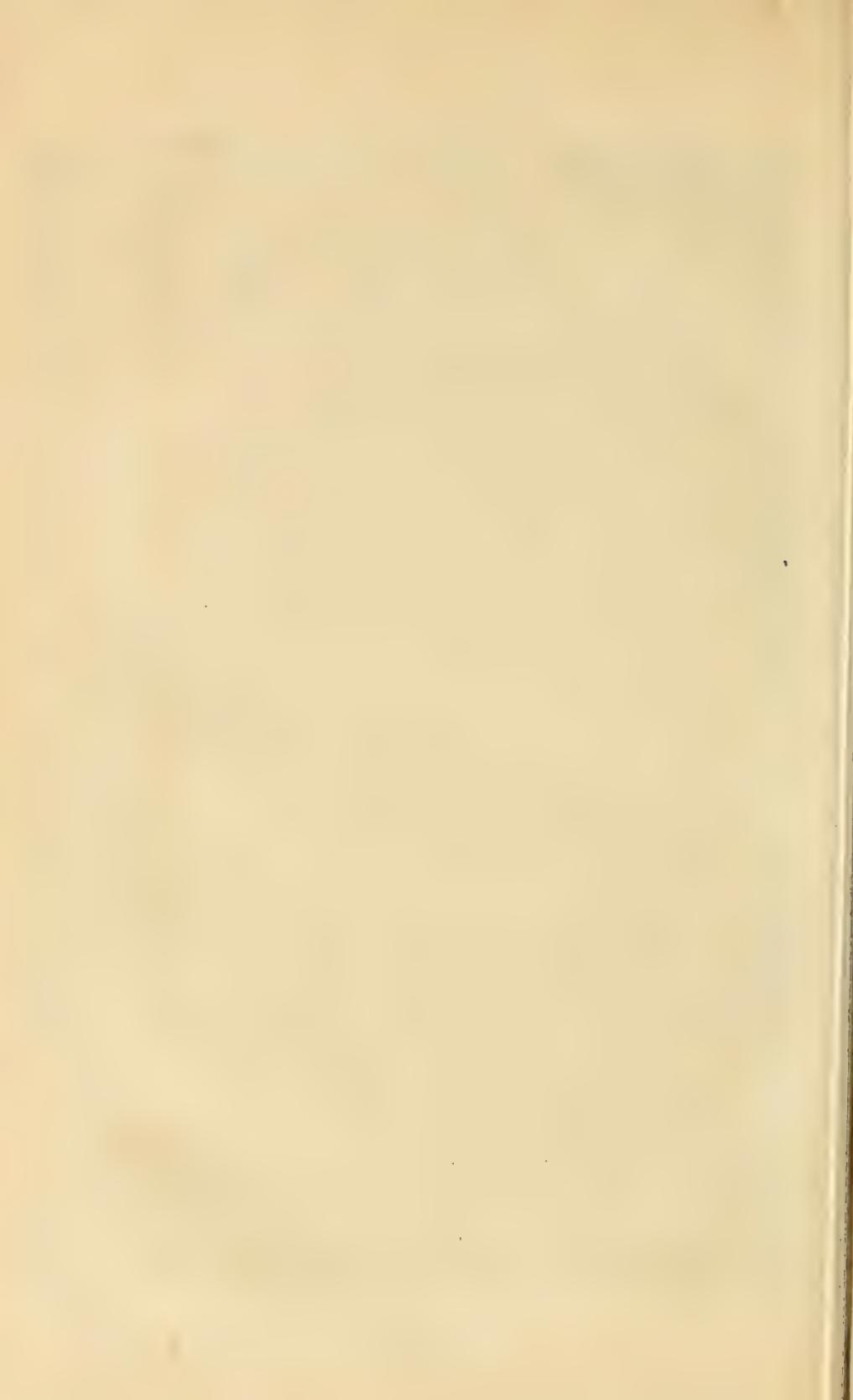
"GENERAL ORD: McPherson occupies the crater made by the explosion. He will have guns in battery there by morning. He has been hard at work running rifle-pits right, and thinks he will hold all gained. Keep Smith's division sleeping under arms to-night, ready for an emergency. Their services may be required, particularly about daylight. There should be the greatest vigilance along the whole line."

After the explosion of the mine, the work of constructing parallels was resumed. As the Union lines advanced, the rebels retired, constructing inner lines of defense as the outer ones were taken. On the 28th of June the Union lines were thirteen hundred yards nearer to the city than the original works. The rebels were thus gradually but surely hemmed in, and pushed toward the river.

Though the result of these operations must inevitably have been a surrender, it was known that the Vicksburg garrison had another enemy to contend with—exhaustion. It was soon evident that they were short of provisions, and must, in the end, be starved into surrender. The work upon the mines was then relaxed, a sufficient demonstration being kept up with artillery and musketry to annoy the enemy. The pear was ripe, and Grant only waited for it to drop into his hands. It was afterward learned that the garrison of Vicksburg were reduced to the offal and dregs of their com-



BLOWING UP MINE BEFORE VICKSBURG.



missaries. Mule meat, though not eaten as a necessity, had become preferable to their pickled beef. They had no pork or flour, and but a limited supply of unground corn. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and only ten percussion caps to the man were found in their pouches. The result was inevitable.

Up to the morning of the 3d of July, there was unusual quiet, and all had become so impressed with the belief that a surrender must soon take place, that the men on both sides were chatting in a friendly way from their intrenchments. At eight o'clock on that morning, a flag of truce came out from the rebel lines with a communication for General Grant, borne by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery. It proved to be a proposition for an armistice, with a view to arranging terms of capitulation. General Grant promptly replied that his only terms were an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. General Bowen requested that General Grant would meet General Pemberton to consult concerning terms. To this General Grant readily agreed, and three o'clock in the afternoon was fixed upon for the meeting.

There was a brief renewal of hostilities, another cessation of firing, and, at the appointed hour, the two Generals met in front of General Burbridge's line, where they sat in close conversation for an hour and a half. Both seemed cool and indifferent, Grant smoking, as usual, and Pemberton picking straws and biting them. The conference broke up without any definite decision. In the evening, General Grant sent in a proposal, which was not replied to until daybreak the next morning, when Pemberton requested modifications of the terms offered. General Grant then sent his final note, agreeing to certain of the modifications, and General Pemberton promptly forwarded his acceptance of the terms proposed. Thus, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1863, Vicksburg had surrendered, and the Mississippi valley was redeemed.

The terms agreed upon were that each brigade should

march to the front of the lines occupied by it, stack arms, and then return to the inside to remain as prisoners of war until properly paroled. Officers were allowed to retain their private baggage and side arms, and mounted officers one horse each. The rank and file were to be allowed their clothing, but no other property. Necessary rations might be taken from the rebel stores (there proved to be no rebel stores), and thirty wagons were allowed them.

These terms were given as acts of magnanimity to a brave foe, and were further justifiable on grounds of expediency. They rid the Government of a large and expensive load of prisoners, whom it would have had to feed, clothe and transport a great distance, at an enormous expense. Besides, General Grant was thus left free to follow up his advantage.

According to the terms, on the morning of the 4th the rebel troops quietly stacked their arms in front of their lines, and General Logan was ordered to march in his division as a provost guard. The formal entry was made at one o'clock in the afternoon. Within four hours of the surrender, the levee was lined with steamers as far as the eye could reach.

The value of the capture of Vicksburg can hardly be overestimated. Besides the other aspects of the result, it caused a loss to the rebels of about thirty-four thousand men, including one Lieutenant-General and nineteen Major and Brigadier Generals, two hundred and thirteen pieces of artillery, thirty-five thousand small-arms, and an immense amount of ordnance, and other matter. The immediate effect of the capture was the surrender of Port Hudson, La. General Frank Gardner, commanding that post, hearing of the surrender of Vicksburg, inquired of General Banks concerning the truth of the report, on the 7th of July. General Banks replied by inclosing the official dispatch of General Grant, announcing the fall of Vicksburg. The next day the important position of Port Hudson, with its garrison of over five thousand five hundred men, and all its stores, arms and munitions of war, was surrendered to the forces of the United States. The Mississippi was opened, and commerce was again resumed.

The President sent an autograph letter to General Grant, thanking him for "the almost inestimable service" he had done the country. His position, as the first General of the Union, was thenceforth established. The nation rejoiced at the splendid victory, and all loyal hearts united in honoring the heroes by whom it had been gained. The names of Sherman, McClellan, Logan, McPherson, Ord, became household words, and their noble assistants were placed upon the roll of the nation's most worthy sons.

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## XXXIX.

### SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA. \*

IF Grant's Vicksburg campaign was one of the most remarkable of the war, Sherman's march through Georgia stands on record as one of the most extraordinary performances in military history. Viewed in all its aspects the campaign against Atlanta was one of great skill, daring, and excessive labor. Its marches and counter-marches—its feints, and its sudden combinations for attacks in force—its incessant and masterly movements by the flank—all illustrated, in an eminent degree, Sherman's capacity for command, his fertility of resources, his tenacity, and his almost reckless daring. Once in Atlanta his work seemed done, for where would he go from thence? Indeed, how could he tarry there, in view of its great distance from supplies?

Stung by Johnston's defeats and incessant circumvention by Sherman, Davis relieved him from command and placed Hood at the head of the rebel army in Northern Georgia, with orders to strike for Nashville, and thus, by a counter movement, compel Sherman to withdraw from Georgia to defend Tennessee. Hood thereupon made the required dem-

onstration, but, equally astonishing to the rebels and to the North, Sherman did not give himself much concern regarding the enemy's advance. He rendezvoused in Atlanta, recuperating, reorganizing—for what? None knew, not even his vigilant enemy, for none conceived possible the scheme which was in the Ohio General's fertile brain.

Detaching Thomas with the 4th Corps, General Stanley, and the 23d Corps, General Schofield, with orders to "take care of Hood," Sherman gathered all his remaining forces in Atlanta from November 4th to the 12th. There it was prepared for the work in hand—a march from Atlanta to the sea coast, at Savannah, through the very heart of the Southern Confederacy. Dividing the army of invasion into two sections, and reorganizing the cavalry arm under Kilpatrick, the troops were ready by the 12th of January for the grand crusade. The trains were alarmingly small—each officer being reduced to a meagre outfit for speed and safety, and each regiment to only what was necessary for camp necessities. As to food for man and beast—that was to come from the country; for one special object of the expedition was to destroy, thus the more effectually to crush out the spirit and material support of the rebellion. The right wing of the march, the old "Army of the Tennessee"—comprising the 15th Corps, General Osterhaus, and 17th Corps, General Frank P. Blair—was under command of General Howard; the left wing—comprising the 14th Corps, General Jeff. C. Davis, and 20th Corps, General Williams—was commanded by General Slocum; the cavalry corps was under the irresistible Kilpatrick.

The marching orders provided that each corps should move by different roads, as nearly parallel as possible, converging at points to be subsequently indicated. The orders also provided that each column should start habitually at seven A. M. each day, and make an average march of fifteen miles per day, "unless otherwise fixed in orders." Foraging on the country was provided for by the organization of a regular foraging party for each brigade, and commanders were

instructed to keep, in their wagons, at least a ten days' supply of provisions and three days' forage. Another paragraph of the marching orders intrusted to corps commanders the destruction of mills, houses, cotton-gins, etc. It was further provided that in districts and neighborhoods where the army was unmolested, there should be no destruction of property; but where the roads were obstructed, bridges burned, or the army annoyed by bushwhackers and guerrillas, corps commanders were instructed to "enforce a degree of devastation more or less relentless, according to the measure of such hostility." It will be seen from the incidents of the march which will follow, that this order was no idle threat, and it will also be seen that its chief effect was not in causing a severe degree of devastation, but in preventing the causes which would have rendered the enforcement of the order necessary.

Thus constituted and ordered, the army of the Union started on its mission to crush disunion. From the excellent account prepared for the *New York Times*, by its correspondents who accompanied the expedition, we draw this explicit and very interesting narrative:

## ATLANTA EVACUATED.

On the 12th of November, the right wing, under General Howard, moved out from Atlanta, and began its march. On the 14th, the left wing, under General Slocum, took up its route, and on that day General Sherman and staff, with a strong body-guard, bade adieu to the stronghold he had conquered and reduced, and took the road leading to Macon. "Let him go North," said he, of Hood; "our business is down South." The fortifications of Atlanta had been completely dismantled and destroyed. The public buildings, railroad depots, etc., were burned. No private dwellings were intentionally destroyed. Some had been ruined by military occupation, and a few were unavoidably destroyed by the communication of the flames from buildings necessarily burned. The evidence of the rebels themselves has since appeared to show that though Atlanta has been besieged, captured and depopulated, there was no heartless or unavoidable destruction of private property, such as the enemy have delighted to charge upon General Sherman. Thus abandoned, the "Gate City" was left in the

rear of our army, whose face was now seaward, and the hand of time, with a higher degree of civilization, can only efface the marks inflicted by a warlike occupation. Before the war Atlanta was one of the most thriving inland cities of the South, and contained twelve thousand inhabitants.

#### HOW THE REBELS VIEWED THE CAMPAIGN.

The rebels at Richmond received their first news of Sherman's departure from Atlanta, from the North, but refused to place confidence in it. "It is a big Yankee lie," said the Richmond *Examiner*, "and if Sherman really has burned Atlanta, it is to cover a retreat northward, to look after Hood." "But if Sherman is really attempting this prodigious design," it continued, "his march will only lead him to the 'Paradise of Fools!'" As it turns out, this does not prove very complimentary to the citizens of Savannah and vicinity. In a few days, however, this tone of remark was changed. From an incredulous view and an attempt to ridicule the movement, their feelings changed to an alarm, seriously bordering on panic; and we were soon regaled by startling shrieks from a dozen sources, for somebody to "come to the rescue." Beauregard shrieked from Corinth, "I come! I come!" Senator Hill shrieked from Richmond, "Georgians, be firm and resolute!" The Georgia delegation in the rebel Congress, shrieked: "Destroy the invader!" Governor Brown promulgated half a dozen proclamations, conscripting the population of the State *en masse*, and then packed up his traps and left Milledgeville, with a load of cabbages for Macon, leaving, the rebel papers said, three thousand stand of arms for Sherman's able-bodied black recruits. "Obstruct roads," "Fell trees," "Destroy bridges," "Burn forage," "Remove supplies," "Fall upon his rear, his flank, his front!" shouted every body. But nobody did. The more southern papers, those of Augusta, Savannah, etc., were alike incredulous with those of Richmond, upon the receipt of the first news of Sherman's movement. "It is rumored that Atlanta is evacuated," said the *Augusta Chronicle*, of Nov. 15, "and we trust the rumor will prove correct." The same paper, of Nov. 18, implored the citizens of Augusta to "look at the situation without nervousness or fear—pray to God, but keep your powder dry—meet the storm like men—it's always darkest just before day."

It is only necessary to follow Sherman's course, to note the precision with which he moved, the width of country which he covered, and the directness of his march upon his objective point, to realize the impotency of all the shrieks, invocations and proclamations that only spoiled so much valuable paper in the Confederacy.

## THE MARCH TO MILLEDGEVILLE.

If our readers will take a county map of Georgia, (Colton's small pocket size,) and trace the movements of Sherman's columns as we shall define them, they will see at a glance that Sherman passed through the most densely populated, the most fertile, and, in all respects, the richest part of Georgia. Georgia is topographically divided into three general features, so far as her surface is concerned. The northern part, comprising about one-fifth of the territory of the State, is mountainous, rough and thinly populated, growing the cereals, furnishing minerals, but producing little cotton. The central section is a belt of rich upland country, open and well watered, comprising about two-fifths of the territorial surface of the State, and produces corn, wheat and cotton, abundantly. The southern portion of the State, comprising the remaining two-fifths of its surface, is mostly a low, sandy country, densely timbered with pine forests, sparsely settled, and divided into large plantations, devoted mainly to the production of cotton, with some corn and rice. Sweet potatoes are indigenous to the whole State.

## THE HEART OF GEORGIA.

It was through this central and richest part of Georgia that Sherman directed his march. Through it runs two railroads, the only lines traversing the State of Georgia, and forming the chief line of railway connection between Virginia and the States of Alabama and Mississippi. One of these railroads is the Georgia Central, running from Savannah to Macon, 190 miles, thence to Atlanta, by the Macon and Western railroad, 101 miles, making the total distance from Savannah to Atlanta by railroad, 291 miles. The other is the Georgia railroad, running from Augusta to Atlanta, at from 40 to 60 miles north of the Georgia Central railroad, and making the distance to Atlanta from Augusta, 171 miles. At Millen, on the Georgia Central road, 79 miles north of Savannah, is the junction of a branch road, called the Waynesboro' railroad, which connects with Augusta, 53 miles distant, and makes the distance by rail from Savannah to Augusta, 132 miles.

## THE STRATEGY ON THE START.

The plan of General Sherman's march contemplated the covering of these two lines of railroad, their consequent destruction, and a concentration of his forces at or beyond Milledgeville. With Kilpatrick's cavalry force well disposed in front, and vigilantly covering each flank, the movement and route of his infantry columns was so well masked that, from first to last, the enemy were in total ignorance of the position of his main body, and only discovered the track of his

infantry columns after they had left their vigilant foes many miles in the rear. This was most forcibly demonstrated by the admirable strategy with which Sherman demonstrated against Macon, shutting up Cobb's militia—the only force contesting his march—in the fortifications of that city, threatening it by a strong cavalry force, while his main body moved on, and left the redoubtable Cobb and his command in his rear.

#### THE MOVEMENT OF THE RIGHT WING.

The right wing moved directly south from Atlanta, which is in Fulton county, to Rough and Ready and Jonesboro' stations on the Macon and Western railroad, in Fayette county. On Nov. 16 one column of the right wing passed through Jonesboro', 25 miles south of Atlanta, Wheeler's cavalry and Cobb's militia retiring upon Griffin. Another column of the right wing occupied McDonough, Nov. 17, the county seat of Henry county, some distance east of Jonesboro' and about 35 miles southeast of Atlanta. Henry county is one of the largest and richest of Georgia, and here our forces found large supplies of provisions and forage. On the 16th, Wheeler engaged our cavalry at Bear Creek station, ten miles north of Griffin, and telegraphed General Hardee that he had "checked the Yankee advance." The very same evening, at 6 o'clock, his ragged troopers fell back through Griffin, in the direction of Barnesville, where Cobb's militia had already preceded him. Our cavalry occupied Griffin, which is the county seat of Spalding county, on the 17th, and on the 18th drove Wheeler out of Barnesville, in Pike county, and through Forsyth, the county seat of Monroe county, 76 miles south of Atlanta and 25 miles northwest of Macon.

#### THE FEINT AGAINST MACON.

This demonstration, though only made by cavalry, completely deceived Cobb, who put all his force in the entrenchments of that place, and by military impressment put every male resident in the ranks. The right wing moved on from McDonough on the 16th, to Jackson, the county seat of Butts county, and thence to Planter's Factory, on the Ocumulgee river, which was successfully crossed on the 20th, thus leaving Macon on our right and rear, distant about twenty-five miles.

#### THE CROSSING OF THE OCUMULGEE.

The crossing of the Ocumulgee was uncontested. It was the first indication that Sherman would pass by Macon, which is in Bibb county, without an effort to take it. The feint was admirably made by our cavalry, which pressed the rebel forces hotly from Forsyth, and then veering around to the east of Macon, attacked a force of

rebels at a point known as East Macon, where we captured a battery, which the rebels claim they retook. This was on the 20th, and on the same day our cavalry advanced to Griswoldville, eight miles east of Macon, where they captured a lumber train, burned a foundry and the chemical works, tore up the railroad and cut the telegraph. At the same time, a part of General Howard's command moved rapidly through Monticello, the county seat of Jasper county, where the court-house was burned, *via* Hillsboro', in the southern part of the same county, to Clinton, the county seat of Jones county, for the purpose of striking the Georgia Central railroad at Gordon, the junction of the branch road to Milledgeville. Having left Cobb's forces in Macon, now in his rear, Sherman sent an infantry force to act as rear guard at Griswoldville, while he moved toward the Oconee, occupied Milledgeville, and destroyed the railroad.

#### THE CAPTURE OF MILLEDGEVILLE.

General Sherman entered Milledgeville November 21st, having made the march from Atlanta in just seven days, with no haste on the part of any of his columns. Avarage distance by the routes marched, ninety-five miles.

#### A SKIRMISH AT GRISWOLDVILLE.

On the 22d, the rear guard at Griswoldville was attacked by a force of rebels from Macon, under General Phillips, composed of three brigades of militia, two regiments of State line troops, and the Augusta and Athens battalions. The rebel account of the battle says that it lasted several hours, and that the gallant Georgia militia charged across an open field and drove our troops from their line of works. During the night, they say, our troops *retired*—that is, continued their *advance*. As this was but a mere skirmish with the rear guard of the right wing, the truth of the rebel claim to success may be estimated in the fact that they acknowledge a loss of six hundred and fourteen in killed and wounded, and one of their commanders, General Anderson, was censured for his reckless exposure of the tender militia. He was also severely wounded in the fight. This was the most considerable engagement in the whole march.

#### THE MOVEMENT OF THE LEFT WING.

The left wing, under General Slocum, left Atlanta November 14th, moving out by the Decatur road for a short distance and then branching off to the right and passing through De Kalb county, by way of Flat Rock and Snapping Shoals, to Covington, the county seat of Newton county, which point the advance reached on November 17th,

the cavalry pushing on as far as Social Circle, in Walton county, a station on the railroad fifty-two miles east of Atlanta, where the railroad buildings were burned. Covington is situated in the midst of a very fertile country, and foraging was carried on to an extensive degree. A party from one of the brigades of the 20th Corps, while out foraging some distance north of the railroad, at Oxford, were fired upon by bushwhackers, and one of their number was killed. Here the order for relentless devastation of the country was carried out, with a degree of severity which resulted in the destruction of Emory College, at Oxford. It was the property of the Methodist Church, had several fine libraries, a mineralogical cabinet, a fine chemical apparatus, and cost nearly half a million dollars before the war. The plantations in this (Newton) county were thoroughly stripped, and our troops lived on the fat of the land. They were much surprised at the richness of the country they passed through.

#### THE LINE OF THE GEORGIA RAILROAD.

From Covington General Slocum moved directly east to Madison, the county seat of Morgan county, his cavalry covering his left flank, and destroying the railroad thoroughly. At Madison the railroad buildings, the jail, several warehouses, and the market-house were burned. From Madison the left wing moved almost due south upon Eatonton, which is the northern terminus of the Milledgeville branch railway. This point was reached November 21st, the same day that General Howard's right flank reached Gordon, the southern terminus of the same railroad.

#### THE COLUMNS UNITE AT MILLEDGEVILLE.

General Slocum reached Milledgeville on the 22d, which place proved to be a general point of rendezvous for the two wings. The object of this proved to be to effect a passage to the Oconee river for the right wing, at a point offering less difficulty than existed at the crossing of the Georgia Central railroad, twenty miles below Milledgeville, and eighteen miles east of Gordon.

#### THE OCCUPATION OF MILLEDGEVILLE.

Our army occupied Milledgeville three days, from November 21st to the 24th, when the rear guard left. General Sherman occupied the executive mansion for his headquarters. Very little property, either public or private, was destroyed. The State house was left standing, though the rebels declare that it was much mutilated. The sudden absquatulation of the rebel Legislature disgusted our troops. The members, with Governor Brown, left in great haste on the 18th, some

for Macon, some for Augusta, and many on foot, there not being Confederate currency enough in Milledgeville to hire a conveyance. Two members paid one thousand dollars to be carried a distance of eight miles. Governor Brown took the public funds, the public archives, his private carriage, and his "garden sass," (so said the *Savannah Republican*), and fled to Macon, where he opened headquarters in the city hall, and issued a proclamation. He left three thousand muskets and several thousand pounds of powder belonging to the State of Georgia, which our troops destroyed. Some of our troops perpetrated a very handsome travestie upon the proceedings of the fleeing Legislature. They met at the State-house, elected a Speaker and a Clerk, and were introducing bills and resolutions at a furious rate, when a courier rushed in, breathless with haste, and shouted "the Yankees are coming!" whereupon the members dispersed in the most panic-stricken manner, causing an immense deal of amusement.

Milledgeville was pretty thoroughly stripped of provisions, as the main portion of the army encamped in that vicinity for three days. Every horse and mule that could be found were taken, and the rebels said there was no use in hiding any thing, for "the Yankees would be sure to find it." The exhortations of the rebel papers, politicians and others who had nothing to lose, to burn and destroy supplies, had no effect. Everybody waited to see his neighbor begin, and entertained the hope that he, at least, might possibly escape without loss. On November 25th, the mayor of Milledgeville sent by courier to Macon a dispatch begging the people there to send the citizens of Milledgeville meat and provisions, as they were utterly destitute.

#### THE CONDUCT OF OUR TROOPS.

Of the conduct of our troops on the march and at Milledgeville the rebel accounts widely differ. Many assert that the men were under strict discipline, and respected persons and private dwellings. Of course, foraging being allowed under general orders, everything *eatable* was taken by the soldiers. But several valiant rebels, who ran away from home, when they returned wrote ferocious letters to the rebel papers, detailing with an attempt at particulars, several alleged outrages upon ladies. Indeed, one of these writers, who said his blood ran *cold*, as he tried to "fire the Southern heart," asserted that our men "ravished some of the nicest ladies of Milledgeville." Of course, there is little truth in any such statements, and that little may be aptly illustrated from *Don Juan*:

"Also the voices of some middle-aged  
Were heard to murmur 'mid the dreadful din,  
(Virgins of fifty were these birds long caged),  
Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!"

Sherman's army consumed just one week in moving from Atlanta to Milledgeville, the average distance being ninety-five miles. The movement was deliberate, and fully up to the marching orders. The only resistance met with was that on the right flank of Howard's column, where Cobb and Wheeler were steadily pushed back by Kilpatrick. General Slocum's column was unresisted, and even unmolested save by an occasional guerrilla, and the retaliation against the citizens in such cases was very severe.

#### THE MARCH TO MILLEN—THE CROSSING OF THE OCONEE.

The army left Milledgeville Nov. 24th, *en route* to Millen, through which place it passed on the evening of Dec. 2d, camping in the vicinity. The distance from Milledgeville to Millen, the way Sherman marched, is about seventy-four miles, and the distance was accomplished in eight days. The main body crossed the Oconee at Milledgeville, destroying the bridge over that river, and the railroad bridge over Fisher's creek, south of the city. A large force of cavalry demonstrated at the Central railroad bridge over the Oconee, twenty-five miles southeast of Milledgeville, which was defended in earthworks by the rebel General Wayne, who commanded an improvised brigade of stragglers and militia which had been picked up between Milledgeville and Augusta. This road here runs for several miles through a swamp, which borders the west bank of the Oconee. Wheeler, who had been left in the rear of Macon, took a swift circuit southward, through Twiggs, Wilkinson and Laurens counties, and crossed the Oconee to Wayne's assistance at Buckeye Bridge, eighteen miles below the railroad bridge. But this availed nothing, for Howard's column, in moving upon Sandersville, in Washington county, marched down the east bank of the Oconee, and Wayne hearing of it, imagined he was flanked, and on the 25th retired in precipitate haste to Davisboro', and thence in the direction of Louisville, the county seat of Jefferson county. The advance of Howard's column reached Sandersville November 26th. The railroad was cut again, and the depot burned, at Tennillo Station, immediately south of Sandersville.

#### THE LEFT WING ACROSS THE OCONEE.

General Slocum's column crossed the Oconee simultaneously with the right wing, but bore to the northward in its march, aiming for Sparta, a flourishing village, and the county seat of Hancock county. On the evening of the 24th, General Slocum's advance encamped at Devereaux, seven miles west of Sparta, and the cavalry scoured the whole country, one of the most fertile and thickly settled in the whole

State, and vast quantities of forage and provisions, many horses and mules were obtained, and much cotton burned. The Georgia railroad, on General Slocum's left flank, was not neglected. While the army lay at Milledgeville, a portion of the cavalry force were roaming unresisted through Morgan, Greene and Putnam counties, striking the railroad repeatedly, burning the bridge over the Oconee at Blue Spring, and the buildings at Buckhead in Morgan county, Greensboro' in Greene county, and Crawfordsville in Taliaferro county.

#### ALARM IN AUGUSTA AT SHERMAN'S POSITIVE APPROACH

When it was demonstrated to a certainty that Sherman was east of the Oconee, the rebels in Savannah and Augusta became greatly frightened. Up to that time many of them were consoled with the idea that, after all, Sherman was only on a great raid into the heart of the State, or would yet turn and move westward upon Columbus, Montgomery and Mobile. But such hopes were dispelled when his cavalry were discovered in Washington and Hancock counties. At Augusta, then deemed the object of Sherman's march, preparations for defense went on vigorously. Bragg was summoned from Wilmington, and came, the Augusta papers said, with ten thousand men. Troops came from Charlestion, Hampton's cavalry came from Virginia, and the entire population of the city was put under arms, and all the slaves in the surrounding country were impressed to work upon the fortifications. Then began, also, a vigorous system of rebel brag. Wheeler was put to his trumps, and required to whip Kilpatrick three times a day, and to invariably close the report of his victory with the announcement, "after this glorious success we fell back!" All this, Wheeler most valiantly did, but on one occasion, in a fight near Gibson, the county seat of Glascock county, being required to bring in Kilpatrick's head as a trophy, he humbly apologized with his hat, observing that in his haste to fall back, he had left Kilpatrick's head on its shoulders.

#### THE REBELS IN THE DARK.

It was through this march from Milledgeville to Millen, occupying a little over a week, that the movements of Kilpatrick were so vigorous and his cavalry so perfectly ubiquitous, that the position of Sherman's infantry was wholly unknown to the enemy. Howard's column passed through Sandersville Nov. 26, and Louisville Nov. 30. Slocum marched through Sparta, in Hancock county, to Gibson, in Glascock county, and then moved upon Louisville, converging with the right wing near the latter place. The whole army appeared in the vicinity of Millen, Dec. 2. Until it was fully ascertained that Sherman had

reached Millen, the rebels believed that he was passing down between the Ogeechee and Oconee rivers, aiming to reach the coast at Darien or Brunswick.

#### MORE OF SHERMAN'S STRATEGY.

Very adroit strategy was necessary at this juncture, to conceal the real direction of the march, for had the rebels known in time that Augusta was certain to be avoided, the entire force there could have been sent down to Millen, and thus thrown in Sherman's front, and resisted or delayed his march upon Savannah, and in the end would have proved a formidable addition to the garrison of that place. Kilpatrick, therefore, pressed Wheeler more vigorously than ever, and the latter fell back toward Augusta, which put him out of Sherman's way most effectually, again leaving him in the rear of the very army whose advance he was endeavoring to resist. It was during these cavalry operations that the fight took place at Waynesboro', Dec. 3d, where Wheeler attacked Kilpatrick, and reported that he had "doubled him up on the main body." But Kilpatrick wouldn't stay "doubled up." On the next day Wheeler was compelled to make his usual report that he had "signally repulsed Kilpatrick," but was obliged to "fall back!" the result of which was that he was driven back through Waynesboro' and beyond Brier creek, the railway bridge over which was destroyed, within twenty miles of Augusta, which was the nearest approach of our forces to that city. Kilpatrick then took a position to guard Sherman's rear, and while doing so, his force loaded their wagons with the forage and provisions of Burke county, for use in the less fertile counties in the region of the coast.

#### THE MARCH TO SAVANNAH—SHERMAN LAYS IN SUPPLIES.

It has been shown that General Sherman's army occupied about eight days in moving from Milledgeville to Millen, an average distance of seventy-five miles. This is only a trifle over nine miles per day, but there is no evidence that he was in motion all the time. On the contrary, the rebels discovered, after he had passed Millen, the real object of his leisurely progress. Fully aware that the resistance at Savannah might be formidable, and that communication with the fleet and the procurement of supplies from Port Royal, might be attended with difficulties, consuming considerable time, he paid more attention than usual to foraging in the fertile counties of Jefferson, Washington, Burke, Glascock, Warren and Hancock, all immediately west or southwest of Augusta. The rebels said he stopped to "grind corn." But the corn didn't need grinding. The animals ate it in the ear, and the men were not reduced to that article of diet. They

brought hard tack enough in their wagons from Atlanta to last them through the journey, and the commissaries issued mainly fresh beef, mutton, pork, poultry, sorghum, etc., obtained in the country. Another object of Sherman's moderate progress, which the rebels were not so ready to acknowledge, was the destruction of the railroads. The railroad bridge over the Oconee was burned, after the rebels under Wayne had been forced back, and that over the Ogeechee, near Sebastopol Station, twenty-five miles west of Millen, shared a like fate. The track was also destroyed in many localities for miles, extending all the way from Griswoldville to Millen, on the Georgia Central, ninety seven miles, and from Covington to Crawfordsville, on the Georgia State road, a distance of sixty miles. Kilpatrick, after driving Wheeler beyond Waynesboro', in the direction of Augusta, Dec. 3, also tore up the track and burned the bridges over Brier creek, Buckhead creek and several smaller streams. This was on the Waynesboro' branch railroad, connecting Savannah with Augusta *via* Millen.

#### THE REBELS MAKE A DISCOVERY.

The object of Sherman's cautious march through Washington and Jefferson counties, and the point at which he had resolved to strike, which was never for a moment undecided in his own mind, only became apparent to the rebels when it was too late to prevent it. Macon had been threatened, and Cobb's forces shut up in its entrenchments, leaving them useless and in the rear, when Sherman moved on. Augusta was threatened, and all the troops that could be gathered were put in the fortifications. Charleston and Wilmington were denuded for Augusta's defense, and the South Carolina militia were assembled at Hamburg, opposite Augusta, to co-operate, if necessary. Thus Savannah was almost overlooked, and when Sherman headed his columns directly and rapidly for the city, which he did on the 4th of December, he left all the rebel forces gathered for his defeat well in his rear, and found a feebly garrisoned city in his front. The situation as viewed by the rebels, when they fully realized this fact, was aptly described by one of the Augusta papers thus, on the 3d of December: "Sherman has not for a moment hesitated, in our humble judgment, as to the point to be attacked or the road to it. When his forage and provision trains are full he will mass his entire force at Millen; throwing his cavalry to the rear, with his wagon train between the two wings of his army, he will move in compact columns, steadily but cautiously upon the city of Savannah, with no fear of an attack on either flank. The Ogeechee and a few crossings and terrible swamps on his right, and the Savannah river and its equally swampy

banks on his left, both flanks will be most securely covered—a grand desideratum in army movements. And, thus situated, he has a march of something over eighty miles to the city of Savannah." When the Augusta people heard that their city was no longer threatened, they drew a long breath, and congratulated themselves. "The frowns and sadness with which the countenances of our citizens have been bedecked," said the *Sentinel*, "have given way to smiles and mirth." That is, smiles and mirth because their neighbors in Savannah were to be the recipients of Sherman's favors, and not they.

#### SHERMAN MOVES RAPIDLY.

From Millen to Savannah is seventy-nine miles. After leaving Millen, General Sherman made rapid and regular marches upon Savannah, and on the 9th instant General Howard struck the canal which connects the Ogeechee with the Savannah at a point about ten miles in the rear (west) of the city. From this point, and on the evening of the same day, he sent three of his most trusted scouts—Captain Duncan and Sergeants Myron J. Emmick and George W. Quimby—in a small boat down the Ogeechee river, passing Fort McAlister in the night, and communicated on the 11th with the gunboat *Dandelion* of Admiral Dahlgren's fleet, off Ossabaw Sound, which immediately took them on board, and arrived at Port Royal harbor on the morning of the 12th :

#### DIRECT INTELLIGENCE FROM THE ARMY.

Captain Duncan brought the following dispatch from General Howard :

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,  
NEAR SAVANNAH CANAL, Dec. 9, 1864.

"To the Commander of the United States Naval forces in the vicinity of Savannah :

SIR: We have met with perfect success thus far. The troops are in fine spirits and near by.

Respectfully,

O. O. HOWARD, Major-General,  
Commanding right wing of the army."

This was the first intelligence direct from the army, and completely dispelled all doubts and fears, as well as dissipated an immense amount of rebel bombast and boasting of the impediments and difficulties with which Sherman had met, to say nothing of the repeated total annihilation of Kilpatrick's cavalry, which seems not to have been worthy of mention by General Howard or General Sherman. Wheeler, who, at last accounts, was "hacking away at Sherman's rear," must have had a very dull sabre.

## THE CAPTURE OF FORT MC ALISTER.

On the 10th inst., General Sherman had advanced to within five miles of Savannah, where, it was generally understood, the rebels had erected the first of the three lines of defenses which protect that city. But with the wise sagacity and sound military judgment which he possesses, General Sherman made preparations at once, not for an assault upon Savannah, but for the capture of Fort McAlister, thereby opening the Ogeechee river, communicating with the fleet, and making a water base on that river at any point he chose, directly in the rear of Savannah; and also cutting off all communication between Savannah and the southern part of the State, *via* the Savannah, Albany and Gulf railroad, which had heretofore been an important avenue of supplies to the rebels, from the vast numbers of beef cattle from Florida transported over it. Accordingly, a division of troops from the 14th Corps, under General Hazen, was sent down on the 13th, and at five o'clock P. M. the fort was gallantly carried by assault, with its entire garrison and stores.

## SAVANNAH INVESTED.

This rendered the situation of the army perfectly secure. The lines were stretched across the peninsula in the rear of Savannah, the left resting firmly on the Savannah river, about three miles above the city, and the extreme right on the Ogeechee river at Kingsbridge. This was the situation on the 13th. Having cut off all the railroads leading to Savannah, including that to Charleston, which crosses the river fifteen miles above the city, and approaches it from the north—having complete control of the Ogeechee, and his batteries blockading the Savannah, preventing the rebel gunboats (which went up to prevent his crossing into South Carolina) from coming down, General Sherman's conclusion that Savannah, with its garrison of fifteen thousand men, its strong forts on the river, and its factories, public buildings, etc., "as already gained," is certainly not too hopeful.

## THE REBEL FORCE IN SAVANNAH.

The rebel force in Savannah is under the command of Lieutenant-General Hardee, with Major-General Dick Taylor, of the Confederate army, Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, of the Georgia militia, as his subordinates. Major-General McLaws, formerly a division commander in Longstreet's corps of Lee's army, but relieved because of a difficulty with Longstreet in the East Tennessee campaign of last year, commands the post of Savannah. Brigadier-General Mercer, of the Confederate army, commands Fort Jackson, the strongest work on the Savannah river excepting Fort Pulaski. There are not many

regular troops in Savannah. They are mostly militia, every citizen capable of bearing arms having been put in the ranks. Among the troops there are the First Georgia Regulars, the Forty-seventh and Fifty-sixth Georgia Volunteers, several regiments of what are called the "Georgia State Line," and two or three brigades of militia.

#### THE TRACK OF THE ARMY.

In order to show the extent of country traversed by General Sherman, and to give an idea of how terribly his army made itself felt upon the resources of the State, especially those which are depended upon to feed the rebel army, we give a list of the counties through which the army marched, and in which it foraged and obtained large numbers of able-bodied blacks, mules and horses. That these accumulations were very large, is amply proven by General Sherman's dispatch, which says his first business will be to get rid of "the surplus negroes, mules and horses," they being an actual incumbrance to active operations:

Population in 1860.				Population in 1860.			
Counties.	Free.	Slave.	Agg.	Counties.	Free.	Slave.	Agg.
Fulton (Atlanta).....	11,472	2,955	15,195	Baldwin (Milledgev.)	4,149	4,929	9,078
Fayette.....	5,028	2,019	7,047	Putnam (Eatonton)...	2,987	7,133	10,125
Spalding (Griffin) ...	4,880	3,819	8,699	Morgan.....	2,991	7,006	9,997
Pike.....	5,336	4,722	10,078	Greene.....	4,254	8,293	12,652
Dekalb .....	5,806	2,000	7,806	Hancock ("spara)....	3,907	8,187	12,044
Henry.....	6,187	4,515	10,702	Washington.....	6,166	6,523	12,693
Butts.....	3,233	3,067	6,455	Taliaferrro.....	1,734	2,849	4,583
Monroe .....	5,776	10,177	15,953	Warren.....	4,441	5,370	9,820
Gwinnett.....	10,389	2,551	12,930	Glascock .....	1,679	753	2,437
Walton .....	6,452	4,621	11,074	Jefferson .....	4,174	6,015	10,219
Newton .....	7,582	6,458	14,320	Burke .....	5,113	12,052	17,165
Jasper.....	3,789	6,954	10,743	Craven.....	3,744	4,130	8,274
Bibb (Vacon).....	9,501	6,700	16,291	Bulloch .....	3,506	2,162	5,668
Jones.....	3,118	5,980	9,107	Effingham.....	2,590	2,165	4,755
Twiggs .....	3,002	5,318	8,320	Chatham ("avan'b) ..	16,236	14,807	31,043
Wilkinson .....	5,489	3,887	9,376	Bryan .....	1,636	2,373	4,015

Among the towns and villages that Sherman visited were the following: Decatur, McDonough, Hillsboro', Jackson, Forsyth, Griffin, Covington, Monticello, Clinton, Madison, Eatonton, Milledgeville, Greensboro', Sparta, Sandersville, Crawfordville, Warrenton, Gibson, Louisville, Waynesboro', Sylvania, Springfield, Millen, Davisboro', Gordon and Hillsboro'

## X L.

### INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE GRAND CRUSADE.

A LARGE volume would scarcely suffice to repeat the incidents and anecdotes of that astounding march. A near relative of the editor of this work, who accompanied the expedition, has enlivened many an evening in his details of the fun and frolic on the way ; and yet the story is not half told, he says, even by those admirable volumes prepared by Major Nichols and Colonel Bowman. An officer who kept a diary of the march presents many deeply interesting episodes in his journal from which we extract a few :

#### ATLANTA, Night of 15th November.

A grand and awful spectacle is presented to the beholder in this beautiful city, now in flames. By order, the Chief Engineer has destroyed by powder and fire all the storehouses, depot buildings and machine shops. The heaven is one expanse of lurid fire ; the air is filled with flying, burning cinders ; buildings covering over two hundred acres are in ruins or in flames ; every instant there is the sharp detonation or the smothered burning sound of exploding shells and powder concealed in the buildings, and then the sparks and flame shoot away up into the black and red roof, scattering the cinders far and wide.

These are the machine shops, where have been forged and cast rebel cannon, shot and shell, that have carried death to many a brave defender of our nation's honor. These warehouses have been the receptacle of munitions of war, stored, to be used for our destruction. The city, which, next to Richmond, has furnished more material for prosecuting the war than any other in the South, exists no more as a means for the enemies of the Union.

A brigade of Massachusetts soldiers are the only troops now left in the town. They will be the last to leave it. To-night I heard the really fine band of the Thirty-third Massachusetts playing "John Brown's soul goes marching on," by the light of the burning buildings. I have never heard that noble anthem when it was so grand, so solemn, so inspiring.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 24, 1864.

We are in full possession of the capital of the State of Georgia, and without firing a gun in its conquest. On Friday last, the Legislature, which had been in session, hearing of our approach, hastily decamped without any adjournment. The legislative panic spread among the citizens to such an extent as to depopulate the place, except a few old gentlemen and ladies and the negroes: the latter welcoming our approach with ecstatic exclamations of joy: "Bress de Lord! tanks be to Almighty God, de Yanks is come; de day ob jubilee hab arribed!" and then accompanied their words with rather embarrassing hugs, which those nearest the sidewalks received quite liberally.

The fright of the legislators, as described by witnesses, must have been comical in the extreme. They little imagined the movement of our left wing, hearing first of the advance of Kilpatrick on the extreme right toward Macon, and supposed that to be another raid.

It seemed as if they were surrounded upon all sides except toward the east, and that their doom was sealed. With the certain punishment for their crimes looming up before them, they sought every possible means of escape. Private effects, household furniture, books, pictures, every thing was conveyed to the depot, and loaded into the cars until they were filled and heaped, and the flying people could not find standing-room.

Any and every price was obtained for a vehicle. A thousand dollars was cheap for a common buggy, and men rushed about the streets in agony of fear lest they should "fall victims to the ferocity of the Yankees."

General Sherman is at the Executive Mansion, its former occupant having with extremely bad grace fled from his distinguished visitor, taking with him the entire furniture of the building. As General Sherman travels with a *menage*, (a roll of blankets and a haversack full of hard-tack,) which is as complete for a life out in the open air as in a palace, this courtesy of Governor Brown was not a serious inconvenience.

Just before his entrance into Milledgeville General Sherman camped on one of the plantations of Howell Cobb. It was a coincidence that a Macon paper, containing Cobb's address to the Georgians as General commanding, was received the same day. This plantation was the property of Cobb's wife, who was a Demar. I do not know that this Cobb ever claimed any great reputation as a man of piety and many virtues, but I could not help contrasting the call upon his fellow-citizens to "rise and defend their liberties, homes, etc., from the step of the invader, to burn and destroy every thing in his front, assail

him on all sides," and all that, with his own conduct here, and the wretched condition of his negroes and their quarters.

This terrorism, which forms so striking a feature of Slavery, has had marked illustrations ever since we left Atlanta. The negroes were told that as soon as we got them into our clutches they were put into the front of the battle, and we killed them if they did not fight; that we threw the women and children into the Chattahoochie, and when the buildings were burned in Atlanta we filled them with negroes to be roasted and devoured by the flames. These stories, which appear so absurd to us, are not too extravagant for the simple, untutored minds of the negroes. They are easily frightened, and full of superstition. In most any other instance, such bloody tales would have frightened them entirely out of our sight to the woods and other hiding places; but they assert, with much earnestness and glee, that "massa can't come dat over we; we knowed a heap better. What for de Yankees want to hurt black men? Mass hates de Yankees, an' he's no fren' ter we; so we am de Yankee bi's fren's." Very simple logic that; but it is sufficient for the negroes.

#### WHAT THE NEGROES THINK.

Near Covington, one Judge Harris has a large plantation; before we arrived it was well stocked; I can't answer for its condition afterward. A jollier set of negroes I never saw than his were when the blue coats came along. Horrible stories of their cruelty to the negroes were also told by their masters to frighten them, but the negroes never put one word of faith in them. I asked Judge Harris' headman: "Well, how do you like the Yankees?" "Like 'em! bully, bully, bully. I'se wanted to see 'em long time; heard a heap 'bout 'em. Say, Sally, dese here be gentlemen dat's passin'." A compliment to our soldiers, which they no doubt would have appreciated could they have heard Mr. Lewis.

"Yass sar, I'se hope de Lord will prosper dem and Mr. Sherman."

"Why do you hope the Lord will prosper the Yankee?"

"Because I tinks, and so we all tinks, dat you'se down here in our interests."

"You're about right there. Did you ever hear that President Lincoln freed all the slaves?"

"No, sar, I nebber heard such a ting; de white folks nebber talk 'fore black men; dey mighty free from dat."

In other parts of the South the negroes I have seen seem to understand there is a man named Lincoln, who had the power to free them, and had exercised it. We have here reached a stratum of ignorance upon that subject. All knowledge of that nature has not only been

kept from the blacks, but only a few of the whites are well-informed. The lieutenant commanding the escort of General Sherman was born and has always lived in Milledgeville—is an officer in the First Alabama cavalry regiment—tells me that he never saw a copy of the New York *Tribune* until he joined our army. His history, by the way, is a most interesting one, and will one day be worth the telling. His adherence to the Union army grew out of his natural abhorrence to Slavery, whose errors he had witnessed from childhood. His name is Snelling. A young man of good education, of high integrity, simple-hearted, brave, and has been most useful to the cause of his country.

General Sherman invites all able-bodied negroes (others could not make the march) to join the column, and he takes especial pleasure when they join the procession, on some occasions telling them they are free; that Massa Lincoln has given them their liberty, and that they can go where they please; that if they earn their freedom they should have it—but that Massa Lincoln had given it to them anyhow. They all seem to understand that the proclamation of freedom had made them free, and I have met but few instances where they did not say they expected the Yankees were coming down some time or other, and very generally they are possessed with the idea that we are fighting for them and that their freedom is the object of the war. This notion they get from hearing the talk of their masters.

“Stick in dar!” was the angry exclamation of one of a party of negroes to another, who was asking too many questions of the officer who had given them permission to join the column. “Stick in dar; it’s all right; we’re gwine along; we’re free.”

Another replied to a question, “Oh yass, massa, de people hereabouts were heap scared when dey heard you’s comin’; dey dusted out *yer* sudden.”

Pointing to the Atlanta and Augusta railroad, which had been destroyed, the question was asked, “It took a longer time to build this railroad than it does to destroy it?”

“I’d tink it did, massa; in dat ar woods over dar is buried ever so many black men who’s killed, sar—yass, killed a-workin’ on dat road—whipped to death. I seed ‘em sar.”

“Does the man *live* here who beat them?”

“Oh no, sar; he’s dun gone long time.”

The most pathetic scenes occur upon our line of march daily and hourly. Thousands of negro women join the column, some carrying household truck; others, and many of them there are, who bear the heavy burden of children in their arms, while older boys and girls plod by their sides. All these women and children are ordered back,

heart-rending though it may be to refuse them liberty. They wont go. One begs that she may go to see her husband and children at Savannah. Long years ago she was forced from them and sold. Another has heard that her boy was in Macon, and she is "done gone with grief goin' on four years."

But the majority accept the advent of the Yankees as the fulfillment of the millennial prophecies. The "day of jubilee," the hope and prayer of a lifetime, has come. They cannot be made to understand that they must remain behind, and they are satisfied only when General Sherman tells them—as he does every day—that we shall come back for them some time, and that they must be patient until the proper hour of deliverance comes.

The other day a woman with a child in her arms was working her way along amongst the teams and crowds of cattle and horsemen. An officer called to her kindly, "Where are you going, aunty?"

She looked up into his face with a hopeful, beseeching look, and replied: "I'se gwine where you'se gwine, massa."

At a house a few miles from Milledgeville we halted for an hour. In an old hut I found a negro and his wife, both of them over sixty years old. In the talk which ensued nothing was said which led me to suppose that either of them was anxious to leave their mistress, who, by the way, was a sullen, cruel-looking woman, when suddenly the old negress straightened herself up, and her face, which a moment before was almost stupid in its expression, assumed a fierce, almost devilish, aspect. Pointing her shining black finger at the old man crouched in the corner of the fire-place, she hissed out:

"What for you sit dar; you s'pose I wait sixty years for nutten? Don't you see de door open. I'se follow my child; I not stay. Yes, nodder day I goes 'long wid dese people; yes, sar, I walk till I drop in my tracks."

A more terrible sight I never beheld. I can think of nothing that can compare with it, except Charlotte Cushman's Megg Merrilies. Rembrandt only could have painted the scene with its dramatic surroundings.

It was near this place that several factories were burned. It was odd to see the delight of the negroes at the destruction of places known only to them as task-houses, where they had groaned under the lash.

#### ACROSS THE OGEECHEE.

STATION OF GEORGIA CENTRAL RAILROAD, November 30.

With the exception of the 15th Corps, our army is across the Ogeechee, and without fighting a battle. This river is a line of great

strength to the rebels, and they might have made its passage a costly effort for us, but they have been outwitted and outmanœuvred.

At this station we came across an old man named Wells, who was the most original character I ever met. He was depot-master in the days when there was a railroad here. He is a shrewd old man, and seemed to understand the merits of the case perfectly. He said :

"They say you are retreating, but it is the strangest sort of a retreat I ever saw. Why, dog bite them, the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They allers are whipping the Federal armies, and they allers fall back after the battle. It was that ar idee that first opened my eyes. Our army was allers whipping the Feds., and we allers fell back. I allers told 'em it was a d—d humbug, and now, by ——, I know it, for here you are, right on old John Wells's place ; hogs, potatoes, corn and fences all gone. I don't find any fault ; I expected it all.

"Jeff. Davis and the rest," he continued, "talk about splitting the Union. Why, if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splitting the Union ! Why, d—n it, the State of Georgia is being split right through from end to end. It is these rich fellows who are making this war, and keeping their bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat-tails. There's my poor brother, sick with smallpox at Macon, working for 'leven dollars a month, and hasn't got a cent of the d—n stuff for a year. 'Leven dollars a month and 'leven thousand bullets a minute ! I don't believe in it, sir.

"My wife came from Canada, and I kind o' thought I would sometime go there to live, but was allers afraid of the ice and cold ; but I can tell you this country is getting too cussed hot for me. Look at my fence rails a-burning there ; I think I can stand the cold better.

"I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up-country and burn the bridges. Why, (dog bite their hides) one o' you Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, tops and all ; and there's that bridge you put across the river in less than two hours—they might as well try to stop the Ogeechee as you Yankees.

"The blasted rascals who burnt this yer bridge thought they did a big thing. A nat'ral born fool cut in two had more sense in either end than any of them :

"To bring back the good old times," he said, "it'll take the help o' Divine Providence, a heap o' rain, and a deal o' elbow grease, to fix things up again."

A significant feature of this campaign, which has not before been mentioned in this diary, received a marked illustration yesterday.

Except in a few instances, private residences have not been destroyed. Yesterday we passed the plantation of Mr. Stubbs. The house, cotton-gin, press, corn ricks, stables, every thing that could burn, was in flames, and in the door-yard lay the bodies of several bloodhounds, that had been used to track and pull down negroes and our escaped prisoners. And wherever our army has passed, every thing in the shape of a dog has been killed. The soldiers and officers are determined that no more flying fugitives, white men or negroes, shall be followed by track-hounds that come within reach of their powder and ball.

DECEMBER 13th, at Fort McAlister.

To-day I have been a spectator of one of those glorious sights where the actors passing through the most fearful ordeal of fire which befalls the soldier, come out successful, and are, always after, heroes.

The Second division of the 15th Corps have marched to-day fifteen miles; and, without the assistance of artillery, have crossed an open space of six hundred yards, under a fire of twenty-one heavy guns, crawling through a thick abattis, crossed a ditch of great depth, at whose bottom were driven thick palisades, torn them away, surmounted the crest and palisades, shot and bayoneted the gunners who refused to surrender at their posts, and planted the Stars and Stripes upon the work in triumph. The assault was made with a single line, which approached the fort from all sides but that of the river at the same instant, never for an instant wavering, no man lurking shelter, but facing the fire manfully.

The explosion of torpedoes at this point did not deter them. General Sherman's old division and corps had been told that he had said, "Carry the place by assault to-night, if possible," they resolved to fulfill their old commander's wish, and they did it. Perhaps in the history of this war there has not been a more striking example of the evidence of quick, determined action. Had we waited, put up entrenchments, shelled the place, and made the usual approaches, we should have lost many more lives, and time that was invaluable. As it is, our entire loss is not more than ninety men killed and wounded, and we have gained a necessity, a base of supplies. Our whole army are eager to emulate such a glorious example, and their *esprit du corps* has been raised to the grandest height.

With the fall of Fort McAlister Savannah was won. Communicating with the fleet at once, upon his arrival, Sherman arranged for the investment of the city, and, so rapidly was the work carried forward that Hardee had only time enough to escape from his strong works, which he did,

by passing over the river, into South Carolina, during the darkness of the night of December 19th. On the day following Sherman had arranged to carry the city by assault. The escape of Hardee spared the city an effusion of blood and terrible destruction of property. Sherman occupied the place on the 22d—the gallant Geary's division marching in as custodians of the prize, while the expedition commander dispatched the following unique announcement of his success to the President:

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 22, 1864.

His Excellency President LINCOLN:

I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

The ultimate object of the Grand March was accomplished, and the rebellion had received a blow which shook the Southern fabric to its foundation walls.

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## XLI.

### THE HORRORS OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the evidence produced at the trial of Captain Wirz, in Washington, during the fall of 1865, the story of the sufferings of Union prisoners in Southern prisons is only half told. Having seen hundreds of those who had experienced the horrors of those awful open pens—having viewed their wasted frames and heard their piteous tale, we *know* that the civilized world never before witnessed such barbarous treatment of prisoners of war. Twenty-two thousand men finally released from the keeping of the monster in human shape, Captain Wirz, almost uniformly attest the

recitals of individual statements already laid before the public; and no testimony has been offered which merits a moment's consideration that seeks to set aside or even to qualify the uniform evidence which the sufferers have given; while the graves of twelve thousand starved and murdered men send up their mute protest against the defense offered for the wretched author of so much suffering and wrong; namely—that he but enforced the orders of his superiors. His immediate superior, General Huger, was cruel and brutal, as the evidence proved; and the fact was also divulged on the Wirz trial that the War Department at Richmond, was fully cognizant of the treatment meted out to the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Saulsbury, Libby prison, etc., but that Wirz exceeded all orders in the practice of his cruelty at Andersonville, is to be regarded as established. That the Confederate Government through General Huger and General Howell Cobb permitted such a monster to remain in charge of the pen, is to their own eternal disgrace, and by the verdict of a common judgment they stand convicted as *particeps criminis* in the keeper's guilt. "May their memory forever be accursed!" was the anathema upon every sufferer's lips, and the verdict of posterity will not erase the infamy now ascribed to the authors of the Southern Prison Pens' barbarity.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, who was present on the Savannah river, at Venus Point, where the exchanges were made, late in November, 1864—by which many of the prisoners from Andersonville, Millen, etc., were restored to their liberty—at that time gave to the world such damning *proof* of the atrocious treatment of our prisoners, at the hands of the enemy as shocked the entire loyal community. His account was not circumstantial but documentary, while, as he wrote, the victims of Andersonville stood before or lay around him on the receiving decks. He said: "Aside from the indignation which every man can not help feeling at the visible effects of the cruelties that have been practiced—an indignation almost forbidding a calm recital of the facts—

the task invests itself with another difficulty, as words are found incapable of expressing the revolting experiences and incredible hardships of the men who have been languishing without hope, month after month, shelterless, naked and half starved, crowded—to the number of from twenty-five to thirty thousand—like sheep in a foul pen, dying at an average of one hundred in every twenty-four hours. Happily, however, in addition to the daily reports, covering a period of more than a month of the rebel physicians at Andersonville, a perusal of which requires no flight of imagination to conceive of the horrors of the prison, I have before me the diaries of two of our dear soldiers, brought down to a very recent date, from which I purpose to make some extracts, which, more forcibly and eloquently than any words of mine, will come like voices from the grave, telling a truthful tale of cruel wrongs, and appealing to the people and the Government in behalf of the thousands still in captivity for prompt release."

We since have had ample testimony that his worst conjectures—his most shocking statements, were but too true; and may, therefore, cull from the documents submitted at that time, and, from the writer's own observations, such facts as will give the reader an idea of the inhumanity studiously practiced upon the Union prisoners of war held in the prisons of Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. After detailing the arrival of the rebel transports from above Augusta, loaded with the Andersonville prisoners, and their transfer to the Federal steamers in waiting, under a flag of truce, at Venus Point, just above Savannah, the writer refers to the exceeding joy manifested by the men at their release. It was very affecting to witness their expressions of relief, but what a sight did they present! This is the picture presented:

"These the sons, brothers, husbands and fathers of the North! Men reduced to living skeletons; men almost naked; shoeless men, shirtless men, hatless men; men with no other garment than an overcoat; men whose skins are blackened by dirt, and hang on their protruding bones loosely as

bark on a tree; men whose very presence is simply disgusting, exhaling an odor so fetid that it almost stops the breath of those unaccustomed to it, and causes an involuntary brushing of the garments if with them there is accidental contact. Imagine twenty-five thousand of such wretched creatures penned together in a space scarcely large enough to hold them, and compare their condition with the most miserable condition that can be imagined. The suffering of the Revolutionary captives on the prison ships at Wallabout Bay, will not stand the comparison, and the horrible night in the Blackhole of Calcutta scarcely exceeds it in atrocity. Remember, too, that the men thus returned, are the *best* specimens of the suffering. Only those are forwarded to us whom the rebel medical authorities decide to be strong enough to bear the fatigue of transportation. If those whose wretchedness I have vainly endeavored to portray, are the best specimens of our sick and wounded, is it not awful to contemplate what must be the woe of the remainder?"

Humanity stands aghast at such a picture; and when we turn to the well ordered, spacious, comfortable prison-camps and quarters provided throughout the North for the rebel prisoners, the very contrast renders the sight more revolting.

Having received the men, the first thing was to feed them. Said the writer:

"As soon as possible, barrels of hot coffee are prepared, and hams are cooked, and boxes of hard bread are opened, for the refreshment of these men, to whom decent food has been for a long time unknown. It is a touching sight to see them, each with his quart can, file by the steaming coffee barrels, and receive the refreshing draught whose taste has long been unfamiliar. It seems scarcely possible that men should feel such childish joy as they express in once more receiving this common stimulant. And then, the eager, hungry glare which their glassy eyes cast upon the chunks of ham as they clutch and devour their allowance with a wolf-like avidity! These facts can only be understood by the spectator in remembering that for months they have

been deprived of a sufficient quantity of palatable food, and the little they have received has been rarely cooked, because, in a country abounding with fuel and gloomy with immense pine forests, their jailors forbade them the poor privilege of adequate fires. At the prison-pen near Millen, Ga., for some weeks there has been no meal or flour given to the prisoners, and the sweet potatoes issued in lieu thereof have been eaten raw, because there was no opportunity of getting fuel for cooking purposes."

Such statements might well excite a feeling of incredulity; but, authenticated as they then were, without the vast mass of evidence produced at Wirz's trial, the most incredulous must have been convinced. "The most irrefragible proof," wrote the correspondent, "is lying before me, not alone in the *ex parte* testimony and wasted, hungry aspect of the sufferers, whose filth and squalor and skeleton frames appeal for justice to the God of justice, but in the official papers of the rebel surgeons at Andersonville, and the records of the charnel-houses, miscalled hospitals, at that terrestrial hell—records never meant to pass the limits of the Confederacy, but which a merciful Providence has brought to light, that out of their own mouths these barbarians, with whom we are at war, should be convicted."

These reports were submitted, that the world might read and judge. "For the period of a month through which they extend," added the writer, "there is a constant, monotonous complaint, often assuming the language of protest, against the treatment to which the sick were subjected. Men in the last stages of emaciation from chronic diarrhoea received no nourishment whatever, and starved to death on coarse rations which the stomach of a strong man would reject. Others, suffering from gangrene and ulcers, were compelled to fester in putridity without even sufficient water to cleanse their loathsome sores. Week after week the diseased and the dying were kept without shelter, and many of them without clothing, on the bare ground, exposed to the torrid sun by day and to heavy rains at all times, in total

disregard of the earnest and almost dispairing appeals of kind-hearted physicians for their relief."

Dr. R. E. Mudd, August 10th, reported to the Medical Inspector of the Day:

"SIR: As Officer of the Day, I regret to report this division in bad condition. The patients are suffering very much for want of beds and bedding. Some of the wards have no bunks, and thereby suffer much from being on the damp ground, which is not sufficiently protected by ditches around the tents. The food is badly prepared. The bread is baked of meal without being sifted, and the meat is not cooked properly. Also would respectfully recommend that four or five wheelbarrows be furnished for the use of the hospital. There was no salt furnished yesterday."

Dr. R. M. Patterson, on the same day, reported:

"On visiting the dead-house, I find great negligence in interring the dead, some of the bodies haying lain as many as four days. Such continued negligence must certainly create an epidemic, and measures should be taken for an immediate remedy."

Dr. Reeves, on the 13th, wrote:

"Having visited the different wards, I find the ents in ad condition, a great many leaking, and a great many of the patients lying on the ground, gettng very wet when it rains. Also find rations insufficient. Would most respectfully recommend that straw of some kind be secured for bedding, also some arrangement to raise them off the ground. Without a change in this respect it will be impossible for us to practice with success."

Dr. Wm. Magill, on the same day, reported of his ward division:

"I have carefully examined into the condition of said division, and find, first, that the patients' diet is anything but what it should be; that they are suffering for the want of vegetables. I also find that they are suffering for the want of bunks and bedding, as well as covering—being destitute of all. I also find that the nurses are not as attentive as they should be. I would strongly advise that bunks be immediately prepared and suitable beds and bedding furnished them. The cooking department is very deficient."

Matters grew worse for the poor prisoners, notwithstanding these repeated medical demands for reform.

Dr. A. Thornburg was compelled, on the 15th, to present this horrible report:

"I have inspected the second division carefully, and am sorry to

have again to report the division in a very bad condition. In the first, second and third wards we have no bunks, the patients being compelled to lie on the ground, many of them without blankets, and some of them without clothes. If there are any bedsacks in 'Dixie' it is to be hoped that they will be procured also. We need straw very badly, especially for the fifth ward. *We have men in this ward who are a living, moving mass of putrefaction, and cannot possibly be cured of their wounds unless we can make them more comfortable.* I believe that the medical officers are doing their duty faithfully, also the nurses and attendants. But we experience great difficulty in procuring the medicines prescribed, and, as we have to use mostly indigenous remedies, we cannot use them properly, not having any vessels to prepare them in. Could you not procure a camp-kettle for each ward, to be used for that purpose only? I would also respectfully ask for a half dozen washbasins for the fifth ward for washing purposes—*the ones we have been using for dressing wounds and ulcers are not fit for other uses.* We also need a few barrels for water. Every ward needs mugs for medicines; also bottles."

Dr. J. C. Petot, on the 19th, reported:

"I would again, however, call your attention to the condition of the patients. More than half of the tents are without bunks or bedding, necessarily causing considerable discomfort to the patients. The food is improperly cooked, and I would again suggest the necessity of having cooking arrangements provided for the division. We are in need of about twelve barrels for water for the division; at least one wheelbarrow for each ward, for policing purposes. I would also report an insufficiency of medicines."

On the 20th, Dr. D. W. Massee reported:

"In examining the kitchen or cooking department, *I find the beef in very bad condition, having been blown by flies so long that it was infested with live insects or creepers.* The division is very much in need of more boxes. I respectfully recommend that husks or straw be furnished the patients of the division."

Not even husks or straw, yet, for invalids! On the 29th of August, Dr. W. S. Mills had to say:

"I notice that there are very many of the sick in great need of clothing; this lack is a sad one, and, if possible, clothing should be provided for the most needed cases. I also notice the cooking department is poorly supplied with salt; a scarcity of this article is a fruitful source of bowel affliction. And I would suggest that the gangrene ward be enlarged, as it is quite insufficient to receive all gangrene cases."

And so the sad record of twenty days read. Extend that record over twenty months, and, as the months increased, add daily to the growing shortness of rations and medicines, to the growing scarcity of clothing and bedding, to the growing weakness of the prisoners from starvation, exposure and cruelty, and we have the story of the Andersonville prison-pen, whose keeper was Captain Wirz, whose commanding officer was General Huger, whose department commander was Howell Cobb. May Heaven be more lenient in its decrees against them than they were to the helpless captives consigned to their inhuman care by an inhuman Government!

“SCARBOROUGH, December 3.

“This place is five miles above Millen Junction. A space of ground some three hundred feet square, inclosed by a stockade, without any covering whatsoever, was the hole where thousands of our brave soldiers have been confined for many months past. Exposed to heavy dews, the biting frosts, the pelting rains, without so much as a board, or tent even, to protect those poor naked fellows, who were almost always robbed of their clothing when captured, some of them had adopted a wretched alternative, and dug holes in the ground, into which they crept at times. What wonder that we found the evidence that seven hundred and fifty had died there?

“From what misery did death release them! I can realize it all now, as I could not even when listening to the stories of prisoners who had fled from this hell—escaped the devils in hot pursuit—foiled the keen scent of the track-hounds put upon their path. Here is the uselessly cruel pen where my brothers have been tortured with exposure and starvation. God certainly will visit the authors of all this crime with his terrible lightning. Jeff. Davis knew that the Northern people would see the condition of the victims of Belle Island. How fearful must be the treatment of those who are removed far from the hope of exchange! You at the North may not feel the necessity of retaliation, and may continue to clothe warmly, feed plentifully, and comfortably house the rebel prisoners, who are happier far than if free with their commands; but you must not expect those who have endured and those who may endure these agonies, to feel or act with the same extravagance of generosity.”

## XLII.

### SHERMAN'S GRAND MARCH THOUGH THE CAROLINAS.

THE startling success of the extraordinary march, from Tennessee to the sea, of Sherman's army, was but the prelude of an adventure still more daring and more pregnant with effect upon the life of the Confederacy. The march to Savannah had demonstrated to the blindest devotees of the South their utter helplessness before the Union arms. That demonstration was a victory of more moment than if a great battle had been won, for it pricked the "wind-bag of Southern conceit"—it let light in upon dark places—it cut a burning swath through a region deemed perfectly secure; all of which was good in fruits to the Union cause—sad in results to the people of Georgia. But the second step in the mighty campaign was destined to give the fatal thrust which ended the existence of the Southern Republic; and it stands out, therefore, on the page of history, as one of the few events which will not be permitted to pass from the memory of future generations.

South Carolina, through all the war, up to 1865, had escaped unscathed in her territory save in the loss of her sea islands. The State which, of all others, was most responsible for the rebellion had suffered least. The desolated homes of Virginia, the guerrilla-haunted counties of Tennessee and Kentucky, the gunboat surveillance of Louisiana and Mississippi—all presented a distant picture of war to her people; and, not having tasted the fruits of blood, save in their losses in a distant army, the people were as haughty, as fierce, as defiant as in the beginning. Said the *Charleston Mercury* when referring to Georgia's powerlessness before

Sherman's legion: "South Carolina don't intend to be conquered. She intends to fight. She don't intend to be hampered and turned over to the enemy. It is the imbecile who is sick at heart; it is the coward whose stomach is weak. We want no child's play." And yet, in a few days' time, the capital of their State was consumed. Charleston had fallen like a helpless, frightened invalid, and the Palmetto State was "under the heel of the despot" in a manner to feel every nail in that mailed foot.

Having recuperated and re-enforced his ranks, Sherman was ready, by the middle of January, for his truly hazardous and heavy enterprise, which was nothing less than a march through the heart of South and North Carolina, a junction with forces from Newbern, and a march upon Richmond from Raleigh—all part and plot of Grant's plan for capturing the entire Confederate army, and thus to end the long contest.

About the 16th of January, 1865, the 17th Corps and three divisions of the 15th Corps were conveyed in transports from Savannah to Beaufort, from whence the 17th marched to Pocotaligo, where they had a slight encounter with the enemy, but soon took the fort with the loss of a few men. Brevet Major-General Corse, Fourth division, 15th Corps, took up his line of march with the left wing, which crossed the Savannah at Sister's ferry. It was also the intention to send the Third division by land across the Savannah river and an estuary of the sea at Union Causeway, but the flooding of the country by the heavy rains and freshets forced them to cross in transports. The same cause retarded also the general advance of the army, which was to take place about the 20th of the month. The fall of rain, which was the heaviest remembered in Savannah, flooded the whole country, converting it into one sea.

Some of the troops who had commenced their march were forced to bivouac on rice swamps and islands for several days, being unable to advance or retire. In some cases supplies had to be conveyed to them in boats. So intense was

the flood that the country was covered for miles. The men were up to their waists on the plantations, the pontoons on the river were swept away—even some men and teams were lost. The 14th Corps and two divisions of the 20th Corps had fared in like manner. Geary's division remained in the city until he was relieved by Major-General Grover, who now assumed command.

On the 26th of January, the 20th and 14th Corps took up their line of march toward Sister's ferry, along the Georgia side of the river.

On the evening of the 29th, the 17th Corps, commanded by Major-General Frank Blair, broke camp around Pocotaligo and moved toward the Combahee river, resuming their march next day on the right of the Savannah and Charleston railroad, where they had some slight skirmishing with the rebel cavalry, whom they shelled out of the woods on the opposite side of the river.

The 15th Corps, commanded by Major-General John A. Logan, took up their line of march along the Beaufort road, and encamped on the night of the 20th between the railroad and McPhersonville.

The Army of the Tennessee rested on the 31st to allow the left wing to come up, and also to have all delayed troops and supplies join their command.

According to the plan, the Army of the Tennessee was to take the right wing—the 17th Corps moving on the extreme right, and the 15th Corps on the right centre—taking up their line of march from their temporary encampments around Beaufort and Pocotaligo, along the roads between the Coosawhatchie and the Combahee rivers.

The Army of the Cumberland, under Major-General Slocum, occupied the left, the 20th Corps the left centre, and the 14th Corps the extreme left—both marching from Savannah on the right of the Georgia Central railroad, crossing at Lester's ferry and Union causeway, then keeping to the right until they formed a junction with the Army of the Tennessee. Kilpatrick's cavalry operated partly in front and

partly in flank of the left wing, and extending well in on the river.

General Sherman travelled for the most part with the left wing. As to his intentions and destination, they appeared a mystery to all. He really had no definite course laid down, for his movements were to be controlled by those of the enemy. Had he struck right for Charleston the enemy could concentrate and mass in his front, thus retarding his march and forcing him to a general engagement, which he did not wish to bring on, for he was too far from his base, and not in a condition to care for his wounded. The same would hold good had he moved for Augusta, or any special place. He moved his army in two columns, each strong enough to resist any force the enemy could bring against it; yet moving near enough to concentrate should a large force threaten either. Their separate movement fooled the enemy. They had to detach their forces to try and keep him in check. By Sherman's masterly movements they soon found themselves isolated and helpless. Sherman's object was first to destroy the network of railroads running through South Carolina, connecting Charleston with Richmond, Augusta, Columbia, and other important points. In this he soon fully succeeded, compelling them to evacuate Charleston, and rendering Augusta and other points of no military value to the enemy.

The following chronology of the Carolina campaign, prepared by a correspondent of the *New York Herald* who accompanied the expedition, presents its general features at a glance:

#### JANUARY.

16th—Right wing (15th and 17th Corps) transferred from Savannah to Beaufort.

20th—Left wing left Savannah, marching on either side of the Savannah river toward Augusta.

23d—General Sherman transferred headquarters from Savannah to Beaufort.

25th—Left wing delayed by rains in camp, seven miles from Savannah.

26th—Left wing at Springfield.

27th—Advance of left wing reached Sister's ferry.

29th—Right wing moved from Pocotaligo toward the Combahee river. Left wing in camp at Sister's ferry delayed by rains and high water.

30th—Right wing moving along Savannah and Charleston railroad, and between the railroad and McPhersonville encountering small parties of rebel cavalry. Left wing at Sister's ferry.

31st—Right wing at McPhersonville. Left wing at Sister's ferry.

FEBRUARY.

1st—Right wing moved from McPhersonville toward Hickory Hill. Left wing still water-and-mud bound at Sister's ferry.

3d—Right wing moved to Brighton's bridge, over the Salkehatchie, when the enemy made resistance to the passage of the stream and burned the bridge.

4th—Right wing effected passage of the Salkehatchie. Left wing moved across the Savannah.

5th—Right wing crossed Whippy swamp. Left wing moved to Brighton, which had been burned by the rebel cavalry.

6th—Advance of the right wing fought Wheeler at Orange church on the Little Salkehatchie.

7th—Right wing at Bamburg, and midway on Charleston and Augusta railroad. Left wing moved to Lawtonville, which was burned by the 20th Corps.

8th—Right wing crossed the South Edisto river. Left wing in camp at Lawtonville.

9th—Right wing at Grahamsville. Left wing reached Allendale.

10th—Right wing crossed North Edisto river. Left wing reached Fiddle Pond, or Barnwell.

11th—Right wing captured Orangeburg. Left wing marched through Barnwell, which was left in ashes, and encamped three miles from White Pond station.

12th—Right wing made a rapid march from Orangeburg toward the Congaree. The left wing tore up ten miles of the Charleston and Augusta railroad.

13th—Left wing crossed the South Edisto river.

14th—Left wing crossed the North Edisto river.

15th—Right wing effected a passage of the Congaree, and began shelling Columbia. General Carlin, in the advance of the left wing, skirmished with the rebels near Lexington, capturing and burning the town.

16th—The right wing confronting Columbia. Left wing marched to Hart's ferry, on the Saluda river, and crossed.

17th—Right wing occupied Columbia. Same night Columbia was burned. Left wing reached the Broad river.

18th—Right wing in camp at Columbia, and left wing in camp on Broad river.

19th—Left wing crossed the Broad, and destroyed Greenville and Columbia railroad, camping near Alston.

20th—Right wing left Columbia, destroying railroad to Winnsboro'. Left wing moved to and crossed Little river.

21st—The whole army was concentrated at Winnesboro', thus leading Johnston to suppose that it was Sherman's intention to push upon Charlotte.

22d—Right wing engaged in the passage of the Wateree river at Pay's ferry. Left wing tore up the railroad above Winnesboro', and moved to Youngsville.

23d—Right wing on Lynch creek. Left wing reached Rocky Mount, Catawba river.

24th—Part of the left wing crossed the Catawba (or Wateree) river.

25th—Right wing captured Camden. Left wing passing Catawba river.

27th—Left wing still engaged in difficult passage of the Catawba. General Carlin had a fight with Wheeler's cavalry.

28th—Right wing moved from Camden toward Cheraw, encamping on Lynch's creek, and halting for three days, waiting for the left wing, delayed at the Catawba river, to get up.

#### MARCH.

1st—Left wing moved to Hanging Rock.

2d—Left wing marched to Horton's ferry, or Lynch's creek.

3d—The left wing being up, the whole army crossed Lynch's creek.

4th—Right wing captured Cheraw. Left wing crossed Thompson's creek.

5th—Right wing and part of the left crossed the Great Pedee river. Davis' corps, of the left wing, moved up to Sneesboro'.

6th—Davis crossed the Great Pedee, and the whole army was massed to move on Fayetteville.

7th—Left wing moved to near Downing river.

8th—Right wing at Laurel Hill.

9th—The whole army marched on several roads converging at Fayetteville to within twenty miles of the place.

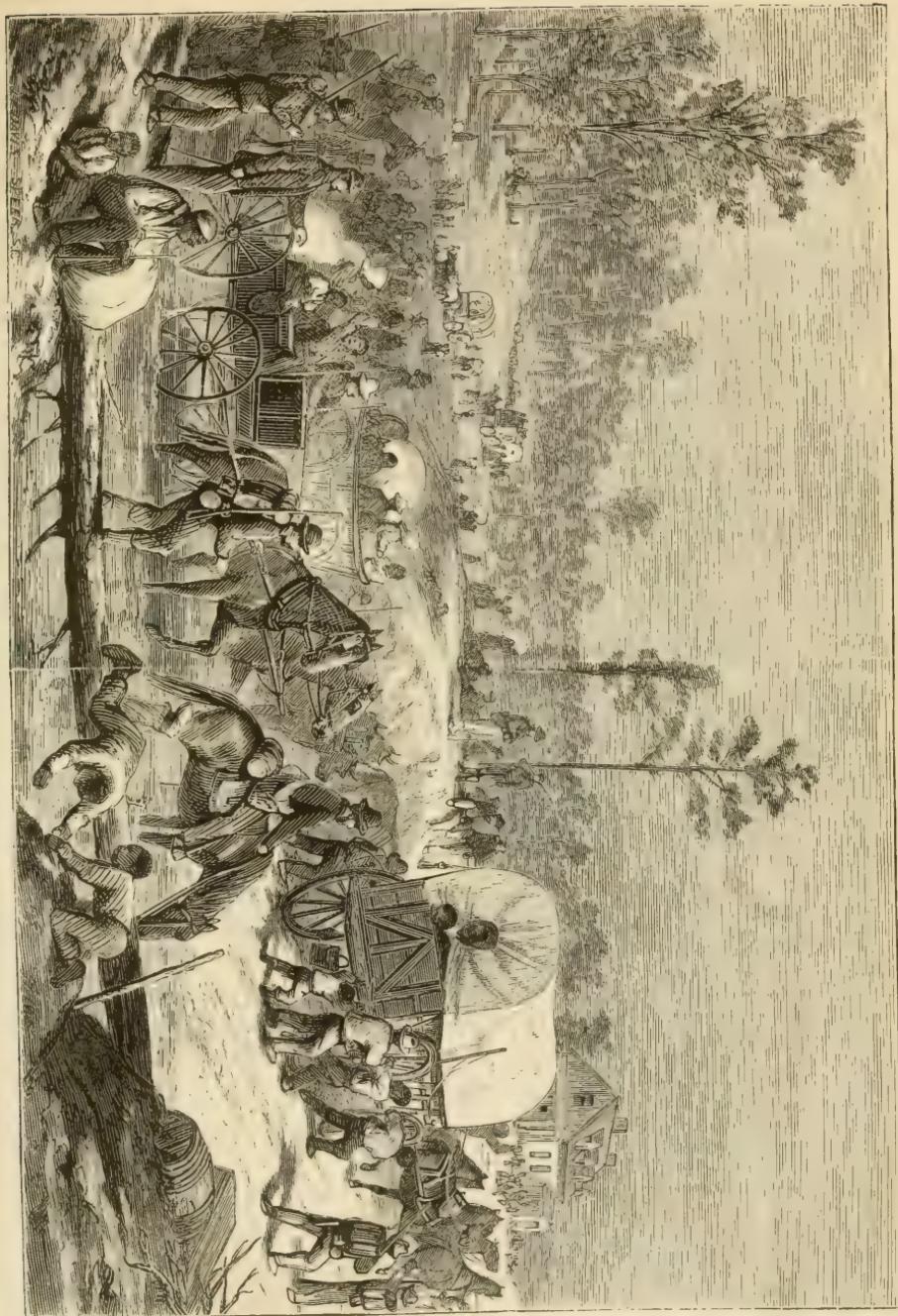
10th—Marched to within ten miles of Fayetteville in line of battle, anticipating an engagement with Hardee. Kilpatrick's cavalry struck the rear of Hardee's retreating forces near Fayetteville, and engaged Hampton in one of the finest cavalry battles of the war.

11th—The whole army entered Fayetteville, having been engaged in the campaign for fifty-four days, and having marched four hundred and forty-three miles.

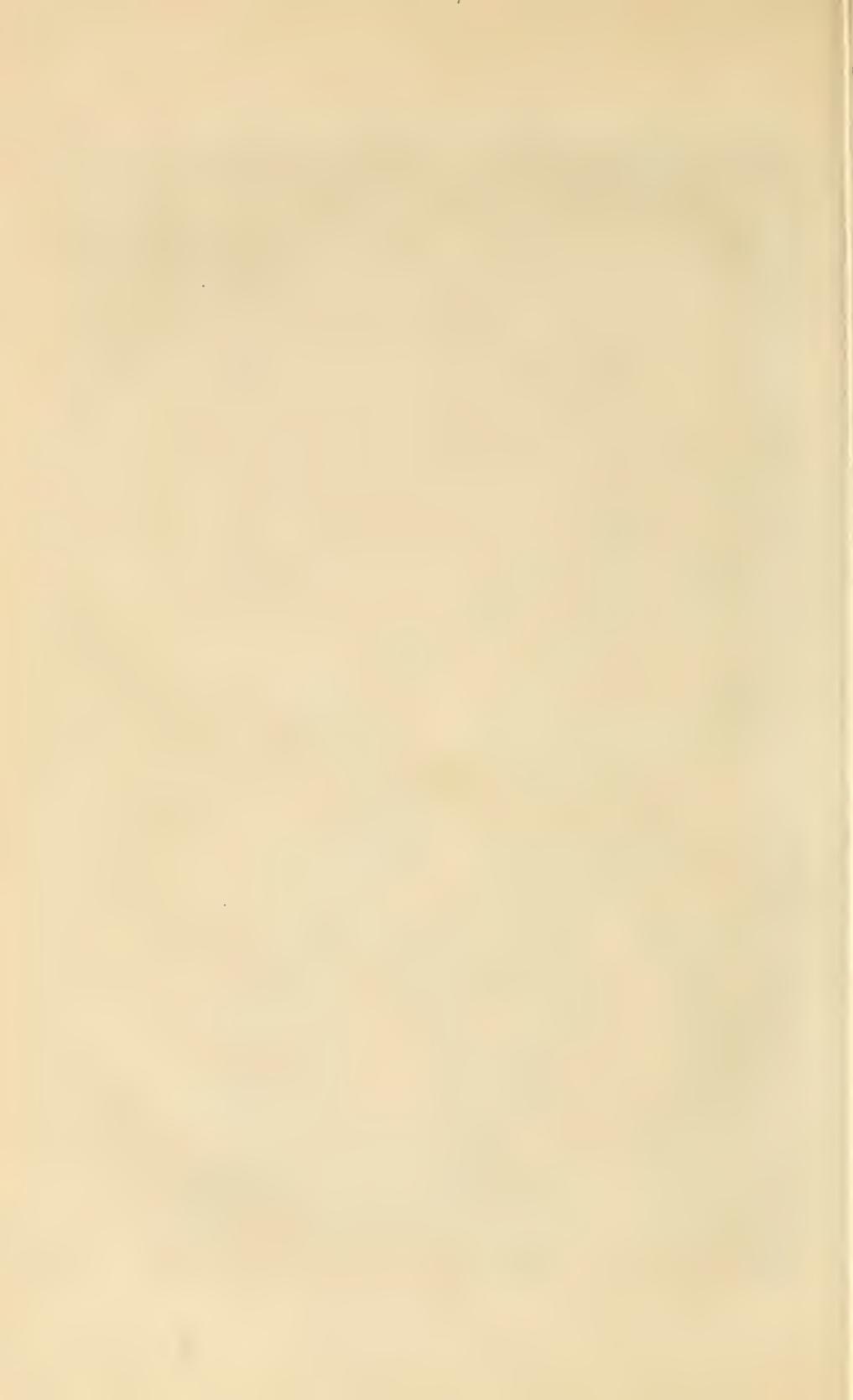
Sherman's powers as a strategist were fully tasked on this eventful march. With the forces of Johnston, Bragg, Hardee, Hampton, Hill, Cheatham, S. D. Lee, Wheeler and Butler, numbering about forty thousand men all told, scattered over South and North Carolina, from Augusta to Charleston and Wilmington, with an abundance of railways to enable them to concentrate and deliver battle, it is indeed marvelous how he could have avoided a pitched battle, and safely conducted his forces to the point of junction with Schofield's forces. Twenty out of the fifty days' march were days of rain; the roads, consequently, were deep with mud, and the rivers swollen to their fullest capacity. Yet

steadily on his lines swept, leaving behind them and on their flank terrible evidences of the cost of John C. Calhoun's philosophy to South Carolina. His first moves were directed to baffling the forces set to watch and harrass his march. He therefore made it appear that Charleston was the point aimed at, and the rebel forces at once began to concentrate at Branchville and below. But suddenly Slocum was pushed up toward Augusta. The enemy now believed that Sherman's feint was with the right wing, and the blow would come from the left. Cheatham's and Hill's corps, withdrawn from the front of the right wing, posted off to Augusta, and commenced digging. While Slocum demonstrated against Augusta, Howard easily seized the Charleston and Branchville and the Branchville and Columbia railroads, severing communications; then Slocum suddenly turned to the right, and, leaving the main rebel force digging dirt at Augusta, hurried forward upon Columbia, cutting all the railways, burning all the bridges, tearing up the Virginia and South Carolina railway, and leaving a starved and smoking wilderness behind him for the enemy's inheritance, should he turn to follow.

Columbia's fall was a sad humiliation for the haughty proprietary, but its smouldering ruins proved how dead in earnest was the lion whom they so long had bearded and taunted and scorned. Leaving it behind, the invading army concentrated at Winnesboro'. Freed from the necessity of defense of Charleston and Columbia, Johnston held his entire forces in hand to oppose Sherman's further progress. Feeling assured by the concentration at Winnesboro' that Charlotte, in North Carolina, was the next point of attack, Johnston uncovered Fayetteville and Goldsboro', to confront the invader and crush him by a close-quarter fight. How wofully he was again mistaken he soon learned, when from Rocky Mount and Camden, on the Wateree, the two wings moved rapidly upon Cheraw, on the Great Pedee river. From thence, again massing his lines east of Sneesboro', above Cheraw, Sherman pushed on for Fayetteville *via* Lau-



SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA. "HIS REAR GUARD."



rel Hill. Hardie and Wade Hampton were at Fayetteville, but fled—"retired"—toward Goldsboro', but not until the thunderbolt of Kilpatrick's cavalry had been launched upon their rear, when Hampton had a sharp taste of Federal steel.

The captures of this expedition, up to the 11th of March, were very heavy. The train of refugees, white and black, which "fell in" with the lines, soon became very burdensome. From every quarter they came, in all manner of vehicles—on horses, mules, oxen and cows—afoot, or carried on compassionate shoulders—loaded with everything conceivable to eat, drink, wear and housekeep—as happy as the Israelites after the passage of the Red sea; for, like them, were they not passing to the Promised Land? When the army reached Fayetteville these people numbered nearly or quite *twenty thousand*, for whom Sherman had to provide not only food but a safe passage. The more *material* captures a correspondent thus enumerated:

"Besides compelling them to evacuate Charleston, we destroyed Columbia, Orangeburg, and several other places; also over fifty miles of their chief lines of railroad, and thousands of bales of cotton. At Columbia we captured forty-three cannon, two hundred thousand cartridges, ten tons of powder, nine thousand rounds of fixed ammunition, about ten thousand muskets, over one hundred Government presses, besides an immense amount of public stores, locomotives, rolling stock, and other kinds of Government stores too numerous to mention. At Cheraw we took twenty-five cannon, eight caissons, and two travelling forges, besides a large quantity of Government stores of various kinds in the arsenal and elsewhere. At Fayetteville we took seventeen cannon, besides a large quantity of Government stores of various kinds in the arsenal and elsewhere. This makes eighty-five cannon (one-third of which were field pieces) with carriages, caissons and all complete. We captured about twenty-five thousand animals on our line of march."

Communicating with Wilmington by means of a gun-boat—which, at great hazard and with commendable skill, was run up the river to Fayetteville—Sherman at once opened the river for supplies from below. Wilmington having but a few weeks previously fallen by the united assault of Terry's division of Grant's army and the fleet under Ad-

miral Porter, became, for the moment, a base of supplies, while Terry's troops moved to join Sherman's army, which at once prepared to disencumber itself of refugees, plunder, etc., in order to confront the growing danger on their front. Johnston, foiled in his hope to fall upon the Federal host at Charlotte, swung his lines around Raleigh and Goldsboro'. There, being joined by Bragg's and Breckenridge's commands and re-enforcements from Richmond, he arranged for a stroke which, it was confidently prophesied in Richmond, would first drive Schofield back in his advance from Newbern, and then, by falling upon Sherman, so cripple him as to prevent his further onward progress, and send him back toward the sea.

To this consummation the enemy now bent all his energies, assisted by the authorities in Richmond to their fullest extent. The terrible progress, however, of Sheridan in his great raid to the north and west of the rebel capital—another one of Grant's grand diversions to cripple the army of Lee in supplies, and to keep the rebels from concentrating upon Sherman—rendered it unsafe to spare many men for operations in North Carolina; and Johnston found his entire strength, distributed from Raleigh to Kinston, to be less than forty thousand men.

Sherman soon was on the war path again. March 14th he left Fayetteville to march upon Goldsboro' and Raleigh. Before evacuating the town he made complete work of the destruction of the extensive arsenal at that place. This arsenal contained all the valuable material taken from the Harper's Ferry arsenal, and was the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in the South. The buildings were torn down, the machinery destroyed, and all the tenement buildings burned.

In addition to this destruction, every cotton mill in Fayetteville—four or five in number—and several on the Rockfish creek, were destroyed. These were all very large factories, turning out vast amounts of material for clothing the rebel army. The building occupied by the Bank of the

State of North Carolina, the residence of Mrs. M. Banks, a widow lady, and the elegant place of Mr. E. J. Hale, proprietor of the *Observer* newspaper, together with the newspaper establishment itself, and several old warehouses, were burned through the wantonness of the hangers-on of the army.

Six small stern-wheel river steamers were burned at the wharf, but whether by our troops or rebel stragglers does not appear. They were the *Dawson*, *Chatham*, *Flora*, *Kate*, *Caswell* and *Clarendon*. The *North Carolina* and *Hurt* were saved, and were dispatched to Wilmington, loaded with refugees. The negroes were consigned to Saxton, and soon found safe quarters on the sea islands.

Schofield moved upon Kinston March 7th, and after a series of sharp engagements with Bragg's forces under Generals Hoke and Hill, compelled the enemy to retire (March 10th) in considerable haste. The place was then fully occupied and immediate communication opened with Terry and Sherman's right wing. Sherman left to Schofield the occupancy of Goldsboro', which, like many other places, was won by strategy. It was occupied without opposition, by Schofield, on the evening of March 25th. Sherman's feint by dispatching Slocum's column toward Raleigh compelled Johnston to draw in his lines for a final struggle, as he supposed, at and around Raleigh. Slocum's advance was obstinately contested by Johnston in person, having in hand Hardee's and Bragg's troops.

At Averysboro', on the 16th, the enemy was found in strong force occupying hastily fortified lines running from the Cape Fear river to the Black river, and covering the forks of the main roads—one leading to Raleigh, and the other to Goldsboro'. A very severe and bloody struggle occurred, in which Kilpatrick's cavalry suffered severely. The horrible condition of the roads and the boggy nature of the country rendered supporting movements incredibly hard. Sherman in person was with the command, and only by the most Herculean exertions could the battle have been fought.

It was fought, however, and the enemy was both flanked and forced from his well-laid lines. On the morning of the 17th it was found that he had abandoned the place, and the line of march was continued on the Goldsboro' road—the "bummers" always on the advance. These "bummers"—who were a full brigade strong—were a set of army hangers-on—a self-organized band of adventurers and plunderers, whose reckless daring in keeping in advance of the main column served Sherman's purpose so well that he let the hardy rascals have their own way. These *avant couriers* came upon the enemy in force at and around Bentonville, when they sent back word to General Carlin, Sherman's advance, to that effect. A battle followed on the 19th, in which Slocum's two corps were held steadily on Johnston's front, and finally were driven back over a mile. Things looked a little "squally" as the day closed. Sherman, however, by moving the two columns of Slocum and Howard within easy supporting distance, had the latter on hand on the 20th, when Johnston was driven in upon Bentonville, and on the night of the 20th again decamped, leaving all of his wounded, and all the Federal wounded whom he had captured on the 19th, in the town.

This left the way to Goldsboro' free from obstruction, and a junction of all the columns was made at that point. Sherman, thus placed, to co-operate with Grant in the final attack upon Richmond, departed for City Point, Va., where a grand conference of commands was held, March 27th, and 28th, Mr. Lincoln also being present. It was hardly ended before the two grand corps of Meade and Ord were moving for the final assault on Richmond, whose doom was sealed by that final culmination of Grant's far-reaching plans. And yet, with the pertinacity of insane men, and the wisdom of fools, the enemy were even then shouting victory. On the 25th, the Richmond *Whig* said:

"The check administered by Johnston to Sherman at Bentonville interferes essentially with the campaign of that cockawhoope leader and the combinations of Grant. The part assigned to Sherman was

the destruction of the railroad communications through central North Carolina, the crowding back toward Richmond of our forces in that State, and the narrowing by this means of the area of supply to General Lee to such a degree that the withdrawal of his forces from this city would be inevitable. It is some time since the attempt to take this city by direct assault has been abandoned, and the grand scheme undertaken of bringing to bear upon it a force from the south strong enough to overcome all opposition, cut off all communication, and by gradual constriction compress it into surrender."

All of which plans the *Whig* announced were frustrated, and one more blow on Sherman would scatter the enemies of the Confederacy to the winds. The *Richmond Sentinel*, of the same date, said :

"The prestige of the blustering bluffer is lost. He has been called, and his hand is disclosed, and his weakness is patent. Our men feel now that they can whip him, and they mean to do it. Here, on North Carolina soil they mean to bring his presumptuous carcer to a close. He has no resources to draw upon; his full strength has been developed, and is insufficient; while General Johnston is awaking enthusiasm from Virginia to Mississippi. The tone of the public confidence is daily improving, and all except the contemptible tories, who harbor the desire of their country's overthrow, are elated at prospect of the coming victories. At the last accounts Sherman had gone to digging, and a merry time he will have this summer in digging his way through the pine forests of North Carolina. About his present location he will find whortleberries the chief fruit, and mosquitos a local population."

Had the fellows who penned such stuff realized that, even as they wrote, the very hour of their doom was sealed, it would have made no change in their gasconade. It was by such monstrous and systematic deception, practiced throughout the war, that the rebel troops were kept in heart. The Southern rank and file were lured into the struggle by falsehood, they were kept in the ranks by deception, and were, eventually, crushed, still believing in their power to cope with energies vast enough to crush out two such armies as Lee could command.

## XLIII.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

FOR many months the tireless Grant had been carrying forward his grandly conceived plans for the final annihilation of the Confederates' only remaining army. Shut up within the almost impregnable defenses of Richmond, Lee's army was secure until his sources of supply could be destroyed, and that could only be accomplished, fully, by the appearance of Sherman at Raleigh. When it was rendered assured that Sherman would fulfil his task and be at Raleigh in the early weeks of April, Sheridan was dispatched from Winchester with orders to make a sudden rush up the Shenandoah valley, scatter the forces of Early and Rosser then at Staunton, move on toward Lynchburg, destroying railways and bridges on the way, commit all the havoc possible between Lynchburg and Richmond, then make a rush for Grant's lines by way of Hanover and the White House.

All of which was successfully and thoroughly accomplished, and Lee was given a staggering blow by the severance of one of his main avenues of supply. Sheridan's movements were thus noticed, at the time, when his troopers were announced as having arrived (March 19th) in safety at White House, on the Pamunkey:

"He advanced to within fifteen miles of Lynchburg, and came within twelve of Richmond. Not a bridge is left on the James between the two cities, and not a railroad bridge between Staunton and Charlottesville.

"His destruction of the canal is thorough. One viaduct could not be rebuilt in six months in time of peace. In one or two places the river was turned into the canal, and washed it out fifteen feet below the level for miles.

"He carried consternation everywhere, and mystified the rebels by

the celerity of his movements. The roads were the worst ever traversed or conceived, and the mud indescribably deep. The enemy thought it impossible for him to pass over some of them, and reckoned accordingly.

"His men will soon be ready for anything."

He did not rest there long, for Grant's final movement for the possession of the railways west of Petersburg was ordered even before the arrival of Sherman at the City Point conference, March 27th. Sheridan was given the initiatory and the advance in this important step, with orders to move around Petersburg and destroy the South Side railroad. Foreseeing that this must bring on a general engagement, Grant made disposition, accordingly, by ordering his whole available force into the field, and placing them on a line which would render an opening by Sheridan a signal for the grand stroke for the rebel capital. Sheridan was immediately supported by the 5th Corps, which was also placed under his command. The 2d Corps stood next on the right; then were to follow the 24th, 25th, 6th and 9th Corps. Grant, in person, was on the ground, with the advance.

March 29th, the powerful cavalry force of Sheridan "opened the ball" by moving out on the Jerusalem plank road, and thence across the Weldon railway into the Vaughn road to Dinwiddie C. H. The enemy soon was upon him in such force that, on the 31st, in a severely contested fight, Sheridan's divisions were driven in from their several positions, and night found them in closer quarters than was desirable. But the morrow brought a change; for by that time the divisions of Merritt, Devin, Custer, and the command of Major-General Crooks, were well in hand, and advanced promptly to their work, while the 5th Corps had got on the ground, ready for action. The enemy, after severe labor and much loss, was pressed in upon the position known as the Five Fork, where a heavy battle was fought, April 1st, the opening of the great series by which the rebel capital was won, Lee's army captured, and the end of the Confederacy determined. The first assault of the cavalry was

not sustained by the 5th Corps troops, and proved a failure; whereupon Sheridan assumed the leadership in person, and, by a tremendous burst of strength, carried the enemy's works with a completeness which rendered escape impossible for about five thousand of their number. It was a terrific struggle, contested by the rebels with the resolution of desperation. The enemy's force consisted of the infantry divisions of Anderson, Pickett, and the cavalry divisions of Generals Fitz Hugh Lee, and W. H. Lee. Sheridan's wild valor and magnificent generalship on this day proved him to be equal to almost any emergency.

About four thousand prisoners were secured on the field, and the pursuit at once pressed as rapidly as the deep mud would permit. Mr. Lincoln still remained at City Point to watch and wait the issue of the mighty struggle which seemed at hand. With him Grant was in constant communication by telegraph, and through him the country was kept fully informed of the results of each movement as they were determinated.

The 2d Corps, General Humphrey, conjoined the line of the 5th Corps, and was also severely engaged with Bushrod Johnson's division, of A. P. Hill's corps. Miles' division did the fighting chiefly, and with perfect success, driving in the enemy and securing about three hundred prisoners.

All this uncovered the South Side railroad, and afforded the moment for the anticipated attack along the whole line, reaching from the front of Petersburg around its north side and to the position won by Sheridan and Warren. On the night of the 1st the order went forth, and a tremendous cannonade followed, during the latter part of the night, upon the enemy's several fortified positions covering the numerous approaches. The assault followed, at daybreak on the 2d. The dispatches from Mr. Lincoln to the War Department, which now announced results of these important movements, tell their own story so well that they should be given. How they electrified the country can hardly be imagined:

"CITY POINT, VA., April 2, 1865—8.30 A. M.

"*Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

"Last night General Grant telegraphed that General Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th Corps, had captured three brigades of infantry, a train of wagons, and several batteries—the prisoners amounting to several thousand.

"This morning, General Grant having ordered an attack along the whole line, telegraphs as follows:

"Both Wright and Parke got through the enemy's lines. The battle now rages furiously. General Sheridan, with his cavalry, the 5th Corps, and Miles' division, of the 2d Corps, which was sent to him this morning, is now sweeping down from the west.

"All now looks highly favorable. General Ord is engaged, but I have not yet heard the result in his front. A. LINCOLN."

"11 A. M.—Dispatches are frequently coming in. All is going on finely. General Parke's, Wright's and Ord's lines are extending from the Appomattox to Hatcher's run. They have all broken through the enemy's intrenched lines, taking some forts, guns and prisoners.

"Sheridan, with his own cavalry, the 5th Corps, and part of the 2d, is coming in from the west on the enemy's flank. Wright is already tearing up the South Side railroad."

"2 P. M.—At 10.45 A. M., General Grant telegraphs as follows:

"Everything has been carried from the left of the 9th Corps. The 6th Corps alone captured more than three thousand prisoners. The 2d and 24th Corps captured forts, guns and prisoners from the enemy, but I cannot tell the numbers. We are now closing around the works of the line immediately enveloping Petersburg. All looks remarkably well. I have not yet heard from Sheridan. His headquarters have been moved up to Banks' House, near the Boydton road, about three miles southwest of Petersburg."

"8.30 P. M.—At 4.34 P. M. to-day, General Grant telegraphs as follows:

"We are now up, and have a continuous line of troops, and in a few hours will be entrenched from the Appomattox below Petersburg to the river above. The whole captures since the army started out will not amount to less than twelve thousand men, and probably fifty pieces of artillery; I do not know the number of men and guns accurately, however. A portion of Foster's division (24th Corps) made a most gallant charge this afternoon, and captured a very important fort from the enemy with its entire garrison.

"All seems well with us, and everything is quiet just now."

It was evident to the country that the crisis had indeed

come. The wildest rumors flew from city to city. Each hour word was passed along the wires of Richmond's fall; but that event, though really consummated by the result of the day's work (April 2d), was not officially announced until the next day, when the following telegrams told the glad story :

“CITY POINT, VA., Monday, April 3—9.30 A. M.

“*To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

“This morning Lieutenant-General Grant reports Petersburg evacuated, and he is confident that Richmond also is evacuated.

“He is pushing forward to cut off, if possible, the retreating rebel army.

A. LINCOLN.”

“CITY POINT, VA., Monday, April 3—11 A. M.

“*To Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

“General Wietzel telegraphs as follows :

“We took Richmond at 8.15 this morning. I captured many guns, the enemy left in great haste. The city is on fire in one place. Am making every effort to put it out.

“The people receive us with enthusiastic expressions of joy.

“General Grant started early this morning with the army toward the Danville road, to cut off Lee's retreating army, if possible.

“President Lincoln has gone to the front.

T. S. BOWERS, A. A. Gen.”

Then followed in the North such rejoicings as few men ever will live again to witness, and in the South, such dismay as only guilty men, foiled in a gigantic scheme of villainy, can feel. Then, also, commenced that wonderful race for escape on the part of Lee, and the splendid services of Sheridan and his supporting corps in cutting off the retreat, to secure Grant's long expected prize—the whole of Lee's army. The story of the pursuit and final capture of the Confederate host, the interview between Grant and Lee, and the particulars of the surrender were thus graphically narrated by a correspondent who witnessed the memorable circumstance. Writing under date of April 12th, he said :

“When Lee began his retreat he crossed the Appomattox and moved westwardly with rapidity, while Grant followed with part of his force directly in Lee's rear, and with the remainder of his infantry and Sheridan's cavalry, he struck out parallel with and on both sides

of the South Side railroad, for Burkesville, fifty-three miles west of Petersburg, where the Danville road crosses the South Side railroad. By the most Herculean efforts, the troops being cheered by the prospect of cutting off the rebel retreat, our forces reached Burkesville first, and the Danville railroad was no longer available to Lee. In the meantime Sheridan had most sorely harrassed Lee's several retreating columns, and at Harper's Farm, on Thursday afternoon last, with the assistance of the 5th and 6th Corps, completely cut off and captured Ewell's entire column of nine thousand men, several general officers, fifteen field pieces of artillery, twenty-nine battle-flags, and six miles of wagon trains.

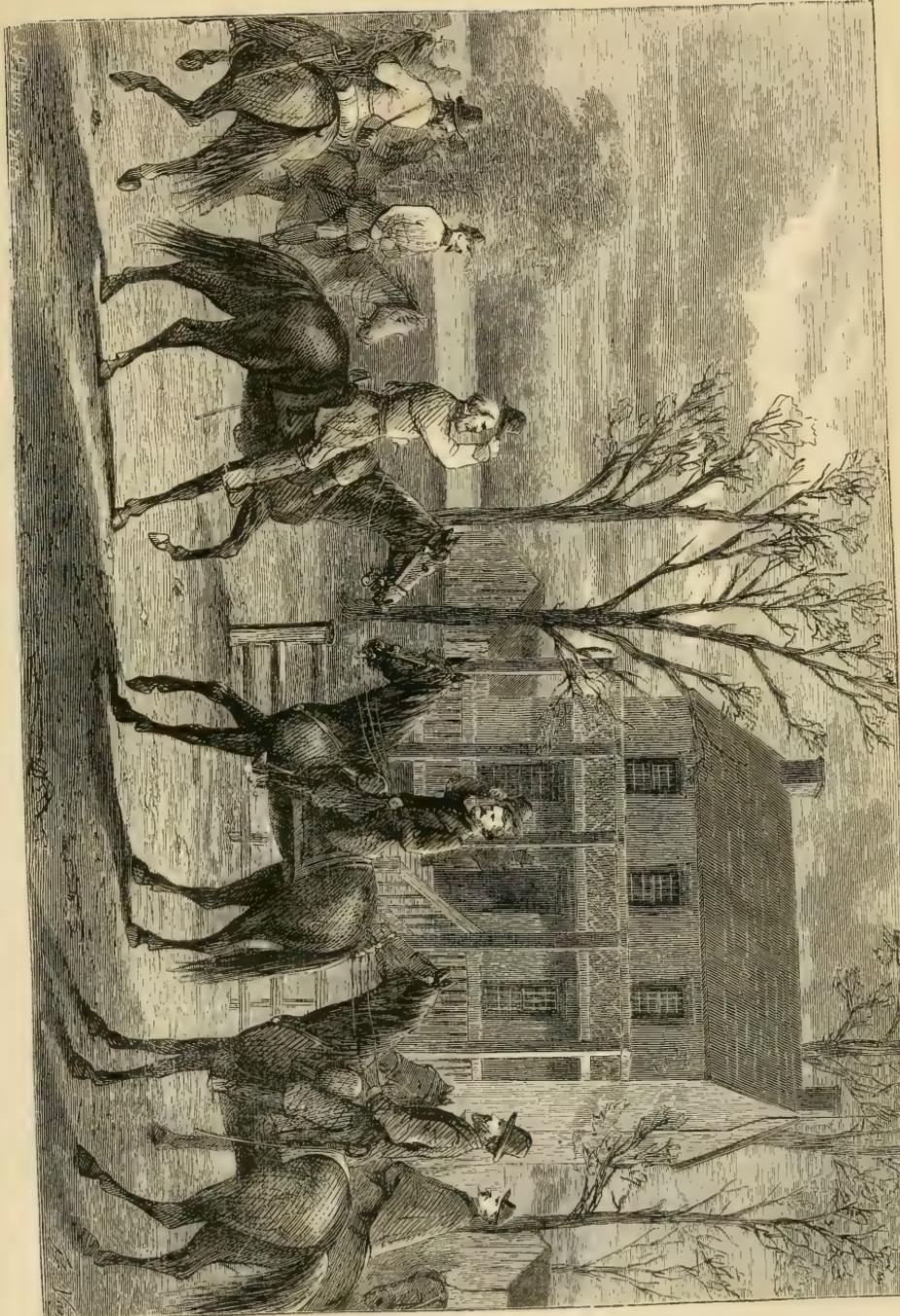
"The details of this engagement are forwarded by your correspondent, Captain Paul, who witnessed it. The Appomattox west of Petersburg is a very crooked stream, and has many tributaries, the country being rough and hilly. Lee was compelled to keep mainly north of the stream, on the line of the old stage road from Lynchburg to Richmond.

"After reaching Burkesville, General Meade, with the greater portion of the Army of the Potomac, took up the pursuit on the north side of the railroad, while Sheridan's cavalry and Ord's 24th Corps moved rapidly along the south side of the road, Sheridan being constantly on Lee's flanks, frequently compelling him to halt and form line of battle, and as often engaging him, cutting off detachments, picking up stragglers, capturing cannon without number, and demoralizing the enemy at every stand. On Friday, at Farmville, sixteen miles west of Burkesville, a considerable engagement occurred, in which the 2d Corps participated largely and suffered some loss. Here General Thomas A. Smith, commanding a brigade in the Second division of the 2d Corps, was killed while on the skirmish line; and in a charge subsequently General Mott, commanding the Third division of the same corps, was wounded. Other troops were brought up, but before they could be re-engaged they were on the retreat again. At High bridge, over the Appomattox, Lee again crossed to the north side of the river, and two of our regiments—the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio—which were sent there to hold the bridge, were captured by a strong rebel cavalry force. The railroad bridge at this point, a very high and long structure, was burned by the enemy. Lee now headed for Lynchburg, in the hope of reaching a point where he could move around the front of our left wing, and escape toward Danville by a road which runs directly south from a point about twenty miles south of Lynchburg. But Grant was too vigorous—the pursuit was too hot. Lee's rear and

flanks were so sorely pressed that he was compelled to skirmish nearly every step, and to destroy or abandon an immense amount of property, while Sheridan was rapidly shooting ahead of him. The position, therefore, on Sunday morning, was one from which Lee could not possibly extricate himself. His army lay massed a short distance west of Appomattox Court-House; his last avenue of escape toward Danville on the southwest was gone; he was completely hemmed in; Meade was in his rear, on the east, and on his right flank north of Appomattox Court-House; Sheridan had headed him off completely, by getting between him and Lynchburg; General Ord was on the south of the court-house, near the railroad; the troops were in the most enthusiastic spirits, and the rebel army was doomed. Lee's last effort to escape was made on Sunday morning, by attempting to cut his way through Sheridan's lines, but he totally failed.

"It will be recollected that General Grant's first letter to Lee was dated on the 7th (Friday), the day of the battle of Farmville, and the correspondence was kept up during the following day, and up to eleven o'clock on Sunday, as already published. In response to General Grant's last letter, General Lee appeared on the picket line of the 2d Corps, Miles' division, with a letter addressed to General Meade, requesting a cessation of hostilities while he considered General Grant's terms of surrender. General Meade replied that he had no authority to accede to the request, but that he would wait two hours before making an attack. In the meantime General Grant sent word to General Meade that he would be up in half an hour, and the matter was turned over to him. A flag of truce proceeded to Appomattox Court-House shortly after noon, and about two o'clock p. m. the two Generals met at the house of Mr. William McLean. General Lee was attended by General Marshal, his Adjutant-General; General Grant by Colonel Parker, one of his chief Aides-de-Camp. The two Generals met and greeted each other with dignified courtesy, and proceeded at once to the business before them. General Lee immediately alluded to the conditions of the surrender, characterized them as exceedingly lenient, and said he would gladly leave the details to General Grant's own discretion. General Grant stated the terms of the parole: that the arms should be stacked, the artillery parked, the supplies and munitions turned over to him, the officers retaining their side-arms, horses and personal effects. General Lee promptly assented to the conditions, and the agreement of surrender was engrossed and signed by General Lee at half past three o'clock.

"General Lee asked General Grant for an interpretation of the phrase 'personal effects,' and said that many of his cavalrymen owned their horses. General Grant said he construed it to mean that the



FIRST MEETING OF GENERALS GRANT AND LEE.

(See page 468.)



horses must be turned over to the United States Government. General Lee admitted the correctness and justness of the interpretation, when General Grant said he would instruct his officers to allow those men who owned their horses to retain them, as they would need them for the purpose of tilling their farms. General Lee expressed a great sense of gratification for such a generous consideration, and said it would have a very good effect. He subsequently expressed a hope that each soldier might be furnished with a certificate of his parole, as evidence to prevent him from being forced into the army until regularly exchanged. General Grant assented to the suggestion, and the printing presses were soon put to work to print the documents required.

"In regard to the strength of his army, General Lee said he had no idea of the number of men he should be able to deliver up. There had been so many engagements, and such heavy losses from desertion and other causes within the past few days, and the retreat so rapid, that no regular morning reports had been made since leaving Petersburg; but it is generally believed by the best informed officers that Lee surrendered eighteen to twenty thousand men. Of the army horses, wagons, etc., there is yet no official account. General Lee informed General Grant that his men were short of provisions, whereupon General Grant ordered twenty-five thousand rations to be distributed to them. Thus, substantially, ended the interview. Both Generals were the very impersonation of dignity and courtesy in their bearing. Lee is in fine health, and though apparently impressed with the vital effect and importance of the act he was performing, he was cheerful and pleasant in his demeanor. The house where the stipulations were signed was a fair brick structure, with neat grounds, and quite neatly furnished. The room in which the interview took place was a comfortable parlor, about eighteen by twenty feet, and adorned by the usual furnishing common to the average of Virginia houses.

Both Generals were attired in full uniform. Lee wore a very fine sword. Grant had no side-arms, having left camp the day previous with the intention of being gone but a few hours, but, on the contrary, being gone all night. When the two Generals first met they were attended only by the staff officers already mentioned; but during the interview several of our officers entered and were introduced to General Lee, who received them cordially, and made no objection to their presence. They were Major-Generals Ord and Sheridan; Brevet Major-General Ingalls; Brigadier-Generals Williams, Rawlins and Barnard; Lieutenant-Colonels Parker, Dent, Bedeau, Bowers, A. A. G. Porter, Babcock, and Captain Lincoln; Tal. P. Shaffner, Esq., was the only civilian present.

"It should be said that General Grant had anticipated the surrender for several days, and had resolved beforehand not to require the same formalities which are required in a surrender between the forces of two foreign nations or belligerent powers; that they were our own people, and to exact no conditions for the purpose of humiliation.

"After the interview, General Lee returned to his own camp, about half a mile distant, where his leading officers were assembled awaiting his return.

"He announced the result and the terms, whereupon they expressed great satisfaction at the leniency of the conditions. They then approached him in order of rank, shook hands, expressing satisfaction at his course and their regret at parting, all shedding tears on the occasion.

"The fact of surrender and the liberal terms were then announced to the troops, and when General Lee appeared among them he was loudly cheered.

"On Monday, between nine and ten o'clock A. M. General Grant and staff rode out in the direction of the rebel lines, and on a hill just beyond the court-house, where a full view of the rebel army could be obtained, General Lee was met, attended by but one staff officer and orderlies. The Generals halted, and, seated on their horses, conversed for nearly an hour upon the prospects of the future, each seeming to realize the mighty influence which the events of the present were to have upon it. General Lee signified very emphatically his desire for a total cessation of hostilities, and indicated his intention to do all in his power to effect that end. The best of good feeling prevailed. This was the last interview between the commanders. General Grant returned to McLean's house, and soon after, Generals Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett and Heth, with a number of staff officers, arrived, and after recognitions and introductions, an hour of very friendly intercourse took place, during which many scenes and incidents of by-gone college days and days of service together in the regular army were revived and retold with much good nature.

"General Grant gave General Lee and his principal officers passes to proceed whither they wished. The parties then separated, and early on Tuesday morning General Grant and staff left the scene of the great event for their headquarters at City Point, arriving at half past four A. M. to-day. General Meade was left in command to superintend the details of the surrender, which would occupy several days, the work of providing each man and officer with an individual parole being a slow and tedious one. Part of them are written and part printed on the little printing presses which accompany the headquarters.

"Thus, in exactly two weeks, to almost an hour, from the time General Grant and staff broke up their headquarters at City Point for the Spring campaign, they return with that campaign not only complete, but the entire opposing army destroyed and the war substantially closed. The complete character of the destruction of Lee's army thus accomplished, forcibly appears from these facts, viz.: That when the operations began two weeks ago, his army numbered not less than sixty-five thousand men; that we have captured from him twenty-five thousand prisoners; that his killed and wounded are not less than fourteen thousand; and that the balance of the army deserted on the retreat, or fell into our hands at the surrender.

"The congratulations at headquarters this morning were very hearty."

The congratulations must, indeed, have been hearty. To Grant—the patient, tireless, hopeful, far-seeing and self-confident man—it must have been a sublime moment; for, not only was his great victory won, but the end of the rebellion came with that terrible, annihilating blow.

The closing in of Sherman around Raleigh left no hope for the only remaining rebel army under Johnston, while the pressure of the irrepressible Stoneman, off to the west, on the roads leading into East Tennessee, blocked up that avenue of escape—so comprehensive and yet minute had been Grant's magnificent plans.

Johnston, therefore, could do nothing else than surrender; for to fight the combined armies of Sherman, Schofield and Terry was mere madness, dispirited and demoralized as his men were by Lee's defeat, and the presence in their vicinity of all that was left of the rebel Government, ready to seek refuge in a flight to Texas. Davis and Breckenridge both counseled Johnston to the surrender, and the latter as Secretary of War, was present at the second conference held between Johnston and Sherman to assist his General in obtaining terms. The movement of Sherman after his return from the conference with Grant at City Point were directed upon Raleigh, to throw his forces across Lee's line of retreat, should the rebel leader succeed in escaping Grant's clutches. With this view he moved from Goldsboro', but had hardly done so when informed that Raleigh was abandoned by

Johnston. April 12th, a committee of citizens of the place proceeded to Sherman's headquarters at Clayton Station and formally surrendered the city. April 13th, Kilpatrick—ever the *avant courier* of that all-conquering host—entered and took possession, amid the real, heart-felt rejoicings of the people, who had for days lived in a state of terror from the brutal conduct of the rebels in possession. Kilpatrick entered the town to find some of Wheeler's miscreants at their usual work of pillage and murder. He soon had the scoundrels flying before his troopers, and the First division of the 14th Corps, General C. C. Walcott, marching in, soon had the city under severe police regulation. This incident, one of many which happened, was reported:

"After the city had been formally surrendered, and while Kilpatrick was marching through the town, an officer belonging to Wheeler's command, who, with some of his men, were engaged in plundering a store near the Market House, rushed into the street and fired his revolver at Kilpatrick, who was riding at the head of the column; the ball fortunately missed Kilpatrick, but wounded one of his staff. Chase was instantly made, and the ruffian captured. In less than ten minutes he was swinging by his neck from a tree."

Johnston retreated from Raleigh through Hillsboro' to Greensboro', the main body of his army encamping around the junction of the railroads at the latter place. There Davis and his Cabinet were, with all their archives and movable property saved in the hasty flight from Richmond. From thence came the offers of surrender, already noted. The first conference was sought by Johnston, on the 15th. On the 14th, a flag of truce was sent into Raleigh, asking for an armistice and a statement of the best terms which Sherman would extend for the surrender of the Confederate forces under his (Johnston's) command. General Sherman sent out Colonel McCoy on the 15th with his ultimatum, and, after some two days' delay, during which General Johnston's efforts were somewhat embarrassed by the refractory and mutinous position of Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, a personal interview took place between the two chiefs of the opposing armies at Bennett's house, five miles beyond

Durham's Station, on the North Carolina railroad, midway between the lines.

The conference was strictly private, only Wade Hampton being present with General Johnston on the first day, Monday, April 17th, and John C. Breckenridge taking Hampton's place on the second day, Tuesday. The only members of the rebel staff present were Captains Johnston and Hampton, the latter a son of the rebel South Carolinian, and a chip of the old block. The Generals were treated with in their characters as simply commanders of the insurrectionary forces. The Southern Confederacy was not recognized, although Jefferson Davis was understood to be a party consenting to the surrender.

These terms, which gave rise to a great deal of feeling in the North, and were severely censured by the authorities at Washington, were as follows:

“MEMORANDUM.

“Memorandum of bases of agreement made this 18th day of April, A. D. 1865, near Durham's Station, and in the State of North Carolina, by and between General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Major-General William T. Sherman, commanding the army of the United States, in North Carolina, both present:

“1st—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *status quo* until notice is given by the commanding General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time—say forty-eight hours—allowed.

“2d—The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals; there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both State and Federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington city, subject to the future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

“3d—The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State governments, on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; and

where conflicting State governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

“4th—The re-establishment of all Federal courts in the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

“5th—The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

“6th—The Executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

“7th—In general terms war to cease; a general amnesty, so far as the Executive power of the United States can command, or on condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfil these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority to carry out the above programme.”

Mr. Lincoln was assassinated April 14th. Sherman heard the news upon the moment of his setting out for the conference, but kept it from his officers and men, well realizing that, in their exasperation, they would scorn any terms with the enemy. His anxiety to place the rebel army in a state of practical dissolution, without any further shedding of blood, induced him to accept the terms above—understood to have been “engineered” by Breckenridge; but wisely stipulating for their acceptance or rejection by the authorities at Washington, the Federal commander really only forwarded Johnston’s proposition for terms which should end the war and outlaw all other rebel bodies still in the field. In the meantime an armistice was to prevail, and, as Sherman well foresaw, the rapid disintegration of Johnston’s army went on by desertion. Large numbers of troops would pass out of camp in a body, and no power existed to stay their homeward march—so fully did the idea prevail that the end had come. Another consequence followed, not the

least material result aimed at by Breckenridge in soliciting the armistice: it gave Davis and his confederates a few days' time for escape—which they wisely improved, for by the 20th they were all far on their way toward the Florida everglades, from whence to escape to the Bahamas and Cuba. Thus was Sherman's generosity made available in thwarting the bodily capture of the rebel Government functionaries, their archives and their treasure. Before departing, Davis issued, from Danville, an address to his constituency in and out of arms, stating that they must keep up good heart, as he was resolved to fight it out on another line!

General Grant, his work being done, had gone North for a respite, and was in Washington at the moment of the reception of Sherman's message. A Cabinet meeting at once was called; the entire proceeding was repudiated, and Grant was dispatched to Raleigh to enforce an order for an immediate attack upon Johnston to compel him to *unconditional* surrender, leaving "terms" to be dictated by the conquerors. The causes of this action were set forth in a paper published in conjunction with the announcement of Sherman's "Memorandum," and were as follows:

"1st—It was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman, and on its face shows that both he and Johnston knew that he (General Sherman) had no authority to enter into any such arrangement.

"2d—It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government.

"3d—It undertook to re-establish the rebel State governments that had been overthrown at the sacrifice of many thousand loyal lives and an immense treasure, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of the rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States.

"4th—By the restoration of the rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery.

"5th—It might furnish a ground of responsibility on the Federal Government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt contracted by the rebels in the name of the State.

"6th—It put in dispute the existence of loyal State governments

and the new State of West Virginia, which had been recognized by every Department of the United States Government.

“7th—It practically abolished the confiscation laws, and relieved rebels of every degree, who had slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crimes.

“8th—It gave terms that had been repeatedly, deliberately and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition.

“9th—It formed no basis of true and lasting peace, but relieved rebels from the pressure of our victories, and left them in condition to renew their effort to overthrow the United States Government, and subdue the loyal States, whenever their strength was recruited and any opportunity should offer.”

Sherman, regarding hostilities as virtually at an end, promulgated the following order:

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,  
IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 19, 1865.

“The General commanding announces to the army a suspension of hostilities, and an agreement with General Johnston and high officials, which, when formally ratified, will make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Until the absolute peace is arranged, a line passing through Tyrrell’s Mount, Chapel Hill University, Durham’s Station and West Point, on the Neuse river, will separate the two armies. Each army commander will group his camps entirely with a view to comfort, health and good police. All the details of military discipline must still be maintained; and the General hopes and believes that in a very few days it will be his good fortune to conduct you all to your homes.

“The fame of this army for courage, industry and discipline is admitted all over the world. Then let each officer and man see that it is not stained by any act of vulgarity, rowdiness or petty crime. The cavalry will patrol the front of the line. General Howard will take charge of the district from Raleigh up to the cavalry; General Slocum to the left of Raleigh, and General Schofield in Raleigh, its right and rear. Quartermasters and commissaries will keep their supplies up to a light load for the wagons, and the railroad superintendent will arrange a depot for the convenience of each separate army. By order of

Major-General W. T. SHERMAN.

“L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant-General.”

Grant reached Raleigh April 24th. He was met twenty miles out of the city by Sherman, who, being informed of the Government’s wishes, acceded to them with alacrity, and

dispatched word to Johnston to prepare for hostilities. The rebel was given until the morning of the 26th to make an unconditional surrender, when, if such was not made, the Federal army would march against him. The 26th brought the required surrender, and Grant returned at once to the North to announce the war virtually at an end. In two days' time Sherman's three grand columns, under Howard and Slocum, were *en route* for HOME! Schofield's corps remained to garrison North Carolina; Kilpatrick started off in pursuit of Davis; Stoneman did the same, moving from Morgantown, where he then was; while Wilson, then on his great raid in Georgia, moved also upon the hunted man's path. To a detachment of Wilson's command fell the honor of capturing the fugitive. The following dispatch told the story:

"MACON, GA., May 12—11 A. M.

*"Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, and Hon. Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:*

"I have the honor to report that at daylight of the 10th instant, Colonel Pritchard, commanding the Fourth Michigan cavalry, captured Jeff. Davis and family, with Regan, Postmaster General; Colonel Harrison, Private Secretary; Colonel Johnson, Aide-de-Camp; Colonel Morris, Colonel Lubbick, Lieutenant Hathaway, and others.

"Colonel Pritchard surprised their camp at Irwinskyville, in Irwin county, Ga., seventy-five miles southeast of this place.

"They will be here to-morrow night, and will be forwarded under strong guard without delay.

"I will send further particulars at once.

"J. H. WILSON, Brevet Major-General."

## XLIV.

### REBELLION'S GREATEST CRIME.

THE assassination of Abraham Lincoln, on the evening of April 14th, 1865, darkens the historic record as one of the most detestable crimes of modern times. Had it occurred in earlier stages of the war, when the madmen of the revolting States were in their first frenzy of rage and hate, it might have taken on the semblance of an excuse—such an excuse as would be extended to the man possessed, momentarily, of the spirit of the devil; but, committed when the Confederate cause was irretrievably lost, and its representatives were fugitives from arrest for their treason—when the sublime attributes of the Federal Executive's character began to shine out lustrosly with charity and forgiveness, the assassination stands alone on the page of history as a deed without parallel for pure atrocity.

It was conceived for several months before its execution, by John Wilkes Booth, who, under the pretense of seizing the President and bearing him off a prisoner, enlisted as accomplices a number of persons—all of a low stamp. But, two distinct attempts at a seizure having been thwarted, and the news of the fall of Richmond having been announced, several of the men withdrew from the enterprise and absolved themselves from any further complicity in the matter. Booth, however, had deeper designs than a seizure, and so preserved his hold upon several of his confederates as to give him co-operation in the desperate act upon which he was resolved—finding, in one or two men, creatures after his own stamp for desperation, and devotion to a fate which all knew must await them in event of their taking the lives intended. The last plans, as matured by these men, involved the assassination of the President, Vice-President, Secretary

of State, Secretary of War, and probably, of General Grant—though the latter must have been suddenly added to the list, only having been in Washington a day or two prior to the tragedy. The hope was to precipitate a disorganization of the Government, during which a counter revolution would follow, whereby the South might regain its position in the Union without loss of its institutions or its old prestige in Congress. It was a mad hope, at best; and the means most sure to consummate a thorough subjugation of the rebellious spirit was to take off the very men whom the people venerated, and whose death would stir up the most intense feelings of horror and hate.

Booth, though belonging to a well known family, was too deeply inoculated with the accursed virus of slavery to be other than what he was—a wild domineering, quarrelsome egotist, given to licentiousness as most young Southern “bloods” were, with a mind incapable of appreciating the qualities of virtue and wisdom. A long *habitué* of the stage, he had all the vices, with few of its very few virtues. His associates were “fast” men and women, with whom he was familiar in almost every large city of the Union from New Orleans to Portland. He was polished in manners toward his equals or superiors (in a worldly sense; in a moral sense, few men lived who were not his superiors); toward others he was as insolent and supercilious as any “son of the sunny South” who visited Northern cities, frequented Northern schools, apparently to show off their man and woman whipping spirit. He was, therefore, just the man to assassinate what to him was most detestable—a good, wise, *freedom-loving* man. Such a person he could hate with all the venom of a Satanic nature: such a being he could murder without counting the cost to himself, his family, or his country. And when we assume that there *were* thousands of young men in the cotton-growing States who in their hearts applauded his act, we conceive it to be true, for the reason that there were thousands of just such as he, steeped in Slavery’s licentiousness, and Slavery’s moral depravity.

Mr. Lincoln having visited Richmond upon the first day of its occupation by the Federal troops, had returned from thence to Washington much elated. That grand stroke by Grant had lifted from the President's shoulders such a weight as no man ever before bore—enough to have utterly crushed a less reliant, less honest-hearted, less persistent man. He had reason for rejoicing, for his great work of suppressing the insurrection seemed drawing to a close, and the work of reconstruction to open. Hourly the glad news of victory came in, as the scattered hosts of rebellion were seized and gathered up. The land was jubilant; never did the world witness such wide-spread, heart-felt demonstrations of joy. General Grant, considering his work done, had come North to visit his family. Washington was filled with a vast throng of eminent men, who seemed to gather there to be near the Nation's heart and feel its palpitations of joy.

Such a moment the assassins chose for their work. Infuriated over the loss of their cause, they would not brook the rejoicing around them, and, like fiends of darkness, resolved to turn the rejoicing to woe. Meeting nightly in the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, in Washington, the moment was watched when the blow could be most effectually struck. All arrangements were made for effective escape, for the desperate men had many confederates, all pro-slavery devotees, who would cheerfully aid them in eluding pursuit. Once over in Virginia they might deem themselves safe for a time, at least, and among the mountains of West Virginia it was arranged for them to tarry until such moment as they could pursue their route to Texas and Mexico. All was arranged, in fact, which could be, to facilitate the perpetration of their hideous crime and their escape. That Mrs. Surratt had a full knowledge of the designs is presumed, though it was alleged on her trial that she was in ignorance of its murderous nature. But that she entertained the conspirators, consorted with them, was closely identified, in fact, with the doings, were evidences which a merely negative plea could not avail to set aside, and the court adjudged her equally guilty with

Booth, Harold, Atzeroth and Payne, and with the latter three suffered the ignominious death of the scaffold.

The announcement that Mr. Lincoln and General Grant would attend Ford's Theatre, on the evening of the 14th, to witness the performance of "Our American Cousin," was seized as the signal for the fulfilment of the plot. It was agreed that Booth, being perfectly familiar with the theatre as an actor, and having already tampered with the President's private box, should "do the work" for all in the box; to Lewis Payne was assigned the murder of Mr. Seward, then lying at his residence very ill from severe injuries received a few days previous from being thrown from his carriage; to others, who escaped recognition, was allotted the task of killing Secretary Stanton, Mr. Johnson, the Vice-President, and, there is some reason to suppose, Mr. Chase and Mr. Charles Sumner. All failed at the critical moment save Booth and Payne; they alone had the necessary nerve for their stupendous crime.

On Friday morning—the fatal Friday, which should remain as a Holy Day in the Republic's calendar—his son, Captain Robert Lincoln, breakfasted with him. Robert having just returned from the seat of hostilities around Richmond, his father spent a happy hour at the table listening to the details of Lee's surrender. While at breakfast the President heard that Speaker Colfax was in the house, and sent word that he wished to see him immediately in the reception-room. There they conversed nearly an hour about the future policy as to the rebellion, which Mr. Lincoln was about to submit to the Cabinet. Afterward he had an interview with Mr. Hale, Minister to Spain, and several Senators and Representatives.

At eleven o'clock the Cabinet and General Grant met with him, and in one of the most satisfactory and important Cabinet meetings held since his first inauguration, the future policy of the Administration was harmoniously and unanimously agreed on. When it adjourned, Secretary Stanton

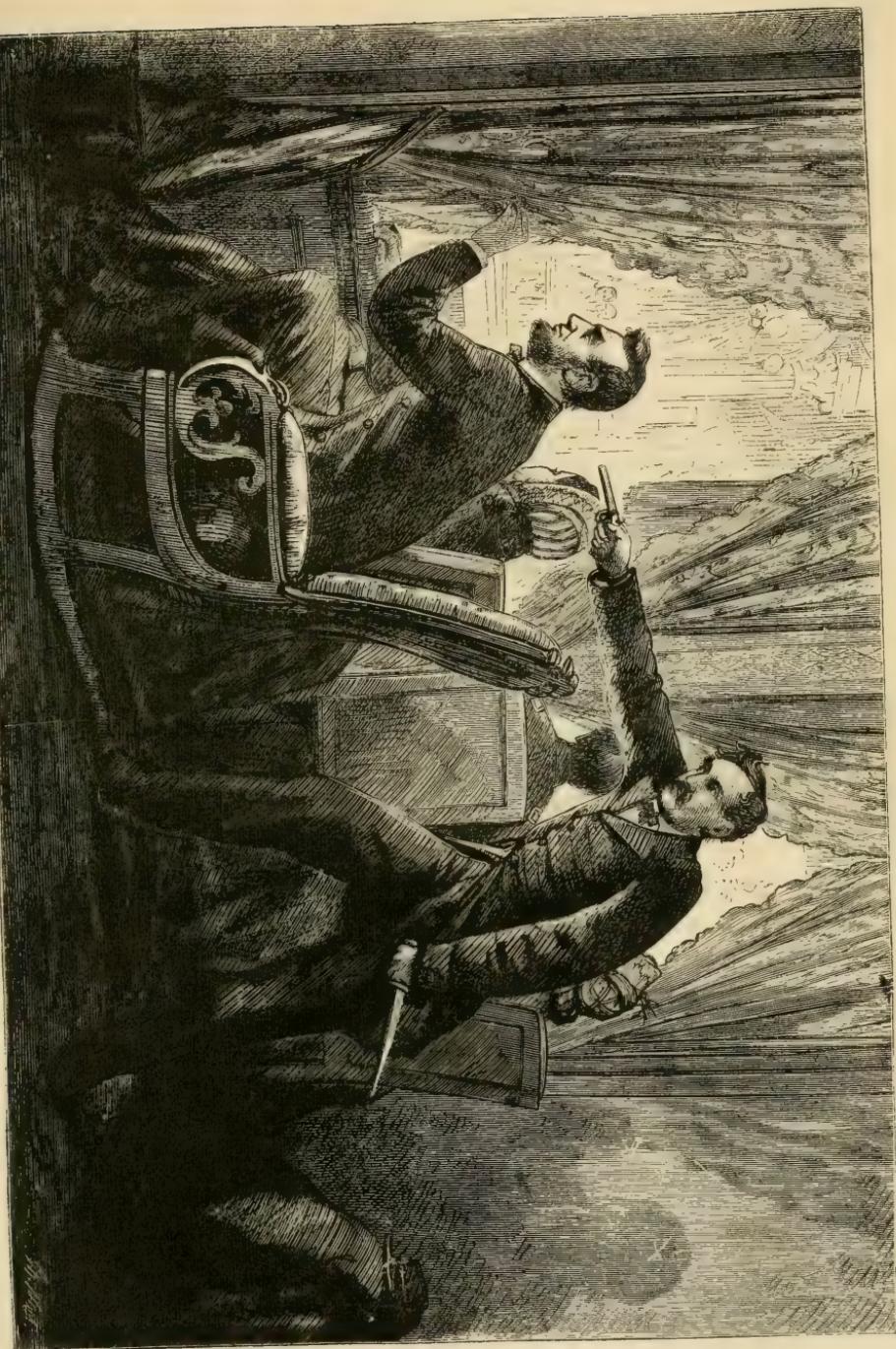
said he felt that the Government was stronger than at any previous period since the rebellion commenced.

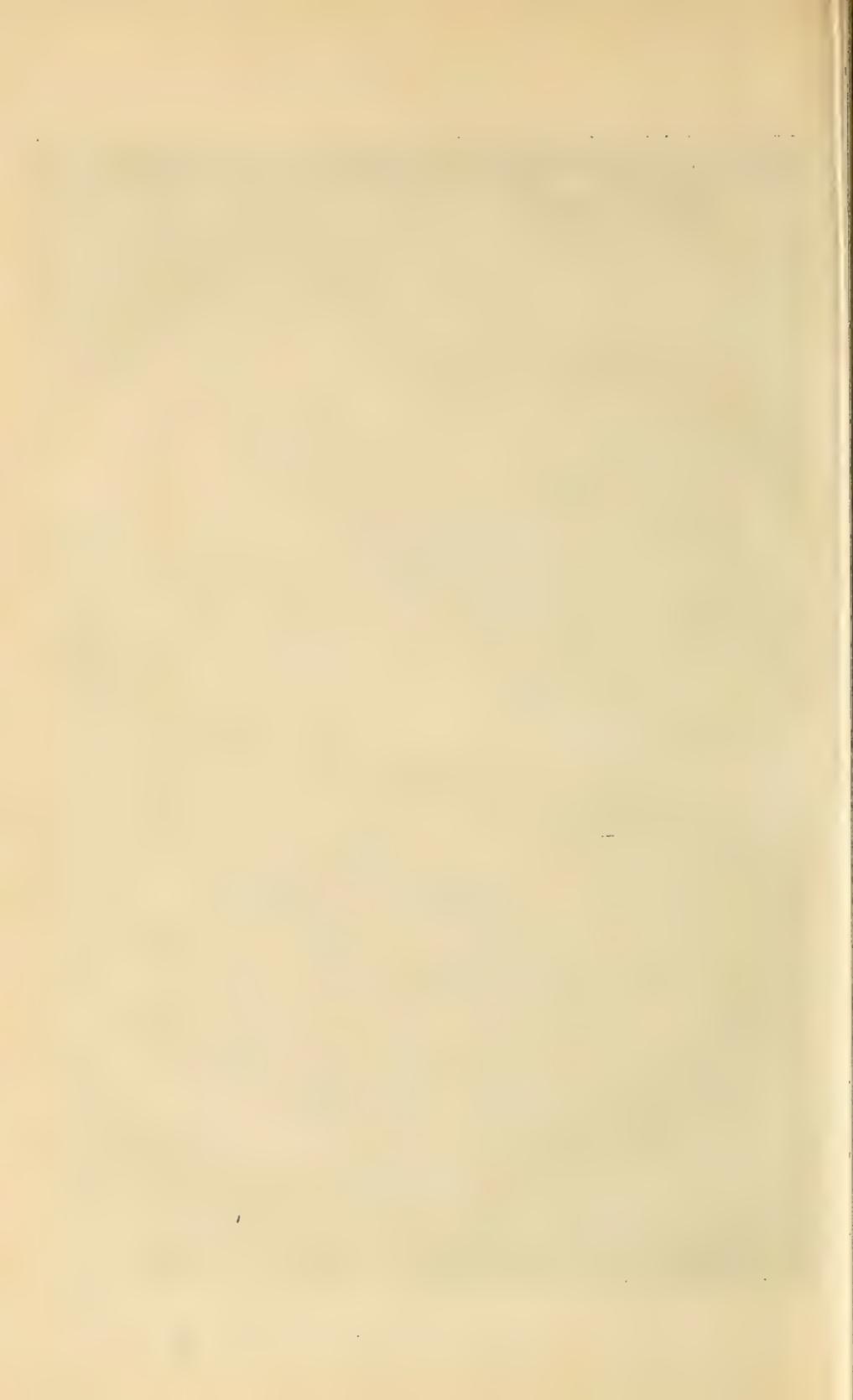
In the afternoon, the President had a long and pleasant interview with General Oglesby, Senator Yates, and other leading citizens of his State.

In the evening, Mr. Colfax called again, at Mr. Lincoln's request, and Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, who presided over the Chicago Convention of 1860, was present. To them he spoke of his visit to Richmond; and when they stated that there was much uneasiness at the North while he was at the rebel capital for fear that some traitor might shoot him, he replied jocularly that he would have been alarmed himself if any other person had been President and gone there, but that he did not feel any danger whatever. Conversing on a matter of business with Mr. Ashmun, he made a remark at which he saw Mr. Ashmun was surprised; and immediately, with his well-known kindness of heart, said: "You did not understand me, Ashmun; I did not mean what you infer, so I will take it all back and apologize for it." He afterward gave Mr. Ashmun a card to admit himself and friend early the next morning, to converse further about the matter.

Turning to Mr. Colfax, he said: "You are going with Mrs. Lincoln and me to the theatre, I hope." But Mr. Colfax had other engagements, expecting to leave the city the next morning.

He then said to Mr. Colfax: "Mr. Sumner has the gavel of the Confederate Congress, which he got at Richmond, to hand to the Secretary of War; but I insisted then that he must give it to you; and you tell him for me to hand it over." Mr. Ashmun alluded to the gavel which he still had, and which he had used at the Chicago Convention. The President and Mrs. Lincoln, who was also in the parlor, then rose to go to the theatre. It was half an hour after the time they had intended to start, and they spoke about waiting half an hour longer, for the President went with reluctance, as General Grant had gone North, and he did not wish the





people to be disappointed, as they had both been advertised to be there. At the door he stopped and said: "Colfax, do not forget to tell the people in the mining region as you pass through it, what I told you this morning about the development, when peace comes, and I will telegraph you at San Francisco." He shook hands with both gentlemen with a pleasant good-bye, and left the Executive mansion never to return to it alive.

The following dispatch from the Secretary of War to the commander of the Department of New York, was the first official announcement of the tragedy, and some of its attendant circumstances:

"WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, April 15—1.30 A. M.

"*Major-General Dix*: Last evening at about half past nine P. M., at Ford's Theatre, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Major Rathburn, was shot by an assassin, who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President.

"The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theatre.

"The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head, and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

"About the same hour an assassin, whether the same or not, entered Mr. Seward's apartments, and under the pretense of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed and inflicted two or three stabs on the throat, and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal.

"The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in the adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, when he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful.

"It is not probable that the President will live through the night.

"General Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theatre last evening, but he started to Burlington at six o'clock.

"At a Cabinet meeting, at which General Grant was present, the subject of the state of the country and the prospect of a speedy peace was discussed.

"The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of General Lee, and others of the Confederacy, and of the establishment of government in Virginia.

"All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward, are now in attendance upon the President.

"I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec'y of War."

To say that the whole country was horror-stricken, conveys but a faint idea of the impression made by the event. All were, at first, startled and stunned. The crime was too mighty to gain immediate belief; but as bulletin after bulletin followed, giving the progress of the President's dissolution, and adding further particulars of the scene in the theatre, the public mind became aroused to a fearful degree. All classes and conditions of men execrated the deed; strong men wept like children; the President's late political adversaries were among those most moved and excited. It was an outburst of commingled grief and indignation such as the world never again may witness, proving not only the hold which Mr. Lincoln had upon the affections of the people, but also the depth of the popular devotion to the Government. Saturday was a day of tears—of stormy, intense excitement—of public and private manifestation of grief for the great loss. The whole land was draped in black; it hung from windows and balconies; it covered doors and walls. Woe to those who shared not in the sorrow, for an aroused vengeance pursued every man deemed in the slightest degree to rejoice over the Nation's loss. Well known sympathizers with secession and slavery were watched, and if the badge of mourning was not exhibited an enraged populace took the matter in hand. Such continued to be the state of feeling for many days, so deeply moved were the people over the tragedy. In some cases it was with extreme difficulty that officers of the law could protect some obnoxious person from the violence of his fellow citizens, for some word or deed indicative of the individual's "copperhead" propensities.

Immediately after the assassination, Mr. Lincoln was borne

across the street, from the theatre to a private house, where at once the heads of Departments and other officers of Government gathered. In a little room at the end of the hall on the parlor floor the dying man was laid. The incidents of that sad, sad night were thus given by Mr. Maunsel B. Field, of the Treasury Department:

"I proceeded at once to the room in which the President was lying, which was a bedroom in an extension, on the first or parlor floor of the house. The room is small, and is ornamented with prints—a very familiar one of Herring's "Village Blacksmith" being prominent directly over the bed. The bed was a double one, and I found the President lying diagonally across it, with his head at the outside. The pillows were saturated with blood, and there was considerable blood upon the floor immediately under him. There was a patch-work coverlet thrown over the President which was only so far removed, from time to time, as to enable the physicians in attendance to feel the arteries of the neck or the heart, and he appeared to have been divested of all clothing. His eyes were closed and injected with blood, both the lids and the portions surrounding the eyes being as black as if they had been bruised by violence. He was breathing regularly, but with effort, and did not seem to be struggling or suffering.

"The persons present in the room were the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Treasury (who, however, remained only till about five o'clock), the Secretary of the Interior, myself, General Auger, General Halleck, General Meigs, and, during the last moments, Captain Robert Lincoln and Major John Hay. On the foot of the bed sat Dr. Stone; above him, and directly opposite the President's face, Surgeon-General Barnes; another army surgeon was standing, frequently holding the pulse; and another gentleman, not in uniform, but whom I understand to be also an army surgeon, stood a good deal of the time leaning over the head-board of the bed.

"For several hours the breathing above described continued regularly, and apparently without pain or consciousness. But about seven o'clock a change occurred, and the breathing, which had been continuous, was interrupted at intervals. These intervals became more frequent and of longer duration, and the breathing more feeble. Several times the interval was so long that we thought him dead, and the surgeon applied his finger to the pulse, evidently to ascertain if such was the fact. But it was not till twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock in the morning that the flame flickered out. There was no

apparent suffering, no convulsive action, no rattling of the throat, none of the ordinary premonitory symptoms of death. Death in this case was a mere cessation of breathing.

"The fact had not been ascertained one minute when Dr. Gurley offered up a prayer. The few persons in the room were all profoundly affected. The President's eyes after death were not, particularly the right one, entirely closed. I closed them myself with my fingers, and one of the surgeons brought pennies and placed them on the eyes, and subsequently substituted for them silver half-dollars. In a very short time the jaw commenced slightly falling, although the body was still warm. I called attention to this, and had it tied up with a pocket handkerchief. The expression immediately after death was purely negative, but in fifteen minutes there came over the mouth, the nostrils and the chin, a smile that seemed almost an effort of life. I had never seen upon the President's face an expression more genial and pleasing. The body grew cold very gradually, and I left the room before it had entirely stiffened. Curtains had been previously drawn down by the Secretary of War.

"Immediately after the decease, a meeting was held of the members of the Cabinet present, in the back parlor, adjacent to the room in which the President died, to which meeting I, of course, was not admitted. About fifteen minutes before the decease, Mrs. Lincoln came into the room and threw herself upon her dying husband's body. She was allowed to remain there only a few minutes, when she was removed in a sobbing condition, in which, indeed, she had been during all the time she was present.

"After completing his prayer in the chamber of death, Dr. Gurley went into the front parlor, where Mrs. Lincoln was with Mrs. and Miss Harris, and her son Robert, General Todd, of Dacotah (a cousin of hers), and General Farnsworth, of Illinois. Here another prayer was offered up, during which I remained in the hall. The prayer was continually interrupted by Mrs. Lincoln's sobs. Soon after its conclusion, I went into the parlor, and found her in a chair supported by her son Robert. Presently her carriage came up, and she was removed to it. She was in a state of tolerable composure at that time, until she reached the door, when, glancing at the theatre opposite, she repeated three or four times: "That dreadful house!—that dreadful house!"

"Before I myself left, a guard had been stationed at the door of the room in which the remains of the late President were lying. Mrs. Lincoln had been communicated with, to ascertain whether she desired the body to be embalmed or not, and the Secretary of War had issued various orders, necessary in consequence of what had occurred."

These orders embraced, among others, several addressed to General Auger as commandant of Washington and its defenses, directing the disposition of troops to cover every avenue leading out of the city. Washington was, before a half hour had passed after the assassination, thoroughly picketed and every person examined who attempted to leave the place. But Booth had mounted his ready-saddled horse and was riding down the Potomac out of reach of arrest. He passed at once, in company with one accomplice (David C. Harrold), to St. Mary's county, where, in a swamp, as pre-arranged, he sought temporary concealment, having a friend near at hand, in one Dr. Mudd, to provide for his wants. Payne made his way into Virginia by one of the Potomac bridges, proposing to seek the protection of Moseby's guerrillas, then hovering around the vicinity.

Andrew Johnson was inaugurated President, in his rooms at his hotel, at ten A. M. of Saturday. A Cabinet meeting followed, and thereafter the machinery of Government moved on as harmoniously as if nothing had occurred to mar it—presenting to the world a spectacle which did not fail to inspire renewed admiration for our governmental system. Such a tragedy would have rocked any throne of Europe to its base, and have produced a state of extreme public alarm for the succession. But here, even had the President and Vice-President both been taken away, their successor was at hand in the person of the presiding officer of the United States Senate, thus rendering the Government's dissolution impossible.

Mr. Lincoln's remains, after lying in state in the White House for several days, had the burial service solemnized over them on the 19th of April. The ceremonies were very impressive. A writer who was present on the sad, solemn occasion, wrote:

"The great and solemn pageant of removing the remains of the Nation's revered and beloved Chief from the White House to the Capitol is closed. Never was such a scene witnessed, where each and every one of the vast throng moved in silent sadness, as if bearing the

burden of a personal bereavement. It has been the writer's fortune to witness the funerals here of John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay and President Taylor. These were solemn and imposing, yet the event of to-day was as the loss of an ardently loved parent to the death of a stranger.

"At the White House the body lay uncoffined in the centre of the East room, the head resting to the north. From the entrance door at the northwest end of the room were placed the pall-bearers, next the representatives of the army, then the judiciary. At the corner the Assistant Secretaries of the Departments. First on the eastern line the Senators of the States; next the Diplomatic corps, who were out in very large numbers and in full court suits. Then the ladies of the Cabinet Ministers; next the Judges of the Supreme Court; next, in the centre and in front of the catafalque, stood the new President, and behind him the Cabinet Ministers. The members of the Senate joined their left; the House came next. At the corner turning southward stood the Kentucky delegation, divided on the left by the delegation from Illinois. On the south end were first the clergy, then the municipal delegations, the Smithsonian Institute, New York Chamber of Commerce, Common Councils of New York and Philadelphia, Union League delegations; and around beside the southwest door of the Green room were stationed citizens' delegations from various quarters. The space surrounding the body to within about ten feet was filled by a raised platform, upon which the several bodies described above stood.

"Throughout the ceremonies, within the reserved space on the north corner were seated the officiating clergy; on the south corner the mourners, consisting of the late President's two sons, his two private secretaries, and members of his personal household. Mrs. Lincoln was so severely indisposed as to be compelled to keep her room. The recess of the double-centre doors leading to the large vestibule was assigned to the representatives of the press.

"The coffin was surrounded by an extended wreath of evergreen and white flowers, and upon its head lay a beautifully wrought cross of Japonicas and sweet elysium, at the centre a large wreath or shield of similar flowers. The East room was heavily and plainly shrouded in black cloth and crape.

"The services were peculiarly impressive, and the quotation concluding Dr. Gurley's sermon was most aptly appropriate and significant. The sermon over, the body was removed to the funeral-car for transportation to the Capitol--the pall-bearers, mourners, Diplomatic corps and Supreme Court riding in carriages--all others walking.

"The exercises had commenced at precisely half-past twelve o'clock,

and it was two o'clock as the cortege from within began to move out at the northwestern gate."

In the Capitol, under its lofty dome, the remains lay in state until Friday, the 21st—an immense throng constantly passing the body through the two days of its exposure. Then the solemn pageant of its removal to Springfield, Illinois, commenced—a pageant such as no country ever before witnessed. Moving from town to town, on trains expressly provided—but always retaining the funeral-car, and the President's own car, in which he so often had journeyed—the remains paused at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, etc. In all places business was suspended, and vast throngs pressed to behold the face of the martyred man. The journey was called the passage of tears, and the week consumed in the transfer was a week of mourning. In New York the body lay in state part of two days, and was visited by so vast a multitude that all night of Monday, April 24th, the unending line continued to pass. It was estimated that, by Tuesday noon, when the coffin was closed, five hundred thousand people had looked upon the dead face, while as many more were debarred the longed-for privilege, because of the impossibility to reach the spot where the coffin reposed. It was then borne in a most magnificent catafalque through the main avenues leading to the railway depot. The dense mass of humanity which crowded the way seemed countless and unending. It was a memorable day—such as, pray God, never may return again. Such deep, heart-felt grief never before moved so many eyes to tears.

As a feature of the occasion, and to mark *how* the life and death of Mr. Lincoln impressed the thinking minds of the country, we may here quote the address of George Bancroft, the historian, delivered to the assembled multitude after the cortege had passed Union square, in New York. It was, we may say, only one of *hundreds* of orations pronounced by the best orators and divines in all sections of the Union, north, south, east and west, over the momentous occasion. Ministers of all denominations—Jews and Gentiles, Catholics

and Protestants, public and secret societies, men of all persuasions and of all shades of political belief, joined in the "brotherhood of sorrow," and together rendered such tributes to the memory of the dead as no human being ever before received. Mr. Bancroft's oration was as follows:

Our grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the Continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hand of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their final resting place in the valley of the Mississippi. The echoes of his funeral knell vibrate through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and every climate are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness.

A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world. Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself.

But, after every allowance, it will remain that members of the Government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the Republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and

arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of Slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a Republic between Slave States and Free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mold, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope, forever.

As to himself personally, he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station; and now, against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people, for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the Nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a sacrifice. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again, higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel Government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave; and yet, but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because

every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a *primary* allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress—imperfectly and wrongly it may be—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil owed allegiance to the General Government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian or of an infant through its parent. But, when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the Nation, bound like the rest of us to its public defense.

Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did not take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages; but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves. In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day, the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is *not* a "belligerent right." The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free; and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts of freedom; but when at peace he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old Government is restored, and its Courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have Courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor, may it be said that, because Slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it can not be rightfully interfered

with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The Constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was formed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective Legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with Slavery.

Since that time the attempt has been made in what are called Slave States to make the condition of Slavery perpetual; and events have proved, with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality. And, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit Slavery on any part of our soil for evermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure! its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification! The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence. No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply-seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the Republic put it to the severest trial, but, the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth can not spare them. All the worn out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of Church and State, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example.

It has often and truly been observed that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally around an individual. If the inquiry is made whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents.

The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our Government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have entrusted its administration. Andrew Johnson is now, by the Constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union. To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man who, as President, in the executive branch of the Government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary of the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the martyr to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during the countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country.

Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and his race. Happy was his life, for he was the restorer of the Republic; he was happy in his death, for the manner of his end will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

And thus was he buried by the nation—buried, but leaving behind a living idea which associates the name of Abraham Lincoln with all that's good, just and wise—a lover of his country, an Apostle of Liberty to those in bonds, an instrument in the hands of Providence in accomplishing a work of national regeneration second only to that religious regeneration consummated by the great Saviour of the world.

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#### PORTRAITS.

PRES. LINCOLN,  
SEC. SEWARD,  
" CHASE,  
" SMITH,  
" BATES,  
" CAMERON,

SEC. WELLES,  
GEN. SCOTT,  
" McCLERNAND,  
" ROSECRANS,  
" GRANT,  
" CURTIS,

GEN. McCook,  
" WALLACE,  
" SHERMAN,  
" THOMAS,  
" PRENTISS.

Maps.—McDowell's Official Map of the Plan of the Battle of Bull Run.  
Map of Wilson's Creek, showing the relative positions and dispositions  
of forces.

Volume III will contain a large number of Battle Scenes, Portraits, &c.

## Letters of Distinguished Citizens

TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE HISTORY, (CIVIL, POLITICAL  
AND MILITARY,) OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

Letter of Gov. E. D. Morgan, of New York.

SIR: I have examined the second number of your "History of the Southern Rebellion," and I take pleasure in saying that it fully justifies the favorable opinion I had formed of the work from the first number.

It is gratifying to know that competent hands have undertaken the delicate task of separating the true historical material from the immense mass of printed matter which now finds its way, through a thousand channels, to the public, and presenting it in a connected form convenient for present reference. Your publication, it seems to me, unites this with many other excellencies.

I am, very respectfully yours, E. D. MORGAN.

Letter of Maj.-Gen. John A. Dix.

DEAR SIR: I have examined the first number of your History of the Rebellion in the Southern States, and I consider it a publication of great value. Prepared immediately after the events and occurrences it is intended to record, no important paper or essential fact is likely to be lost; and I sincerely hope the encouragement it receives from the public will ensure its continuance to the termination of the contest.

I am, respectfully yours, JOHN. A. DIX.

Letter of Gov. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for calling my attention to your history of the rise and progress of the Southern Rebellion. I have examined the pages of the first monthly part with some care, and have formed a very favorable opinion, not only of the plan of the work, but of the manner in which it is to be executed. Such a condensation of facts, and presentation of official documents, relating to the present war, cannot fail to be of great present interest and utility, and in future years will be invaluable to all who will wish to study the details of the great conspiracy against constitutional liberty and the rights of humanity.

Yours very truly, JOHN A. ANDREW.

Letter of Hon. Benj. Wade, of Ohio.

SIR: I have examined with care, the first four numbers of your history of "The Southern Rebellion," and so far as I can judge, it contains a lucid exposition of the causes which led to this Rebellion, in the order in which they occurred, and, without going into tedious details: it has omitted nothing which bears essentially upon the subject. I believe it to be just such a work as the times demand, and it should be in the hands of every one who wishes to have a thorough understanding of this great Rebellion, and the motives which prompted its leaders to engage in it.

Respectfully yours, B. F. WADE.

**Letter of Gov. A. G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania.**

DEAR SIR : My engagements have not permitted more than a hasty glance at your "History of the Southern Rebellion," but I am very much pleased with its general plan and the style of its publication. Such a work deserves, and, I think, cannot fail to meet with a great circulation.

Very respectfully yours,

A. G. CURTIN.

**Letter of Hon. Edward Everett, of Boston.**

DEAR SIR : I have looked cursorily over the first number of the monthly edition of the history of "The Southern Rebellion," and formed a favorable opinion of the plan and execution of the work.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

**Letter of Hon. N. P. Tallmadge.**

DEAR SIR : I have read with attention seven numbers of your history of "The Southern Rebellion." The plan of the work is admirable; the matter is selected with much care, and the narrative by which it is connected displays great judgment and ability. As a book of reference it is almost indispensable to the professional man and the statesman; and as a mere history it ought to be in the hands of every loyal citizen of the United States. There can nowhere else be found so true and succinct an account of this, the most stupendous, the most causeless, as well as the most infamous Rebellion ever known in the annals of the world.

Very truly yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

**Letter of Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio.**

SIR : I have carefully read the first number of your history of the Rise and Progress of the present Rebellion. I heartily approve of your undertaking.

A carefully prepared record of the events connected with the present war will not only be of value now, but will be an important magazine of facts for future historians. The history of this rebellion will hereafter be read with as much interest as, and will be regarded as of even greater importance than that of the French Revolution.

Your work has already been of great service to me as a text-book, for dates of important events. Your Historical Summary is alone worth more than the whole cost of your book. Every intelligent reader will have occasion to refer to it to revive his recollection.

I therefore trust that you will receive such a liberal share of patronage as will justify you in executing your plan.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

**Letter of Gov. Wm. A. Buckingham, of Connecticut.**

SIR : I am in receipt of two numbers of "The History of the Southern Rebellion," which present a concise view of events connected with our political and governmental history as they are now passing. I think it will prove a valuable record for future reference.

Yours respectfully,

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM.

**Letter of Gov. Erastus Fairbanks, of Vermont.**

DEAR SIR : I have received the first and second monthly numbers of your "History of the Southern Rebellion," and have much pleasure in recommending it as a work of invaluable importance to every American citizen.

The publication is timely, and the design excellent. It is thus far a graphic and truthful record of the transactions and events preceding and connected with the rebellion, a convenient manual for present reference, and an important text for future historians.

Respectfully yours,

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS.

**Letter of Gov. N. S. Berry, of New Hampshire.**

DEAR SIR : By your politeness I have received the first and second numbers of your History of the Rebellion in the Southern States, and have devoted such attention to the work as my many duties at present will permit. I am deeply impressed with the importance, style and execution of the same. As a history and text-book of dates of important events it must meet with great favor by an intelligent people. I hope you will meet with such patronage and support as will warrant you in the full prosecution of the work.

Very respectfully,

N. S. BERRY.

**Letter of Hon. S. S. Cox, of Ohio.**

DEAR SIR : I have examined, with some critical care, the first number of your "Rebellion History." During the pendency of the matter described, and in the midst of the scenes portrayed, I was a witness of what has transpired and which you have placed in enduring record. I think the design as patriotic and valuable, as the execution is creditable and truthful. In arrangement, style and matter, you certainly have been very felicitous.

Yours, &c.,

S. S. COX.

**Letter of Gov. Washburne, of Maine.**

DEAR SIR : I thank you for a copy of the first number of the history of "The Southern Rebellion."

From a rapid examination of it, I am sure it will be an invaluable record of the most important era in our national history. No intelligent citizen can afford to be without it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

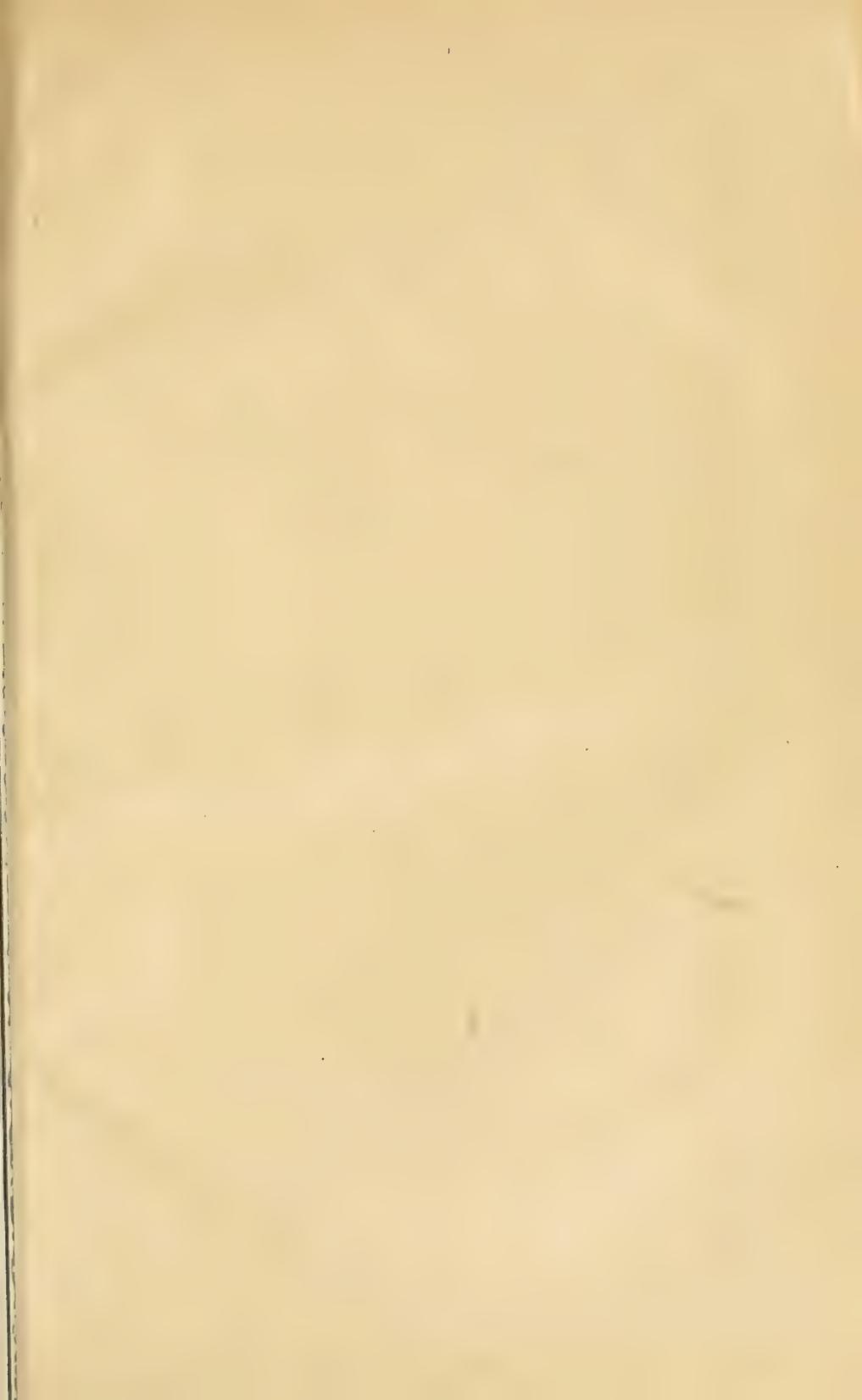
J. WASHBURN, JR.

**Letter of Prosper M. Wetmore.**

DEAR SIR : I wish to express to you how much pleasure I have derived from reading your History of the Rebellion. As a book of reference it is of great value to all who have occasion to fix dates and collate facts in connection with the rebellion.

I am, respectfully yours,

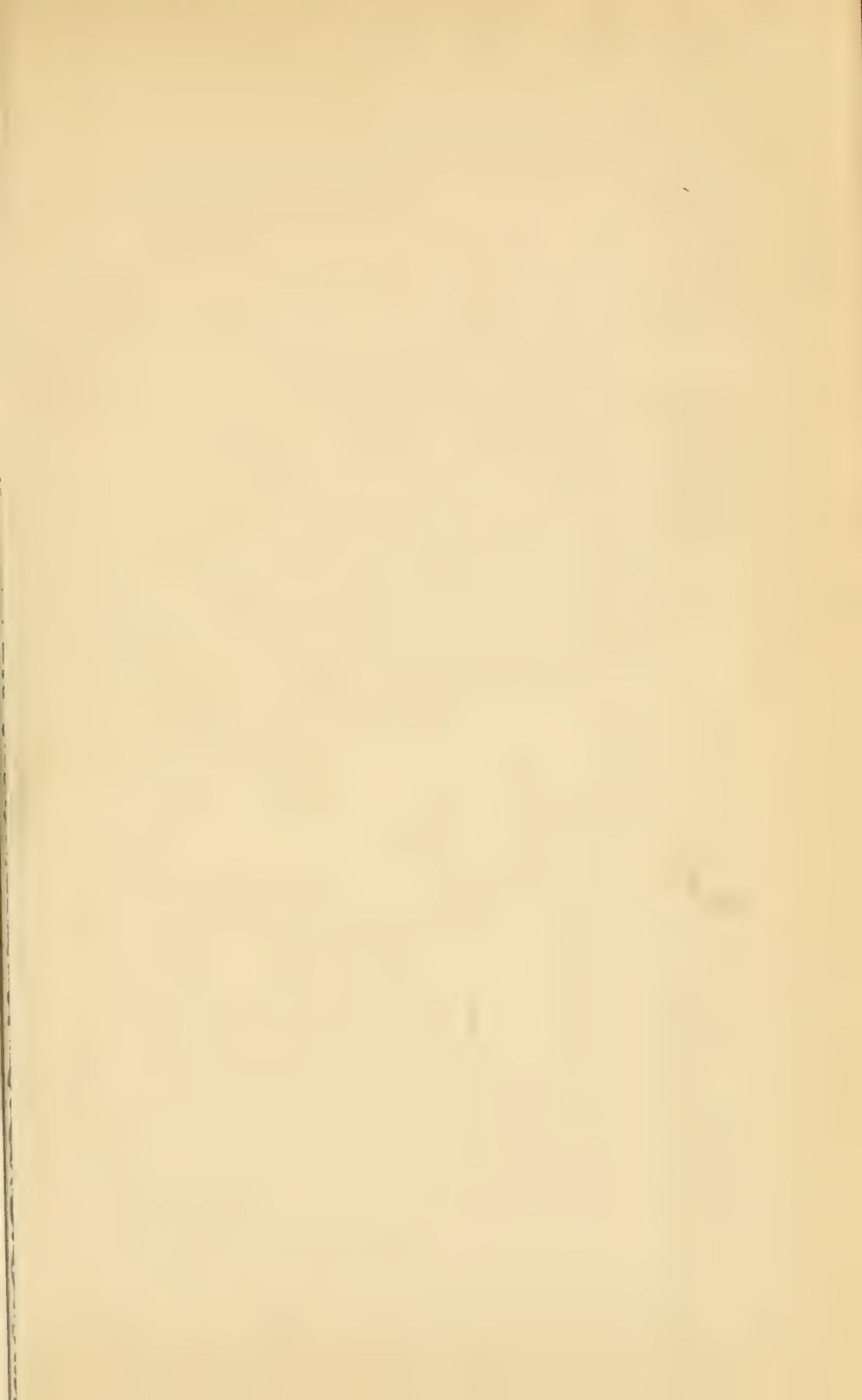
PROSPER M. WHITMORE.



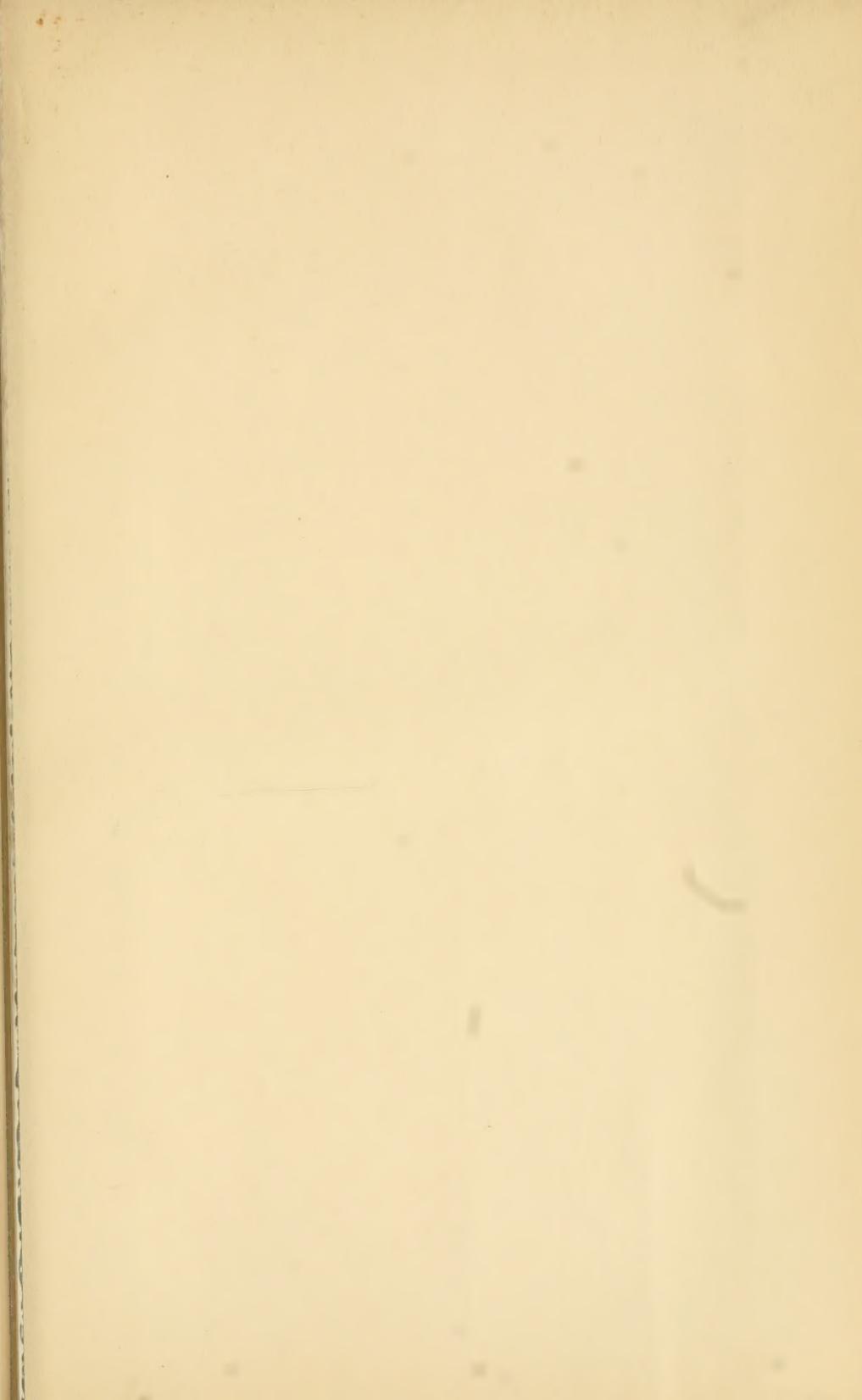


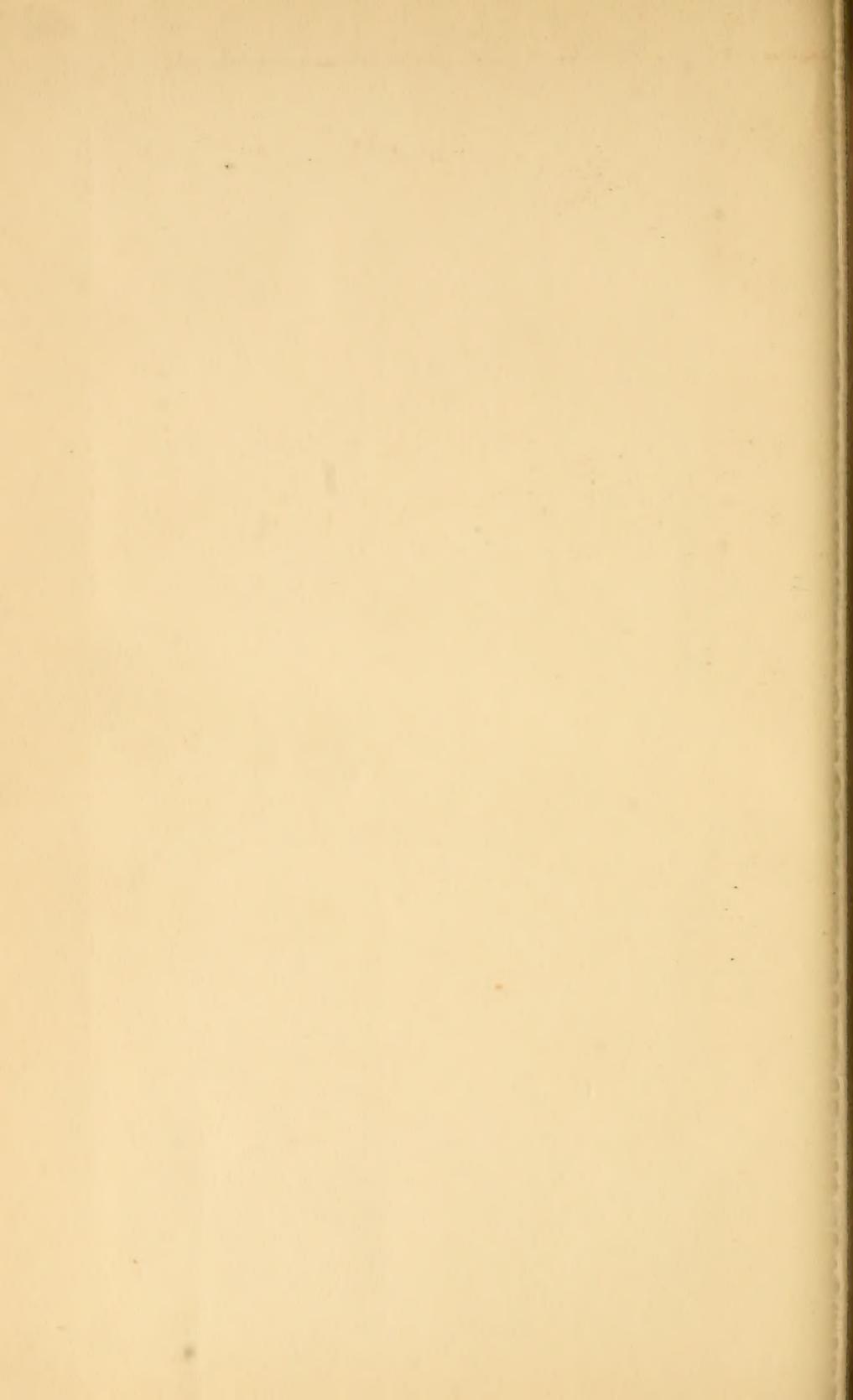


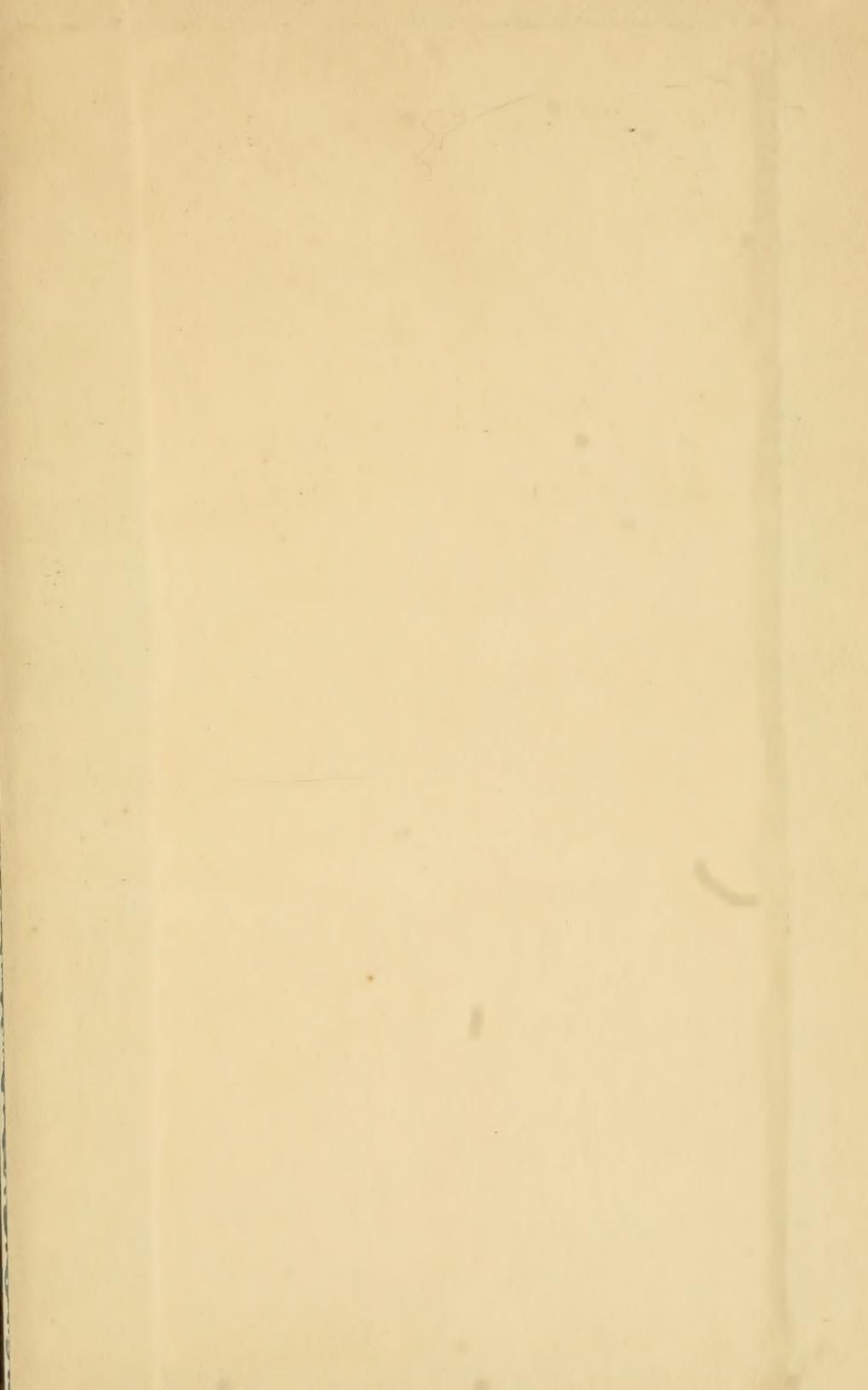












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